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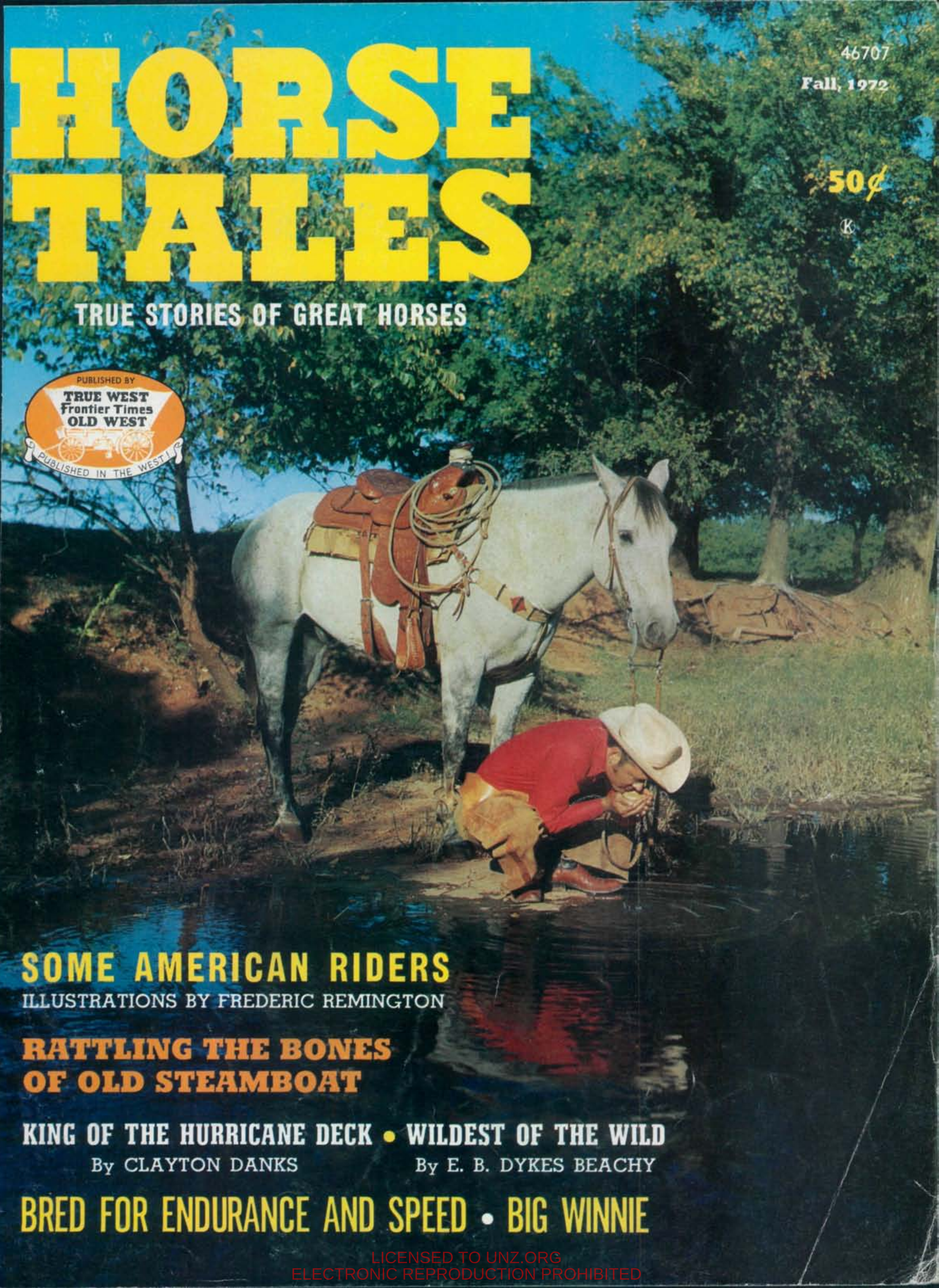

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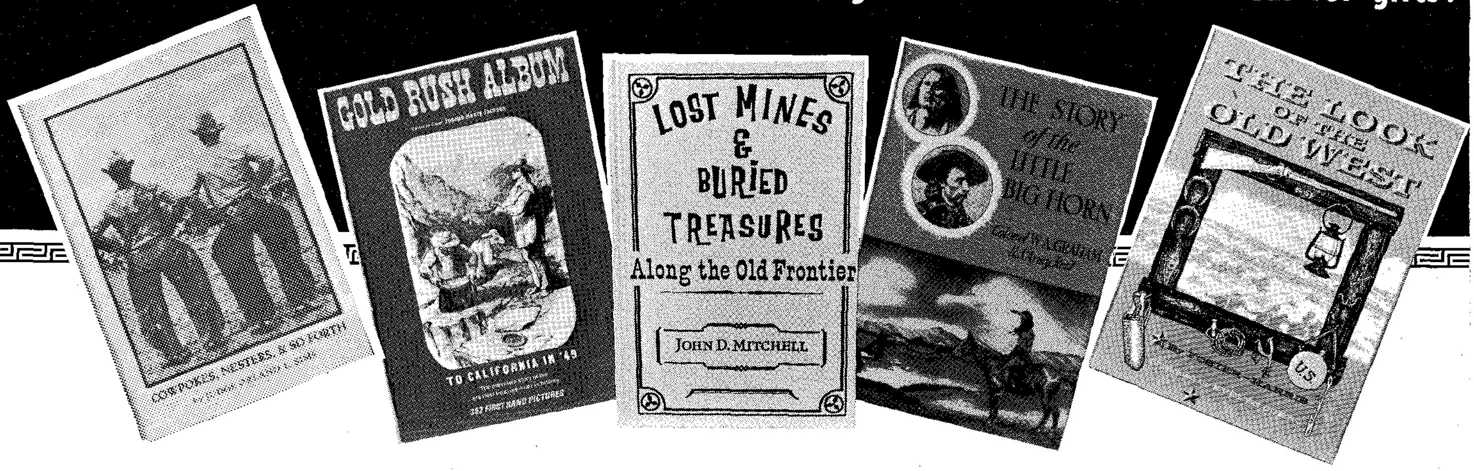
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VOL. 1, NO. 2
FALL, 1972

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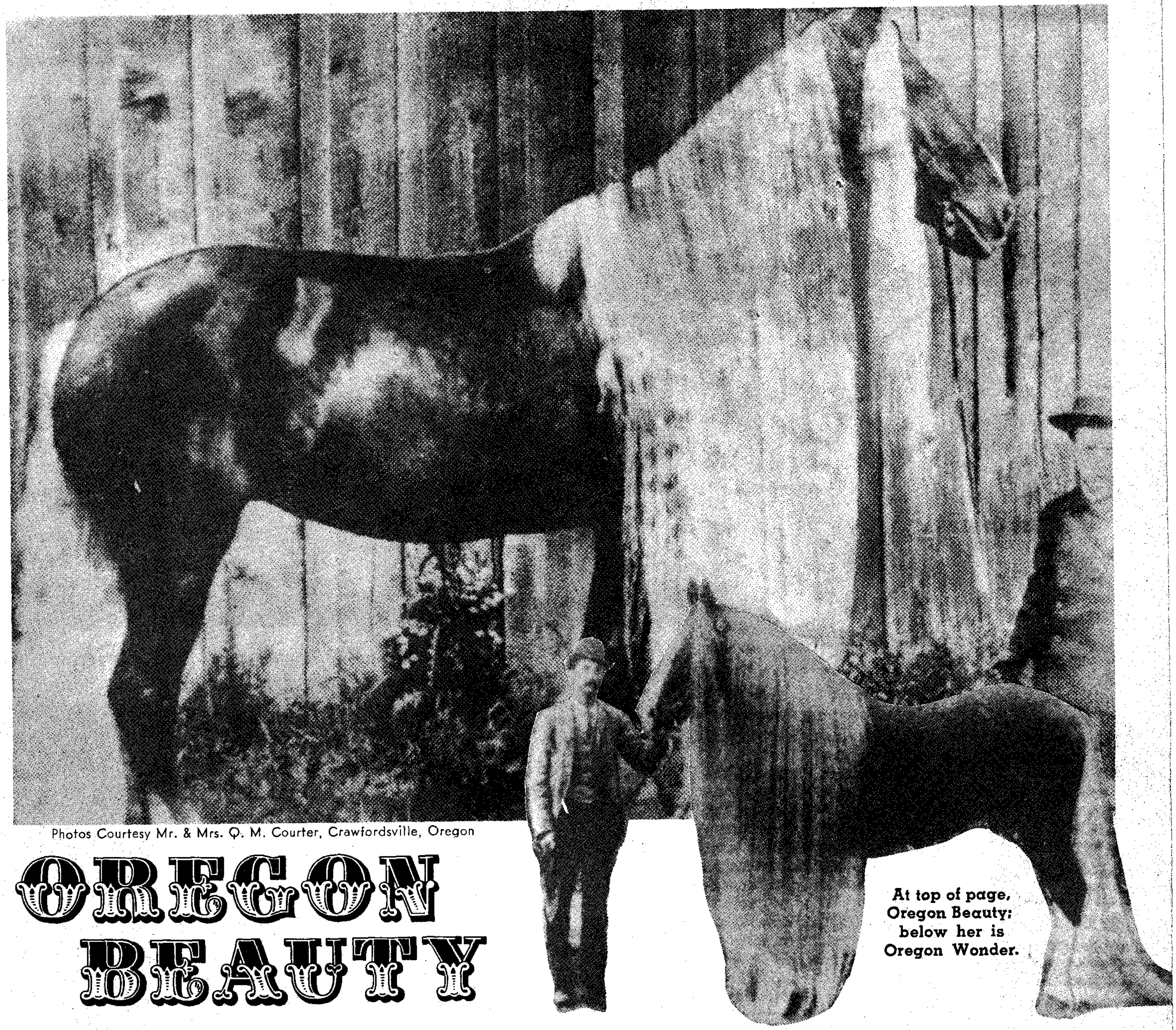


Photos Courtesy Mr. & Mrs. Q. M. Courter, Crawfordsville, Oregon

At top of page, Oregon Beauty; below her is Oregon Wonder.

OREGON BEAUTY

By MICKEY HICKMAN

Photos Courtesy Author

OUR grandfathers lived in an era that could boast many beautiful teams of draft horses of several breeds, and stallions of spectacular beauty had their day, but it was not often that an individual horse could attract special attention by its looks alone. A mare called The Oregon Beauty was such an animal, however, outstanding because of her deep chestnut color and an extremely long flaxen mane and tail. The known history of the horse is not as long as her hair.

According to the late Leslie Conser of Albany, Oregon, the owner of Oregon Beauty was Perry Adams of Dever. He was a neighbor of Conser's father. The man worked the mare just as he worked his other horses, her mane and tail done up laboriously in long French braids; he then combed her and decorated her with colorful ribbons for exhibition at fairs and neighborhood gatherings. Old yellowed handbills and stories of old-timers who remember attest to her popularity as a star attraction, later to be joined by her son, Oregon Wonder, a horse with a mane and tail and coat of the same beautiful coloring. Fairgoers would pay as much as a dollar for a look at them. They became money-makers for the farmer-producer who took them around the country between harvests.

The Oregon Beauty's mane and tail were not the product of any special feeding formula or fabulous results from the use of touted "hair growers"; neither were they induced by any well-considered mating. Incredible though it may appear, her mother was an ordinary pony, size unknown; her sire was a Clydesdale with a white mane and tail of no particular distinction. The Beauty's progeny set no records of note until she was bred back to her own sire—the possibility of anything unusual in mane was unthought of—then The Oregon Wonder came along to emulate his mother in many ways. One of his sons, named Prince, grew a mane and tail of extraordinary length but not comparable to the others.

The story goes that Mr. Adams eventually traded his money-making mare for a patent on a unique kind of gate or fencing device that later proved a failure. The man who bought the horse cashed in on the deal. He is said to have traveled up and down the Pacific Coast with Beauty, exhibiting her at every opportunity and charging a good fee for a mere glimpse. It required the service of one man almost full-time just to care for her and keep her in exhibition condition.

Sad to relate, the much admired and much-talked-about mare is supposed to have come to a tragic end. She was reportedly killed in a lightning-caused fire that consumed a barn in which she was confined. Time has obliterated all traces of The Oregon Wonder.

SECOND SADDLE

Kindness to a Horse

In 1906, my folks moved from Madison, Wisconsin to Boise, Idaho at which time I was nine years old. Only a few streets were paved and the town used high-wheeled, heavy water tank wagons to wet down the dust. To pull these wagons, horses just off the range were hooked up with horses already broken to harness.

As I was a born lover of horses I formed a habit of hanging around this city horse lot after school and on Saturdays to watch the wranglers break these wild horses to drive. By the time that I was fourteen I knew a lot of the wranglers as well as their foremen by their first names and had helped out many times; so when school vacation time arrived I applied for a job and they put me to work without any questions asked.

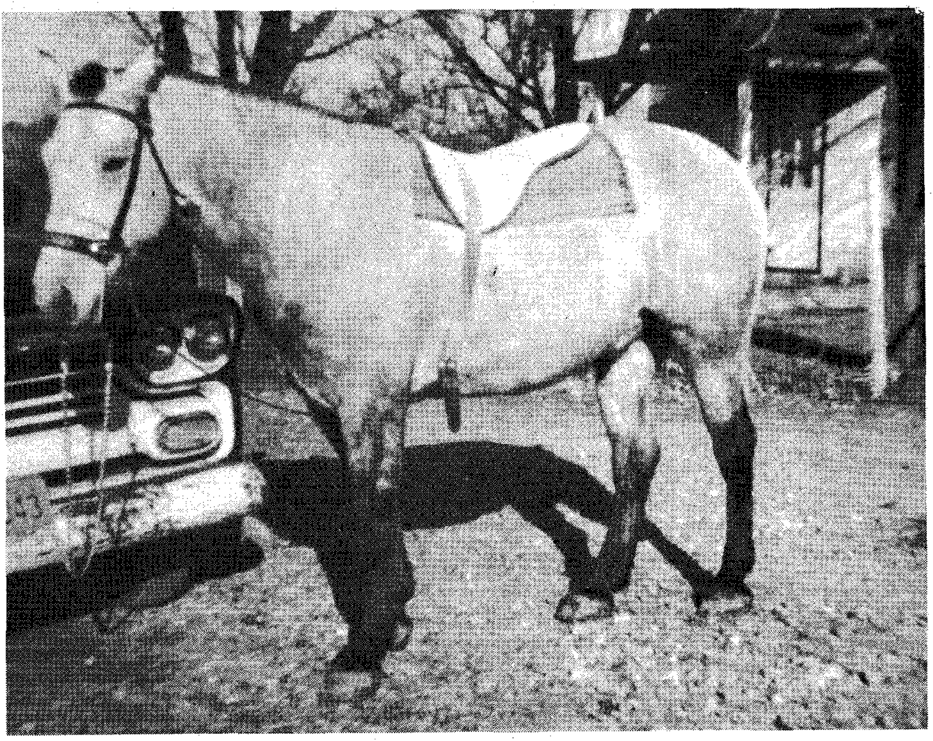
Among the horses brought in off of the range one week shortly after I had gone to work was a high-spirited mare that stood about fourteen hands high. To harness these unbroken horses they were taken to the long stable where a number of box stalls were located, some of them equipped with overhead hanging harnesses similar to the method used at the fire station for the horse-drawn fire rigs. These harnesses could be let down slowly on the horse's back.

This wild mare didn't take to the box stall and proceeded to wreck the back end of the stall with her high-kicking heels. The stable crew worked all morning without success and when noon time arrived they gave up and went to lunch.

As I had brought my lunch with me, I decided to try my luck while they were gone, so I filled my pockets with oats, took a twenty-foot lariat, and crawled up as close as I could to her head in the manger without exciting her. After talking softly to calm her down, in a few moments I enticed her to eat some oats out of my hand (I had filled all of my pockets with oats before climbing up in the manger) and while she was eating I tied one end of the lariat to her halter and eased her backwards out of the stall into the long runway. I was talking to her all of the time and giving her a nip of oats now and then. A snubbing post was located in the middle of the corral and when I got close enough I threw a half-hitch around this post, snubbing her up a few inches at a time until I had taken up all of the slack. By this time I had gained her full confidence so I proceeded to put her harness on one piece at a time, still talking to her all of the time and rewarding her with a nibble of oats.

When the crew returned from lunch their eyes popped out of their heads. There I stood, a mere kid, with the mare all harnessed and calmly eating oats out of my hand. After they had hitched her up to a wagon (to which a broken horse was also hooked up) I climbed aboard and drove off without one bit of trouble. This just proves that kindness usually wins out. In the eyes of the crew I had graduated into a full-fledged horse wrangler!—R. D. Underwood, 123 13th Street, San Antonio, Texas 78215

This is Bull, the Bernskoetters' pride.



We'll Keep Trying

I was in the bookstore this morning. The horse section is the first place I go to see the latest issues. I saw a magazine I hadn't seen in there before. It was your publication of HORSE TALES. I have had different subscriptions to horse magazines before, but most of them have no stories. So I thought I would try your publication. I am happy to say that I think I have found the type of magazine I've been looking for in your HORSE TALES.

My husband reads both TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES when the bookstore has them. I wish you luck in this "new colt," as you refer to it. I will be one person to buy it often.—Mrs. Harry Dawson, Rushville, Indiana 46173

Ownership Isn't Necessary

I have enjoyed HORSE TALES very much. We owned a very good horse a couple of years ago but unfortunately had to sell him.

I think your magazine is perfect for people who love stories about horses. You have a variety of true stories for 50¢ a copy, when some people go out and buy a book for, say, $3.00 with just one story to the whole book. And they are not really true stories. So this is why I like your magazine and would like to subscribe to it.

You don't need to own a horse to enjoy the magazine. You just need a love for the West and especially for horses.—Mrs. Phillip Brown, R. F. D. 1, Box 101B, Salem Turnpike Road, Oakdale, Connecticut 06370

Family Pet

Writing to let you all know we really enjoy your first edition of HORSE TALES and hope it will keep coming. We love horses and don't think there will ever be too much said or written about them.

Sending you a picture of our riding horse; he is like one of the family and *he* thinks he is. He'll eat rice, cornbread, biscuits, bread, and tries to get the dog food. He has not done anything outstanding or anything like that, but when it gets down to work he'll put a cow or calf anywhere you want it. I even run hogs on him.—R. A. Bernskoetter, Rt. 1, Box 38, Lohman, Missouri, 65053

The Dave Whyte Photo
Two Versions

There are a couple of items in your new HORSE TALES magazine that leave me wondering just who is mixed up. 1. A horse, announced as the famous Midnight (Cheyenne—'31 or '32) was ridden. I do not know if the rider contested him, but he did stay on. 2. This Midnight was kept in a box stall bedded down in clean straw. I was allowed to pet the famous

(Continued on page 36)

BADMAN

THIRD EDITION
A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

"These men lack a quality that most people have. Instead of having something—in this case courage—that most lack, they lack something that nearly everybody has. They lack fear. Their courage is not a positive quality that has been added, but a negative quality that has been omitted. Fear has been given to all animals as a protection, and they survive because they have it. They run away from danger and thereby avoid destruction. So do most people, whether they admit it or not. But there are exceptions, a few men who are fearless—utterly without fear."— Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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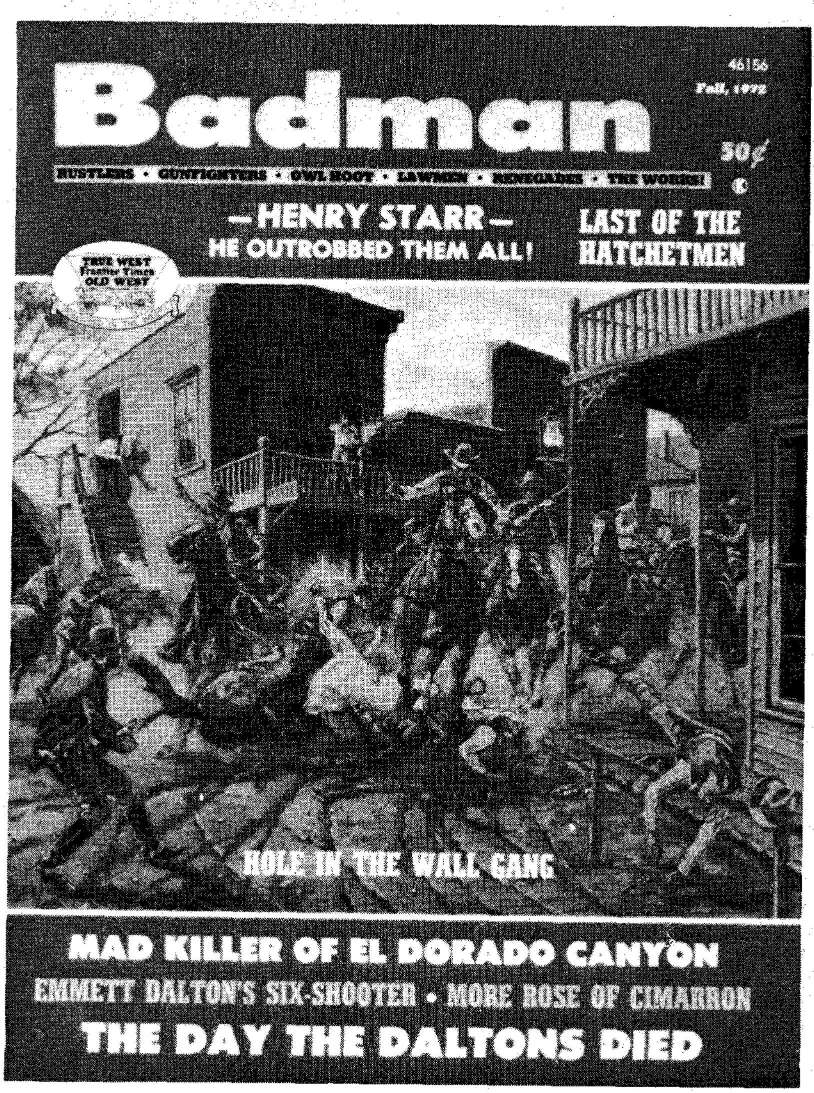
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By COL. THEODORE A. DODGE

submitted by
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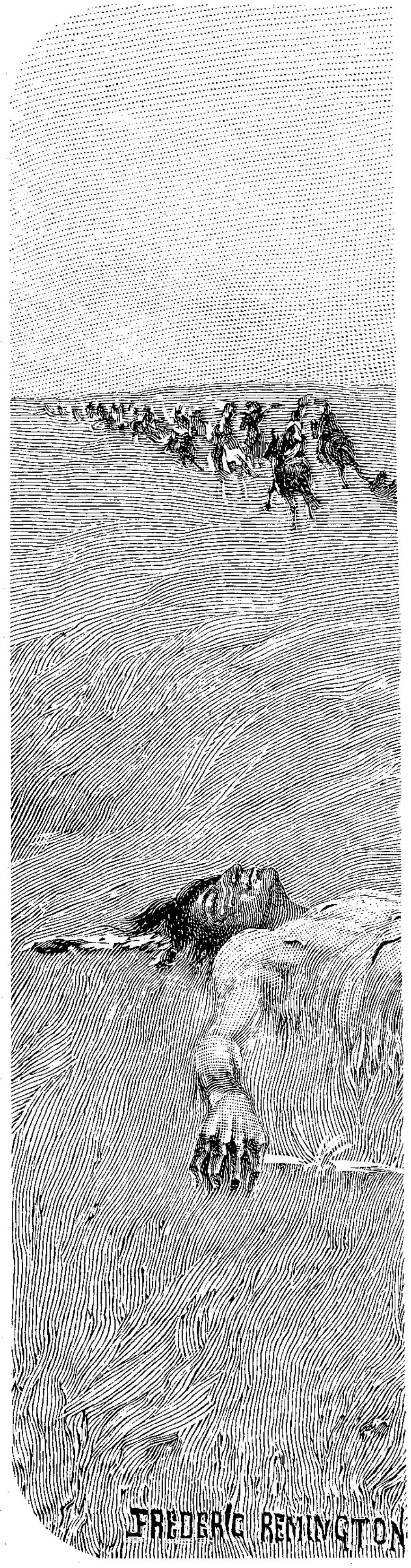
Reprinted from **Harper's New Monthly Magazine**, May, 1891



WE Americans are a many-sided people in equestrianism as in other matters. The greatest variety of riders has existed on the continent of North America. Going back to include the days, still in the memory of old men living, when the Indians farthest from civilization were armed with bow and arrow, tomahawk and lance, and rode without a saddle, we can count almost every type, from the era which produced the frieze of the Parthenon to the present year of grace. As a matter of pure skill, as well as artistically speaking, the bareback rider in every age stands at the head of all equestrians; but as for practical work the saddle gives a distinct superiority, we can scarcely compare him to the modern rider.

No intelligent horseman now claims for his own method the α and ω of equitation. It is an axiom among all men who are not hide-bound by narrow prejudice that the method of riding, and the bit and saddle which are best adapted to the animal to be ridden, to the needs of the work to be done, and to the climate, will be the ones to grow into use among every class. This fact is well illustrated by the two almost extreme seats of the cow-boy and the fox-hunter. The cow-boy has to be astride his ponies from a dozen hours upward every day, ropes steers or drags out mired cows, has to stick to his saddle under the most abnormal conditions, and must if need be have both his hands at liberty. He rides with a short tree, horn pommel, and high cantle. The fox-hunter has no occupation for his hands except by the play of the bits to get the very best performance out of his horse, and needs a saddle on which he can not only sit safely and comfortably over difficult obstacles, but which is convenient to fall out of if a horse comes down, and will prove the least dangerous should his horse come atop of him. He rides the flattest thing known except a pad. Those who have done duty as cow-boys and have ridden to hounds as well—the very best authority obtainable—unite in pronouncing each saddle to be as closely adapted to the needs of each rider as it can be made.

Leaving out the soldier, who is the lineal descendant of the knight in armor, with seat and saddle modified by his weapons and equipment, and who is everywhere substantially the same, the home of the long seat and the short stirrup is the Orient; the home of the short seat and long stirrup is the West. Midway comes the Englishman, with his numerous imitators, whose seat is a compromise betwixt the two. All other styles approach more or less to these, and each has its uncompromising advocates. But whatever seat may be believed by its partisans to be the best, there are so many unsurpassed riders who break every commandment in the civilized decalogue of equitation that we cannot even ask, "Who is the best rider?" but only, "What is the best form for the peculiar wants of each of us, or of our climate, roads, and horses?"

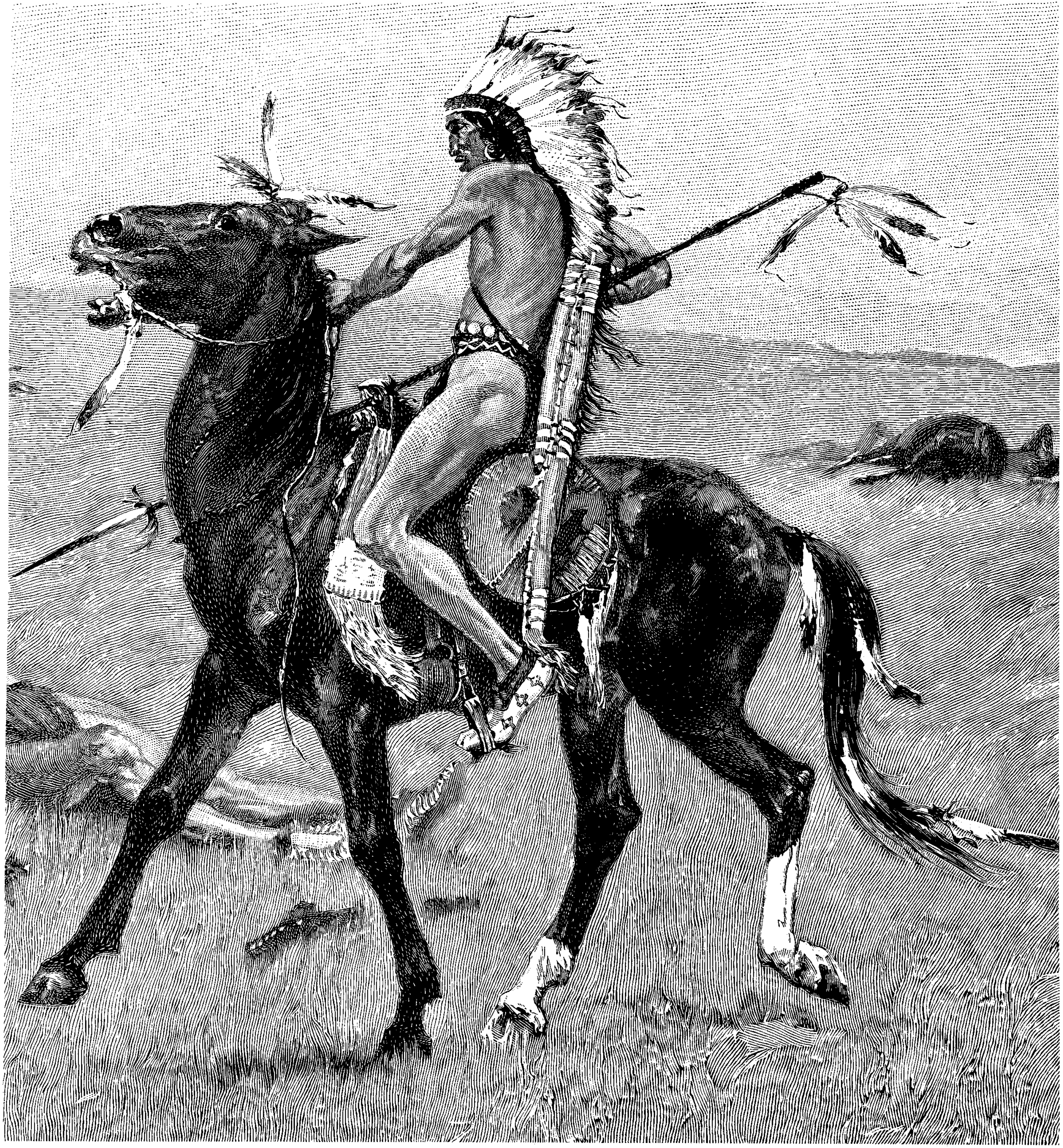
Xenophon, whose work on horsemanship is the earliest which has been preserved to us, gives to some of our equestrians a commendable example by praising Simo, who had preceded him, and perhaps cut him out, in writing a horse book. "We shall expect," says he, "to acquire additional credit, since he who was skilled in horses has the same notions with us." It is everywhere a good deal the fashion, and in some places a matter of faith, to claim that some particular brand of horsemen, as of cigars or whiskey, is the best; or rather that there can be no other really good brand. Whoso has seen men and cities knows that there are everywhere equally good liquor, tobacco, and riders.

The East was the original home of horsemen, and war the early training of the horse. Though he appears first as a beast of burden, and though riding preceded driving, there is evidence to show that chariots in great numbers were used in war before cavalry became common. The use of the horse was all but limited to war. Bullocks were the usual means of transportation, and were no doubt then, as now, in the Orient, steady and rapid travellers. The higher the warrior above the common soldiery, the more terrible his aspect, and the deadlier his aim with lance and arrow. Hence the steed's early appearance in battle. To debase him to the purposes of pleasure was never dreamed of.

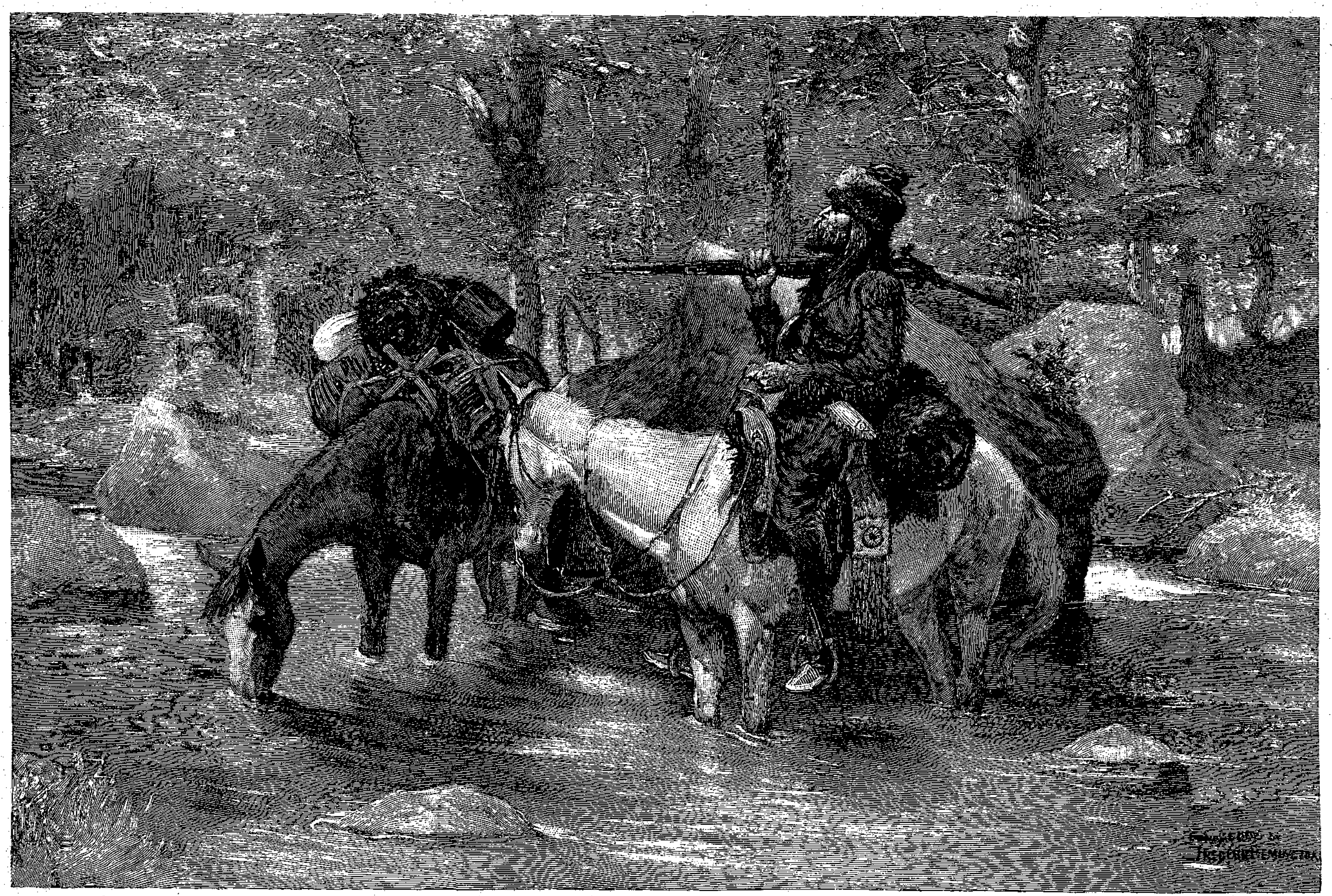
We find the very best of cavalry in ancient times. The Greeks ran against a serious problem in the Persian light horse when they first trod the soil of Asia Minor. They were nothing like so good horsemen as the Asiatics until Alexander's Companion Cavalry showed them

CAN RIDERS

Illustrated by **Frederic Remington**



A Northern Plains Indian—The Coup



A WHITE TRAPPER.

what drill could do; and the Roman was still less apt. Philip of Macedon first utilized the excellent material of the Thessalian plains, and organized a cavalry which, from its manœuvres and fighting, must have consisted of admirable horsemen. The ancients rode without saddles or stirrups, on a blanket or pad or bare back; and in spite of this fact, or perhaps by reason of it, rode extremely well. It is wonderful what feats of military horsemanship the bareback rider could perform in the age of what we might call gymnastic equestrianism. Nothing but the knowledge of our old-time Indian enables us to credit the historical accounts of his agility and skill.

When, centuries later, saddles came into use, there grew up two schools of riding—that of the mailed warrior, whose iron armor well chimed in with his "tongs on a wall" seat in his peaked saddle; and that of the Oriental, whose nose and knees all but touched. Why the Eastern rider clings to his extremely short leathers it is hard to say, unless it be to place him the higher above his horse, and therefore make him the more imposing when he stands up in his stirrups to brandish scimitar or matchlock. Yet he is a wonderful rider, this same Oriental; as, indeed, is every man who from youth up is the companion of the horse. This peculiar type does not exist in North America, though some of our Indians ride with very short stirrups. But every other style of equitation is found among our aborigines, or in the populated sections of the continent.

The bareback rider was common among the Plains Indians of forty years ago. Beyond trappings for mere show, his pony was as naked as he. The bareback seat ought, in theory, to be alike in all ages, varied slightly only by the conformation of man and beast—the slimmer the horse's barrel or the longer the man's legs, the straighter the seat. We ascribe variations from it to the use of saddles. This seat is supposed to train a man to grip his horse from breech to knee, and, unless when making unusual exertions, to allow his leg from the knee down to hang more or less perpendicularly. It is distinctly the model from which to start. The less the variation from it, the better the results. And although many horsemen who wander farthest from this seat achieve singular success in equitation, the model nevertheless remains the best. This is a maxim in every school. Variations from the bareback seat are the result of peculiar habits or requirements.

This is theorizing, you may say; but the best practice comes from good theory, however often practice alone may produce individual success. A man or a horse, or both combined, may accomplish astounding things in the wrong way. "Practice makes perfect," runs the old saw, but the word perfect has a limited meaning.

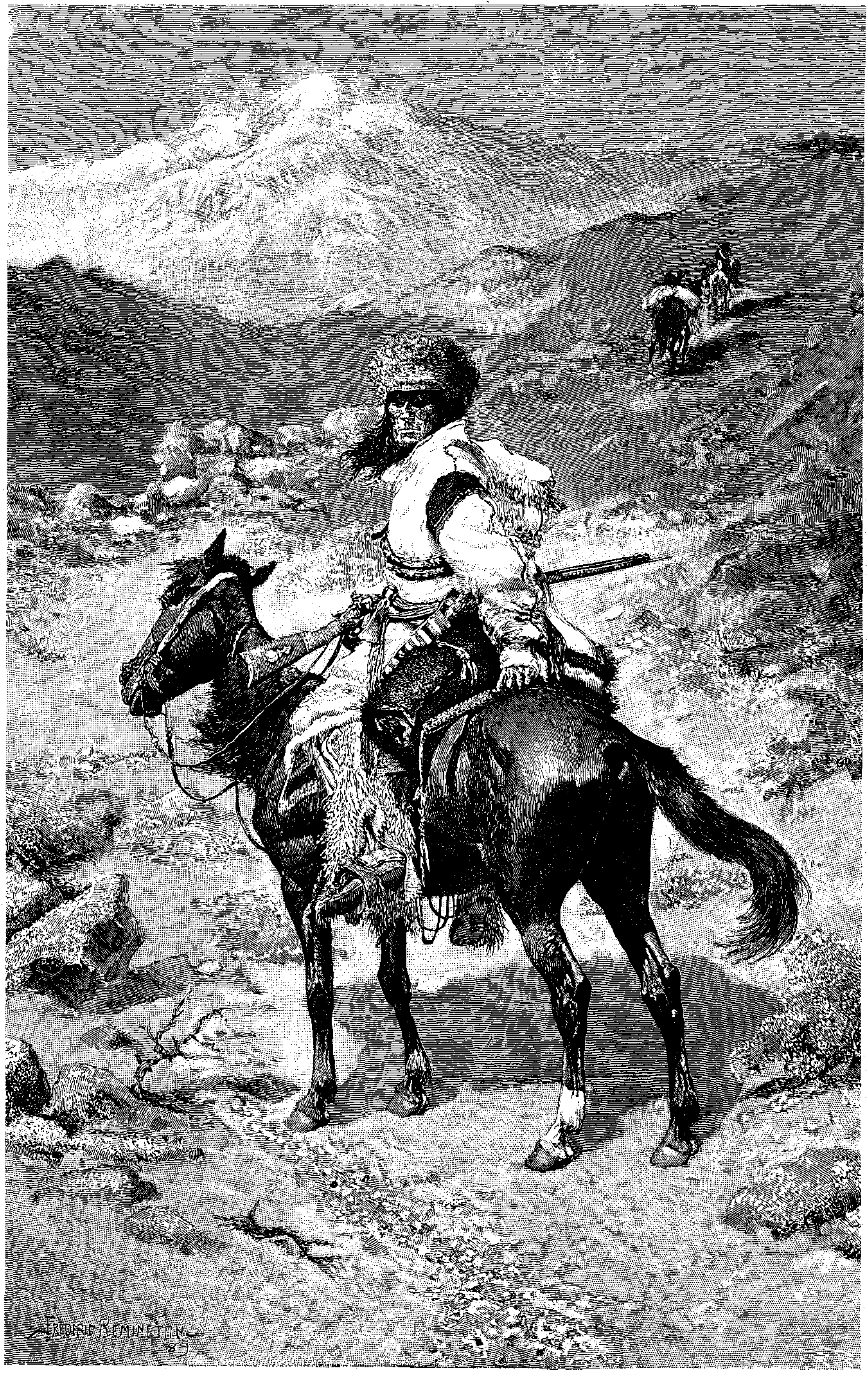
The average bareback rider of civilization is far from perfect. He pulls on his horse's mouth for dear life. If he lets go the bridle or halter rope he is gone. Look at Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." Her riders are the country bumpkins of every clime. Good bareback riding, on the other hand, is a fine performance. Did you ever try it? It is all very well as long as you have a bridle and a good tough mouth to hold on by; but drop your bridle, fold your arms, and see what happens. Now the old-time Indian did just this. He needed both hands for other things. When hunting he must use his bow and arrows; on the war-path still less could he spare a hand. And yet he was a consummate rider, who, despite what we call defects in style, could outdo in his way any rider of to-day. There are many things which only a man in a saddle can undertake; but that does not make him the better rider. What applies to the old-time Indian applied with equal force to the cavalryman of antiquity. Livy aptly divides cavalry into "those with and those without the bridle," meaning regular and irregular horse. The latter guided their horses with voice or legs, or a slender rod.

We have from all sources accurate and consistent accounts of the extraordinary riding of the old savage. Catlin and Parkman and Dodge describe him fully. A piece of buffalo-robe girthed over the pony's back stood in lieu of saddle, if even so much was used; a cord of twisted hair lashed round its lower jaw served for bit and bridle. When hunting, in fact as a rule, the Indian wore naught but a breech-cloth and moccasins—not to lay stress on paint and feathers—and carried a buffalo-skin, which he threw about his shoulders, or let fall from about his waist. He was often a splendid specimen of manly strength and activity. "By ——, a Mohawk!" exclaimed Benjamin West, when he first beheld the Apollo Belvedere. A heavy whip, with elk-horn handle and knotted bull's hide lash, hung by a loop to the Indian's wrist. His bow and arrows gave full occupation to his hands; he must guide his pony with legs and word alone, and rely on its intelligence and the training he had given it to do the right thing at the right time. Thus slenderly equipped, this superb rider dashed into the midst of a herd of buffalo, and so quick was the pony and so strong the seat of his master that, despite the stampede of the terror-stricken herd and the charges of the enraged and wounded bulls, few accidents ever occurred. The Indian on horseback has ninety lives, not nine. His riding is not an art, it is nature.

The Indian has never developed a system of training his ponies. Each man teaches his own to suit himself, and except imitation, or a certain trick shown by father to son, and thus perpetuated, there was none but individual knack in his horsemanship. The Plains pony was quickly taught after a rough and ready fashion, more by cruelty than kindness; in a manner, in fact, as different from the system of the Arabs as the fine shape of the Barb differs from the rugged outline of the bronco. All horses are more intelligent than man supposes; those most with men, or on which man most depends, most readily respond to training, and the Indian and his pony were every day and all day comrades. Before the Indian could trade for or steal a bit, he always used the jaw rope—or nothing. With the rope in the left hand, he bore against the neck to turn to one side, and gave a pull to turn to the other; or else he shifted his pony's croup by a more or less vigorous kick with either heel. When both his hands were busy he relied entirely upon his legs and the pony's knowledge of the business in hand; but as every Indian digs his heels into his horse's flanks and lashes him with the quirt at every stride, it is hard to see how the pony caught on to his meaning. The more credit to the quadruped.

The feats of the Indian of to-day, such as picking objects off the ground at a gallop, or hanging to one side of his horse, concealed, all but an arm and leg, while he shoots at his enemy from behind the running rampart, were equally performed by his bareback ancestor. The latter was wont to braid his horse's mane into a long loop through which he could thrust his arm to preserve his balance, but he had not the advantage of the cantle to hold to by his leg. The old bareback rider has now disappeared; it needed but a short contact with civilization to show him the manifest advantages of bit and saddle.

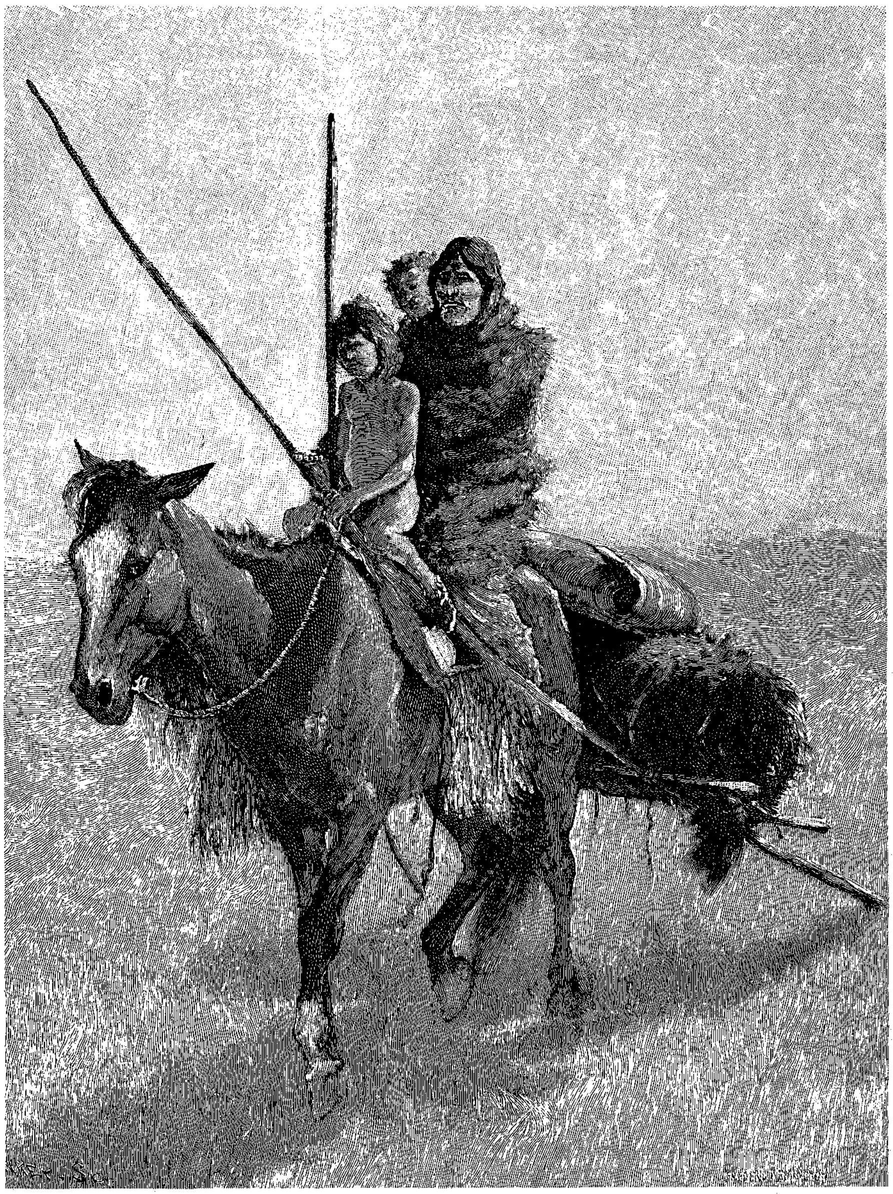
It is to be regretted that we can make no satisfactory comparison between the bareback rider of ancient times and our own Indian of the past generation. There are many men yet living to testify to the skill and strength of the Indian horseman; and Catlin has left us numerous pictures of the savage. But of the ancient rider we have in monumental and ceramic art few except very crude pictorial delineations, and in books yet fewer written ones, and it is not easy to reproduce him. One of the most precious relics of the past is a bronze statuette dug up at Herculaneum in 1751, and thought to be a copy of the equestrian statue known to have been made of Alexander the Great by Lysippus, after the battle of the Granicus, when statues of all the brave who fell in this initial victory were made by the famous sculptor. If it is truly a copy of Lysippus's work, we can judge from it how the Macedonians managed their horses in a hand to hand conflict. The king is shown sitting on a blanket firmly held in place by a breast strap and girth; without dropping the reins from his bridle hand he grasps this substitute for a saddle at the withers, and turning fully half-way to the right and looking backward, gives a swinging cut with his



AN INDIAN TRAPPER.

sword to the rear, covering as big an arc of the circle as the best swordsman who ever sat in a saddle. The statue is full of life and natural to a degree. If not Lysippus's work, it is that of a consummate artist. The position shows great freedom of movement on the horse, and a seat strong and elastic. That the Macedonians kept their heels well away from the horses' flanks, or rather that they did not rely on their heels to cling to him, is shown by their commonly wearing spurs, a thing the Indian usually avoids; and the same habit shows clearly in this piece of art.

When riding merely and not fighting, the Greek sat on his breech in a natural position, took a firm hold with his thighs, but let his legs from the knee down hang free. His attitude, as shown in the Panathenaic procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, was singularly graceful in style; and that it was the common one is to be seen from Xenophon's rules for keeping the seat. He managed the reins with light and easy hands. The Indian, on the contrary, was as singularly awkward and ungainly. He sat on his crotch, leaned forward, with the thigh not far from perpendicular, and the leg thrust back at almost a right angle. This he could do with the Plains pony, whose barrel was far from as well rounded as that of the Thessalian chunk; and he got a goodly part of his grip from his calf and heel. The contrast between the statue of Alexander, or one of the Parthenon riders, and any one of Catlin's pictures is striking. But though the old-time Indian was the equal—probably the superior—as a mere rider, of the Greek, it is the latter whom we must select as model if we wish to preserve any semblance of beauty in equestrianism.


THE TRAVAUX PONY.

It is no wonder that the Indian rode well. Before he could walk or talk or remember, the lad had been tied to a horse, and no Indian can recollect the time when he could not ride anything and everything which came along. The boys from twelve years up do most of the herding, and in this occupation they become familiar with every pony in the tribe. It is probable that the lads have roped and mounted in succession every one intrusted to their care, and have learned its individual qualities, while gaining in general horsemanship.

Even to-day the Indian always races bareback. His saddle weighs too much, and he himself does not train down like our jockeys, so that he strips off all he can. He is keenly fond of horse-racing, and is up to all the tricks of gambling or jockeying. He can give long odds to the best race-track shark. His pony will, of course, beat a thorough-bred at short distances; any pony can. At a mile or two miles the tables are turned. While wonderfully agile and with great endurance, the Indian lacks the strength of our athletes; and in boxing or wrestling, even after a course of instruction, would be no match for an average American. But he can perform equestrian feats which strike us as wonderful enough. It is a point of honor with him, as it was with the ancients, not to leave his dead or wounded in the hands of the enemy, liable to butchery or deprived of the rites of burial; and he will pick up a warrior from the ground without dismounting, almost without slacking speed, throw him across his pony, and gallop off. This requires much practice. Sometimes two men act together in picking up the man, but one is quite able to accomplish it. A buck represents the dead or wounded man. He lies perfectly still and limp if the former, or aids as far as is consistent with his hurt if the latter. Perhaps this is the best of the numerous feats the Indian can exhibit.

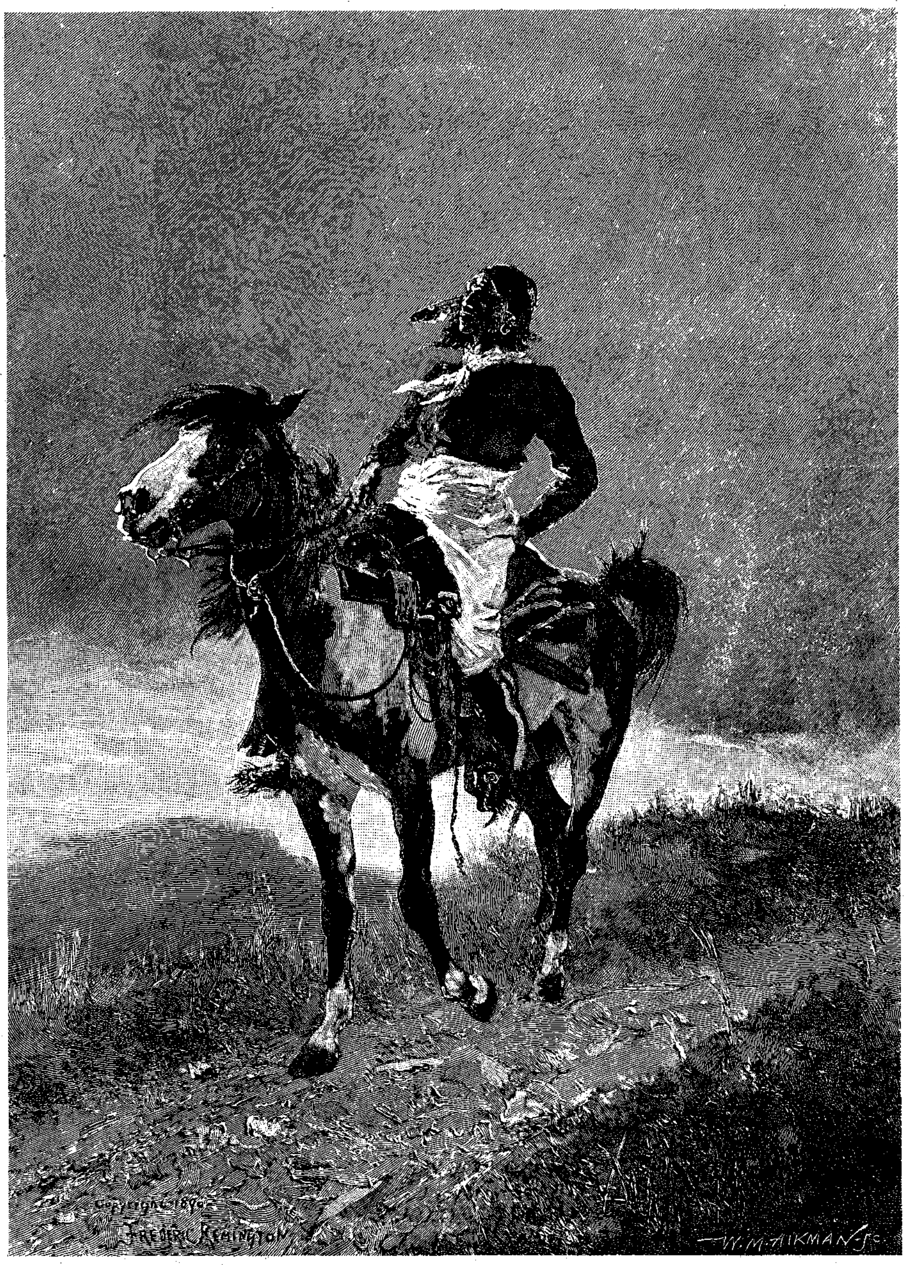
The Indians would be capable of making a superb irregular cavalry were it not for the divided authority from which all tribes suffer. There is no central power, no influence to hold the individuals to anything like what we call duty. Yet they have a certain organization, and in battle are able to execute a number of manœuvres, all, however, weakened by the lack of the one controlling hand. Nor can the Indian be kept in the ranks. In order to claim a scalp, the warrior must give the dead man the *coup*. This was in olden times a stab with a weapon, but Indians now have *coup* sticks. Whoever first strikes the victim the *coup* can rightfully claim the scalp; and no authority can keep an Indian in the ranks when there is a scalp at stake.

The Indians of to-day show a certain similarity in their style of riding to those of the last generation, so far as the constant use of the whip and heels is concerned, but the saddle has completely changed their seat. The different tribes differ as greatly among themselves. All Indians ride well. Living in the saddle, breaking wild ponies and using half-trained ones at all times, they cannot help being expert horsemen; but most Indians ride in so ungainly a manner as to be hard to describe to one who has not seen them.

The first point of difference between them and the civilized rider which is apt to be brought home to a tenderfoot turns on the fact that the Indian always mounts from the off side. This was the habit also of remote antiquity, perhaps arising from the same cause, that the lance or other weapon was naturally held in the right hand, and could not readily be thrown over the animal without fright or injury. The Greeks had a small loop on the shank of the lance, into which they thrust their right foot, and this aided them greatly in mounting. But the dangling sword of the mediæval cavalry soldier obliged him to mount on the near side, and as he is the pattern from which we moderns have been cast, the habit has survived. The white man who attempts to mount an Indian pony in our fashion is very apt to get a nasty spill before he has reached his back, for at the unusual attempt the half-trained beast will be apt to fly the track with a quickness which the ordinary "American" horse could in no wise rival.

The old-time Sioux was one of the earliest of the saddle-riding Indians. He was to be met with on the Northern Plains some forty years ago. He managed his pony with a stick or the hereditary jaw rope, and this, when not in use, he was wont to let trail. Curiously, a pony used to a rope thus trailing will never blunder on it. His home-made saddle was a wooden, or sometimes elk-horn, framework, with side pieces well apart, and held to the arches by shrinking rawhide upon them. The pommel and cantle were very much alike, and both rose perpendicularly from the arch of the tree to a height of sometimes eighteen inches. The bent wood stirrups were lashed in straps cut from rawhide, slung loosely on the side pieces, and working back and forth into all conceivable positions. Such trifles the Sioux never heeded. His seat was not so easily disturbed as a city swell's by one hole difference in his leathers. His seat was peculiar. His leg from crotch to knee gripped in an almost perpendicular position; from the knee down it was thrown sharply back, so that his weight was sustained solely on the crotch and the muscles of the thighs. As a consequence of this seat, he pounded in his saddle like a fresh recruit, leaned over his horse like a modern track jockey at a hand-gallop, sticking his heels meanwhile into his flanks for a hold. How he could thus ride and escape injury from the pommel is a mystery. But though smashing to atoms all the maxims of equitation ancient or modern, the old-time Sioux was a good rider, and his seat was strong and effective. He tricked up his pony's mane and tail and forelock with feathers, beads, or scraps of gaudy cloth, and often painted him all over with colored clay. In his fashion he was as much of a dude as if he had worn a three-inch collar and a big-headed cane, and was a singularly picturesque if ungainly horseman.

MODERN COMANCHE.



Some of the largest cities on the American continent—St. Louis, as an instance—may be said to have been built from the profits of the fur trade. The first man who discovered the immense extent to which the peltry traffic could be carried was a rover, who most likely hailed from Kentucky or Missouri, was of French or Scotch-Irish descent, and perchance came from the blood which crossed the Alleghanies in the footsteps of Daniel Boone, intent on adventure or flying from civilization. The white trapper was as averse to association with his fellow-man as the hardiest of the old pioneers. In fact he often fled the settlements for good and sufficient cause. He has now all but died out, with the buffalo, though a generation ago he was a common enough character in the territories north of Colorado. His sons have turned cow-punchers.

This famous hunter was a character more practical than poetic, though he has been made the subject of many fine phrases and the hero of many exaggerated situations. His hair and beard floated long and loose from under his coyote cap, and he had lived so continuously with the Indians that he had largely adopted their dress and their manners, could if need be live on the same chuck, and always had one or more squaws. He was apt to carry a trade gun; perhaps a good one, perhaps an old Brown Bess cut down. At his side was slung an enormous powder-horn, for in the old days he could not so readily replenish his supply, far from civilization as he was wont to be. He rode a Mexican saddle, for which he had traded skins—or maybe stolen—and from which he had cut every strip of superfluous leather, as the Indian does to-day. He rode the same pony as his Indian competitor in the trade, but with a seat adapted to a saddle rather than a pad, and still retaining a flavor of the settlements despite his divorce from their ways. In fact a white man on the Plains can today be told from an Indian as far as he can be seen by his style of riding, and it was no doubt always so. Nor had this trapper lost his pale-face instincts so entirely as to indulge in the Indian's usual atrocious cruelty to his horse.

The Indians were not long in finding out that peltries were a ready means of getting the guns and calico and fire-water of the white man, and the white trapper was not long alone in the business. The Indian trapper whom our artist has depicted may be a Cree, or perhaps a Blackfoot, whom one was apt to run across in the Selkirk Mountains or elsewhere on the plains of the British Territory, or well up north in the Rockies, toward the outbreak of the civil war. He was tributary to the Hudson Bay Company, whose badge he wore in his blanket coat of English manufacture, which he had got in trade. Wherever you met this coat, you might place its wearer. He had bear-skin leggins, with surface cleverly seared into ornamental patterns, and for the rest the usual Indian outfit. He rode a pony which had nothing to distinguish him from the Plains pony, except that in winter his coat grew to so remarkable a length as almost to conceal the identity of the animal. Unless you saw it in motion, you might take it for a huge species of bear with a tail.

This trapper rode a pad, which was not unlike an air-cushion, cinched in place and provided with a pair of very short stirrups hung exactly from the middle. This dragged his heels to the rear, in the fashion of the old-time Sioux, and gave him a very awkward seat. By just what process, from a bareback seat, the fellow managed to drift into this one, which is quite peculiar to himself, it is hard to guess. The trapper would sit all over his horse, weaving from side to side, and shifting his pad at every movement. His pony's back was always sore. His pad lining soon got hard with sweat and galled the skin, and the last thing which would ever occur to him would be to take steps to relieve his patient comrade's suffering. He never attempted to change his pad lining or cinch it more carefully. On went the pad, up jumped the trapper; and why shouldn't the pony buck, as he invariably did? Sore backs are as much at the root of the bucking habit as the half-and-half breaking of the pony.

This matter of sore backs furnishes a curious study. In every Southern country outside the United States, and among all wild or semi-civilized nations which are not peculiar horse-lovers, no heed whatever is paid to saddle or pack galls. The condition of the donkeys in the East, in Africa, or in Spain and Italy, is as lamentable as it is short-sighted. It never enters the minds of the owners of these patient brutes that a sore back is a commercial loss; nor do they couple the idea of cruelty with dumb creatures at all. It is not until you reach Teutonic nations that both these ideas are extended so as to reduce the discomfort of animals to a minimum. An Indian is perhaps more unspeakably cruel to his pony than any other person. He never wears spurs, not even as a matter of vanity, for spurs would prevent his pounding his pony with his heels at every stride, as is his wont; but he will stick his knife into him to make him gallop faster, and an Apache will give his pony a dig with it from sheer malice when he dismounts.

There is no horse superior to the bronco for endurance; few are his equals. He came by it naturally from the Spanish stock of Moorish descent, the individuals of which race, abandoned in the sixteenth century, were his immediate ancestors; and his hardy life has, by survival of the fittest, increased this endurance tenfold. He is not handsome. His middle piece is distended by grass food; it is loosely joined to his quarters, and his hip is very short. He has a hammer head and the pronounced ewe neck which all plains or steppes horses seem to acquire. His legs are naturally perfect; but they finally give way at the knees from sharp stopping with a gag bit, for an Indian will turn on a ten-cent piece. One form of racing is to place two long parallel strips of buffalo hide on the ground at an interval of but a few feet, and, starting from a distance, to ride up to these strips, cross the first, turn between the two, and gallop back to the starting-point. Another is to ride up to a log hung horizontally and just high enough to allow the pony to get under, but not the rider, touch it, and return. If the

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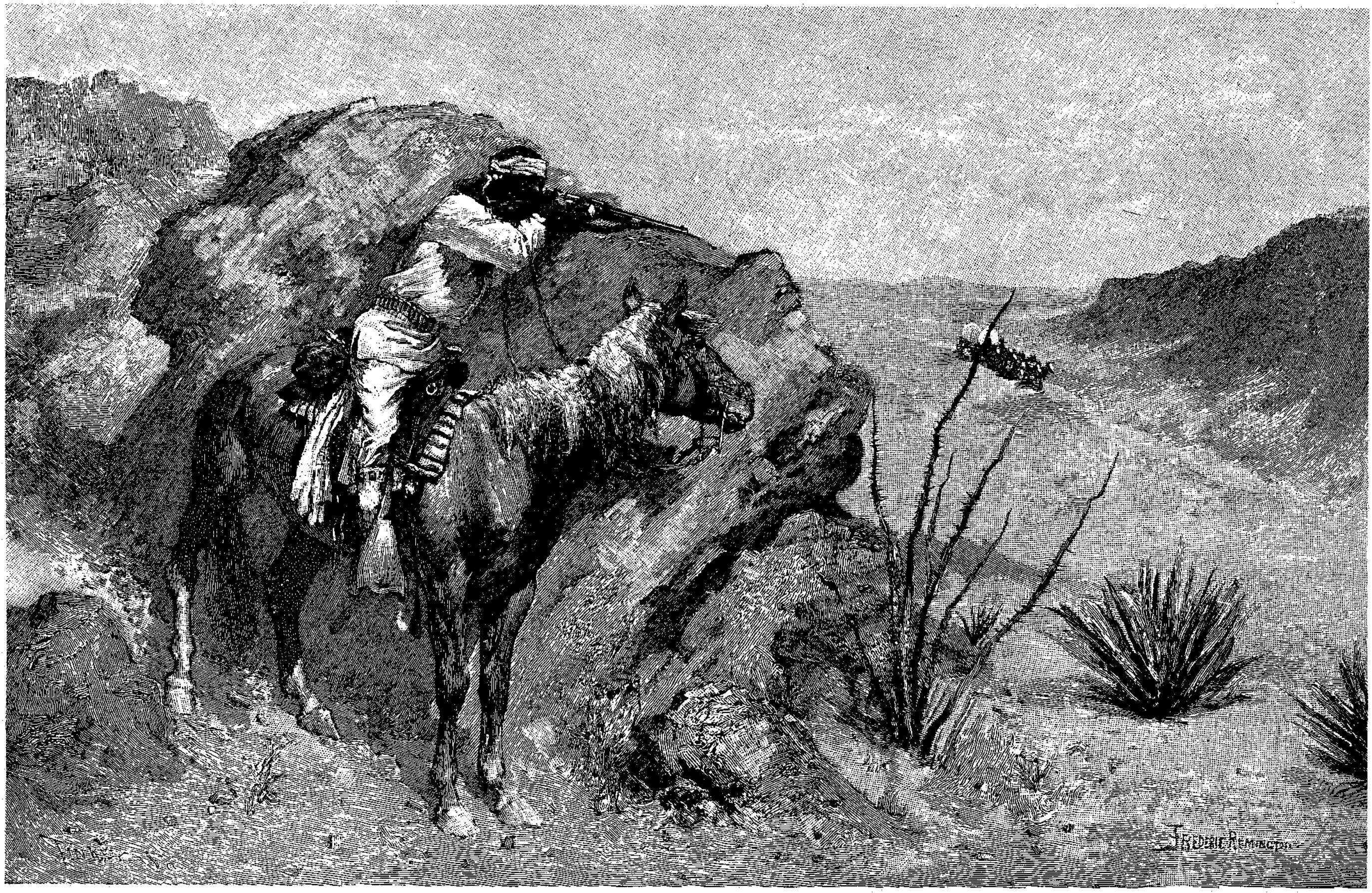


AN APACHE INDIAN.

A miner on a "return" horse makes his way along a craggy ridge. Photo From Book

MIDGET the RETURN HORSE

By ENOS A. MILLS

Masters of the "one-way" ride

From **Wild Life on the Rockies**, By Enos A. Mills; Houghton Mifflin Company, 1909

IN many of the Western mining-towns, the liverymen keep "return horses"—horses that will return to the barn when set at liberty, whether near the barn or twenty miles away. These horses are the pick of their kind. They have brains enough to take training readily, and also to make plans of their own and get on despite the unexpected hindrances that sometimes occur. When a return horse is ridden to a neighboring town, he must know enough to find his way back, and he must also be so well trained that he will not converse too long with the horse he meets going in the opposite direction.

The return horse is a result of the necessities of mountain sections, especially the needs of miners. Most Western mining towns are located on a flat or in a gulch. The mines are rarely near the town, but are on the mountain slopes above it. Out of town go a dozen roads or trails that extend to the mines, from one to five miles away, and much higher than the town. A miner does not mind walking down to the town, but he wants to ride back; or the prospector comes in and wants to take back a few supplies. The miner hires a return horse, rides it to the mine, and then turns the horse loose. It at once starts to return to the barn. If a horse meets a freight wagon coming up, it must hunt for a turnout if the road is narrow, and give the wagon the right of way. If the horse meets someone walking up, it must avoid being caught.

The San Juan mining section of southwestern Colorado has hundreds of these horses. Most of the mines are from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above the main supply points, Ouray, Telluride, and Silverton. Ouray and Telluride are not far apart by trail, but they are separated by a rugged range that rises more than 3,000 feet above them. Men often go by trail from one of these towns to the other, and in so doing usually ride a return horse to the top of the range, then walk down the other side.

"Be sure to turn Jim loose before you reach the summit; he won't come back if you ride him even a short distance on the other side," called a Telluride liveryman to me as I rode out of his barn. It seems that the most faithful return horse may not come back if ridden far down the slope away from home. The rider is warned also to "fasten up the reins and see that the cinches are tight" when he turns the horse loose. If the cinches are loose, the saddle may turn when the horse rolls; or if the reins are down, the horse may graze for hours. Either loose reins or loose cinches may cripple a horse by entangling his feet, or by catching on a snag in the woods. Once loose, the horse generally starts off home on a trot. But he is not always faithful. When a number of these horses are together, they will occasionally play too long on the way. A great liking for grass sometimes tempts them into a ditch, where they may eat grass even though the reins are up.

THE LOT of a return horse is generally a hard one. A usurper occasionally catches a horse and rides him far away.

(Continued on page 56)

RATTLING THE BONES

STEAMBOAT, the most famous bucking horse of the Cheyenne Frontier Days' early history, and the mystery surrounding his death need to be cleared up once and for all. Many false statements have been made, some by individuals who knew better, which have surrounded Steamboat with legends wholly untrue.

I have devoted years—and money—to set the record straight as to the death of this famous horse who was unquestionably the greatest of his time in the sport of rodeo. Bronc riders who knew him are agreed that Steamboat was indeed in a class by himself; but for riders in that day to state that Steamboat was the greatest bucking horse of "all time" is of course debatable, for such men did not live during "all time." Time very often changes things.

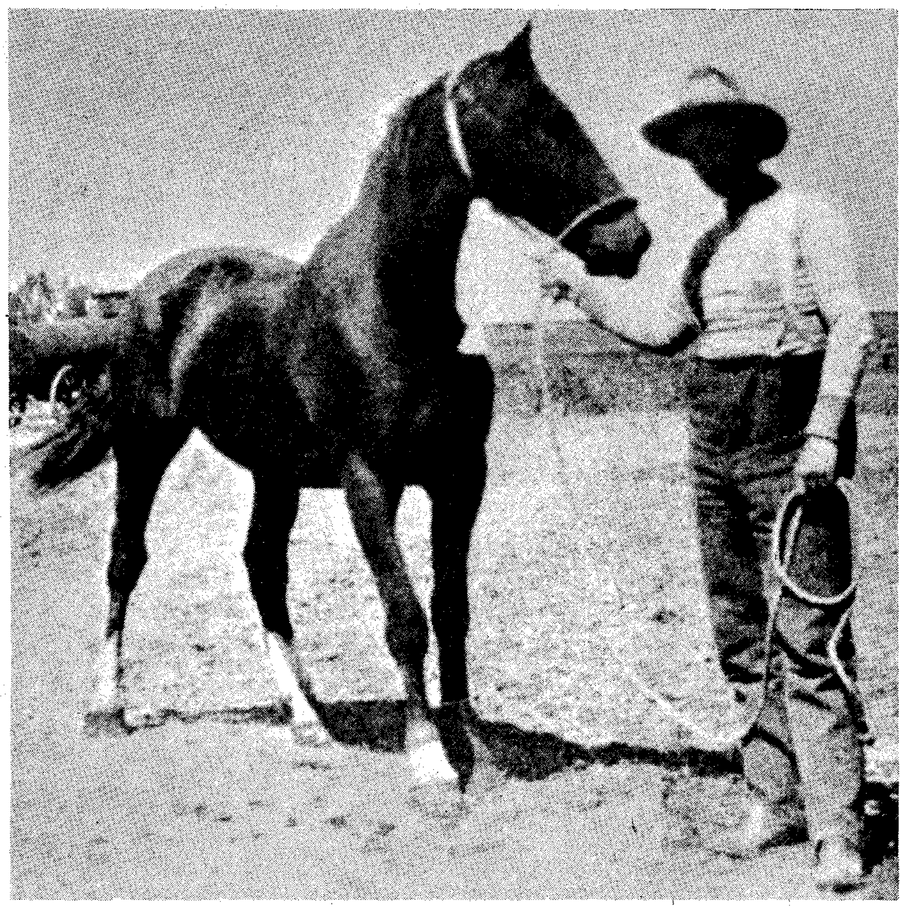
Many current rodeo hands, and laymen interested in the sport, have been led to believe that the famous Steamboat was buried inside the entrance of Frontier Days Park in Cheyenne, since this is the prevalent view taken by writers. In 1958 I made it my business to verify the statement by going to Cheyenne to investigate. While I was looking around for evidence of a grave and marker, the caretaker of the Park, who lives on the premises, asked me what I was searching for. When I told, he laughingly replied that such a thing was a hoax, and suggested I see Arnold Rick, who ranched out about twenty miles north of Cheyenne, for Rick knew all about it. I left immediately to visit Rick and was cordially received by him and his family. This is what he told me:

"The C. B. Irwin Cheyenne Frontier Days outfit was filling a commitment at Fargo, North Dakota in 1914 and Steamboat, together with other bucking stock, was turned out in a small pasture nearby. Steamboat got tangled up in some loose barbed wire that wrapped around his right hind leg above the hock, causing him to be cut severely. Everything possible was done to save the horse.

"Meanwhile, the outfit returned to Cheyenne, including Steamboat, but it became apparent that blood poison had set in and it was obvious that the horse would have to be put out of his misery, so I used a shotgun for the purpose. No Tom Horn was around to do the job for me as he had been executed on November 20, 1903, for the murder of little Willie Nickells—eleven years before Steamboat's career came to an end.

"Instead of Steamboat being buried in Frontier Park—as he should have been—we (Lee Gray who was Irwin's bullwhacker; and Scotty Jack from Fort Pierre, South Dakota, who handled and drove the team of buffalo for Irwin and me) hauled Steamboat's remains out to the old city dump southwest of Cheyenne where it was left exposed to the elements where coyotes and buzzards could pick his bones."

C. B. Irwin with Steamboat in 1904.



So that was supposed to have been the "true story" as to how Steamboat's career ended. Arnold Rick is a brother-in-law of C. B. Irwin, and said that he had charge of the horses and doctored Steamboat when he was injured.

Consequently I believe all that Arnold told me about Steamboat, and wrote and sold a story to a Western magazine entitled, "That Steamboat Myth," thinking the mystery concerning Steamboat was solved.

Not long after the article appeared in print, an old-time rodeo friend of mine, Tillie Baldwin, wrote to me stating that my story was not true as she was with the Irwin show in Salt Lake City in 1914 when Steamboat got hurt, and that it was there the incident occurred. What a shock that was to me! I knew that Tillie was telling the truth.

Once again I set out to put the record straight. Gladys Foster of Grover, Colorado is a niece of C. B. Irwin, and she verified the fact that Steamboat was injured at Salt Lake City in 1914 and that he was shipped back to Cheyenne with the rest of the outfit and was dispatched there, but was not buried at Frontier Park. She said she was with the show in 1914.

Later I contacted John Rick, brother of Arnold Rick, in California and told him what I had learned about Steamboat. He wrote me that it was in Salt Lake City that Steamboat was hurt and that he was not shipped back to Cheyenne and buried, but was buried in an old cornfield outside Salt Lake. So the plot thickened. What was I to believe?

I HAD but one remaining source of information, C. B. "Sharkey" Irwin, a namesake of C. B.'s who was said to be with the Irwin show at the time of Steamboat's death. All attempts to contact Sharkey failed, and I was again in a quandary as to where to turn next for the facts, when to my amazement I was introduced to Sharkey during the "Old-Timers Roping Contest" in May 1968, at Prescott, Arizona, my home town. Incredulous, I said, "You mean you are the real Sharkey Irwin?" and he stated he was indeed the man—and we both knew we had something to talk about.

OF OLD STEAMBOAT

As a result of that meeting in 1968, I taped the following statement made by Sharkey relating to Steamboat:

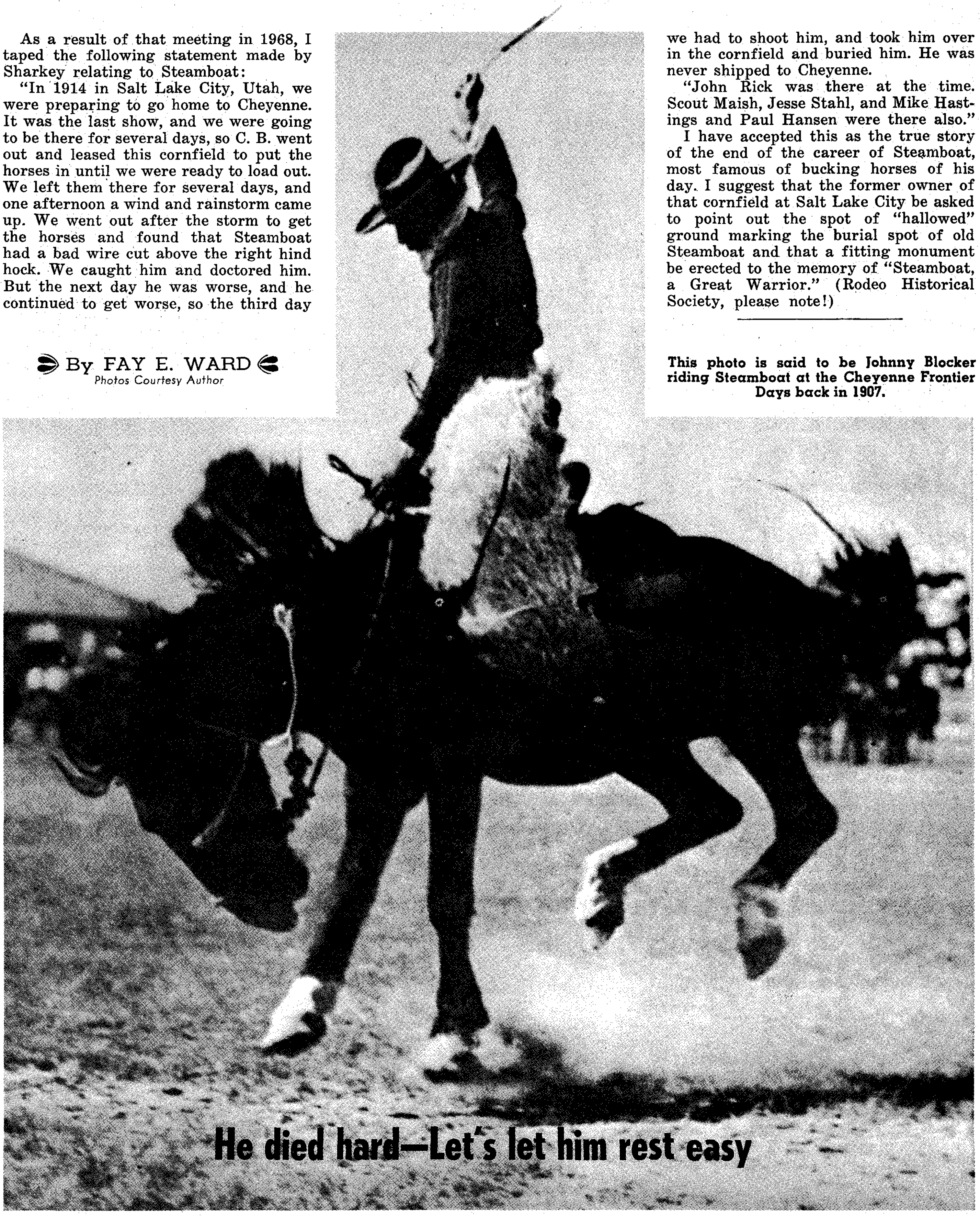
"In 1914 in Salt Lake City, Utah, we were preparing to go home to Cheyenne. It was the last show, and we were going to be there for several days, so C. B. went out and leased this cornfield to put the horses in until we were ready to load out. We left them there for several days, and one afternoon a wind and rainstorm came up. We went out after the storm to get the horses and found that Steamboat had a bad wire cut above the right hind hock. We caught him and doctored him. But the next day he was worse, and he continued to get worse, so the third day we had to shoot him, and took him over in the cornfield and buried him. He was never shipped to Cheyenne.

"John Rick was there at the time. Scout Maish, Jesse Stahl, and Mike Hastings and Paul Hansen were there also."

I have accepted this as the true story of the end of the career of Steamboat, most famous of bucking horses of his day. I suggest that the former owner of that cornfield at Salt Lake City be asked to point out the spot of "hallowed" ground marking the burial spot of old Steamboat and that a fitting monument be erected to the memory of "Steamboat, a Great Warrior." (Rodeo Historical Society, please note!)

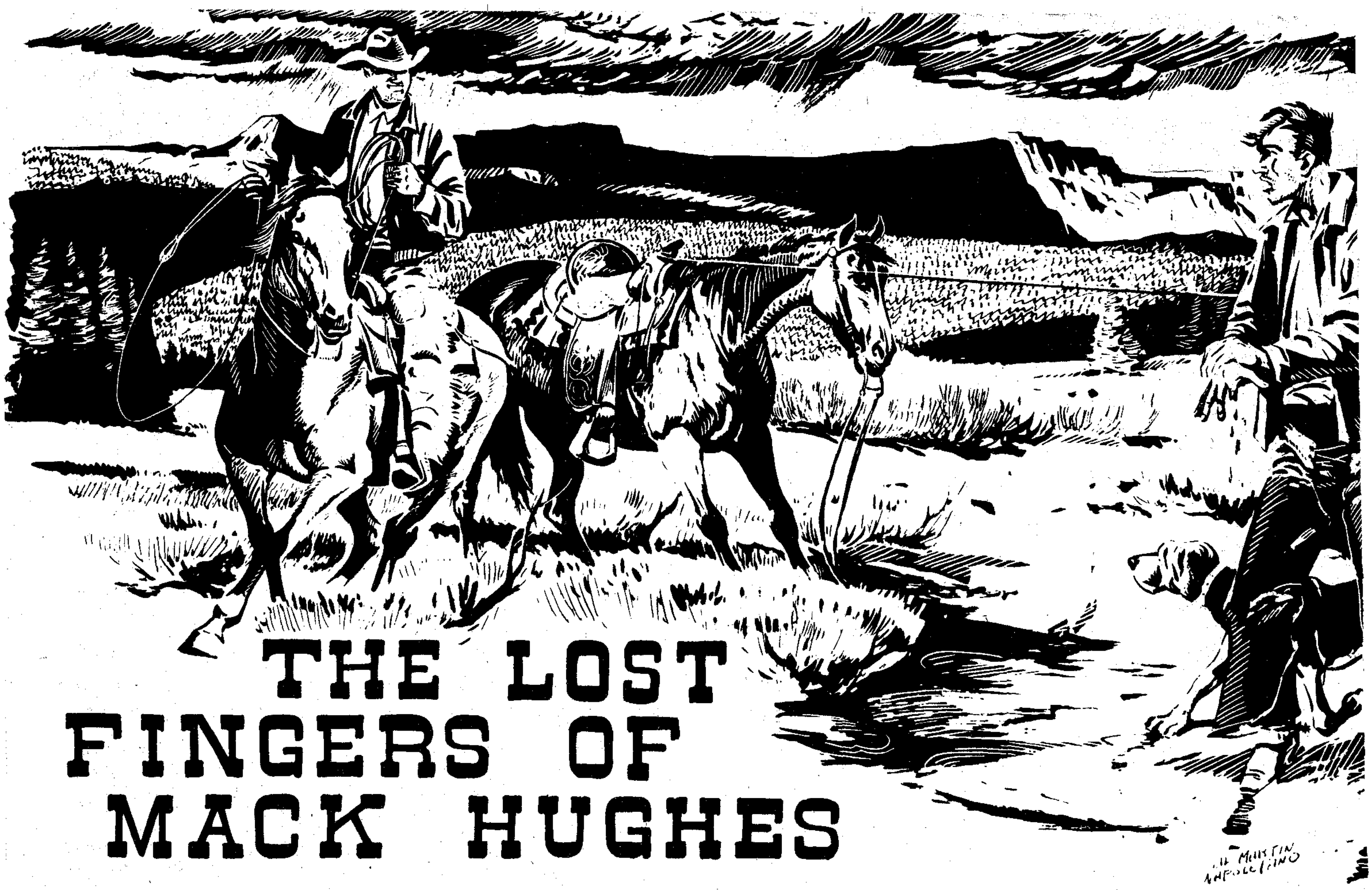
By FAY E. WARD

Photos Courtesy Author



He died hard—Let's let him rest easy

This photo is said to be Johnny Blocker riding Steamboat at the Cheyenne Frontier Days back in 1907.



THE LOST FINGERS OF MACK HUGHES

By **FRED GIPSON**

"Just what in the hell is so funny about a man gettin' two fingers clipped off?"

MACK HUGHES tells about a fine wild mare he roped out of the Mogollon Mountains one time.

This took place around 1933, some years before Mack went to work for the U. S. Department of Interior as stockman for the Apache Indians on the San Carlos reservation, where he still is.

Mack and another cowhand by the name of Evins Baldwin were riding the Dutch O range for George Briggs and Bill Bauldwin. Their main job was trapping wild cattle out of the mountains. They'd built thirty- and forty-acre traps around the water holes in the deep canyons and visited the the traps regularly. This was to pick up any wild cattle that had pushed into the traps over night and failed to get back out through the limber-pole gate chutes, built to spring shut behind them.

Mack and Evins quit camp on a rainy morning, riding toward the Weimer trap at the head of Wagon Box Canyon, which is located some twenty-five miles from the old Mormon settlement of Heber. They'd topped out a high point not far from there, when they sighted this bunch of horses. There was around twenty head of these wild ones collected under one big pine and standing humped against the white downpour of rain.

There were a good many wild horses in the Mogollons in those days, and Mack and Evins had been in the habit of picking up any they could get their loops on. They could sell a good one for as much as five to ten dollars a head. Which sums were not considered chicken feed by cowhands, riding for forty a month and found.

Mack said: "We ought to charge that bunch."

But Evins, he shook his head. "It's too wet and slippery to mess with them things this morning."

So they rode on past, off the point and down into the canyon, trailed by Evins' cow-catching dog, Old Spot, who was about half bull and the rest just dog.

Then they heard a clatter and a pounding in the timber behind them. Spot let out a bark of warning. Mack and Evins twisted their necks in time to see all thirty head of the horses piling down off the slant, right after them.

The way Mack figured it, the wild bunch had got wind of him and Evins and started a scare run before they located the direction the man scent was coming from.

ANYHOW, here they came, with the stampede splitting and streaming down through the pines on either side of Mack and Evins. Which was too much for these itchy-handed cowboys. They grabbed up wet loops, bogged their spurs, and left out, bent on catching themselves some quick easy money.

Mack cocked his loop for a big bay mare running in the lead of the bunch that came past him. He liked her action and the speed with which she led him down into the canyon and up the opposite slant. She looked like she'd bring ten dollars, without much trouble.

Mack was mounted on an old brown horse he called Wilson. He had caught a lot of wild cattle and horses on Wilson. It took a fast-footed critter to keep in the lead of that old brown horse, once you got him stretched out good, but it looked like this mare was doing it.

She couldn't do it for long, however. They topped out the next point. Wilson got a good clear, down-hill run there and pretty soon had Mack up within roping distance of the bay. In fact, Wilson was gaining so fast that when Mack made his cast, he miscalculated and spilled out too much slack rope.

Mack reached out to gather in this slack before Wilson maybe stepped into the coils, and that's where he made his bad mistake. Wilson was the sort of horse used to throwing himself into a squat the minute a loop whipped past his head, and that's what he did now.

Mack felt the coils of his wet rope drawing shut in a half-hitch around his right wrist. He tried to jerk his hand free. He tried to spur Wilson hard to get more slack. And luck went against him on both counts.

Wilson was done set, with his rump against the ground. And with that wild mare still plunging headlong down the slant, Mack found himself caught between a rock and a

In sending this down, Fred penciled across the story: "If you have a queasy stomach, don't read thi

Illustrated by

Al Martin Napoletano

hard place. That hitch jerked shut around his rope hand, and out of the saddle he went.

He was free of the rope by the time he hit the ground. He was also minus all the hide off his right hand, one thumbnail, and a couple of fingers. The weight of that mare when she hit the end of the rope had clipped both fore fingers clean off. Or, rather, one was gone, completely, while the other still hung to Mack's hand by a couple of bloody strings.

For a good long spell there, Mack was too stunned at what had happened to do anything more than stand between Wilson and that gone-wild roped mare and stare at the bloody stumps left on his hand. Then, here came his partner Evins, riding up and laughing his fool head off.

THAT made Mack mad. He said: "Now, just what in the hell is so funny about a man's getting two fingers clipped off?"

"Why, it ain't that," Evins said, laughing louder than ever. "It's that Old Spot. I just seen him gobble up the finger that fell on the ground."

Mack whirled on Old Spot, mad at him now. But Spot was licking his chops and wearing such a satisfied expression on his ugly face that Mack's mad all drained away and he had to laugh a little, himself.

"Well, I guess if that old dog can get any good out of my finger he just as well. Ain't no more good to me."

Mack got out his pocket knife, aiming to give Spot another bait of fresh meat, but Evins put up an argument. He said Mack oughten to do that, that it was taking too big a risk. He said they'd better take it to a doctor, and what did Mack want him to do with the wild mare he'd caught.

"Build up a fire and slap my brand on her," Mack said. "Then tie her up, so she can't get away. Done lost two fingers. Ain't no sense in losing her, too."

Mack left the mare for Evins to brand and stake out for him and rode off toward camp, wrapping a red bandana handkerchief around his hand to keep that second finger from dangling and flopping around.

Evins caught up with him about the time Mack rode into camp. He poked around in his war bag till he located a quart of whiskey. This he handed to Mack, as they climbed into Evins' Ford roadster.

"You can work on that bottle while I drive," Evins said.

So Mack worked on the whiskey while Evins drove. They were headed for Winslow, some seventy-five miles away. But the rain kept streaming down and the road was mushy soft and Evins' roadster had about enough power to pull a man's hat off his head on a windy day. So, of course, it wasn't any surprise to anybody that they got stuck on the average of about once in every mile.

Sometimes they could push the roadster out of the bog holes, but most of the time they couldn't. Then they'd have to get out and gather brush and pack rocks, which they'd stuff under the spinning rear wheels for traction.

And while repeated pulls at that whiskey bottle soon set the mountains to rocking and weaving around for Mack and started the water to running uphill in places; if it ever robbed him of the least bit of his hurt, Mack never did miss it any. Those two fingers he had lost, they had sure gone to talking back to him.

ON top of that, Evins, who was tapping the bottle now and then, too, just in case Mack wasn't getting enough of the pain-killer, felt called upon to keep Mack cheered up all he could. He'd say, "I'll be dammed, Mack, I sure hate it about Old Spot eating up that finger. Best ketch-dog I ever owned, and I'd sure hate for all that fresh meat to upset his stomach." Then he'd slap Mack on the leg and laugh till the tears blinded him and they'd run off into another bog hole, and there they'd be again.

Well, Mack never has looked back on that drive as any pleasure tour, but they finally made it in to Winslow around four o'clock in the afternoon. Here, by taking good tight, bracing holds on each other, so that if any one leg tried to buckle or wander off in the wrong direction, there were three more to keep the true course, they carried Mack's hand straight into old Dr. Stump's office.

Dr. Stump, according to Mack, was blessed with about the same fine sense of humor that had made Evins such good company on the way into town. He was the sort to rawhide the hell out of a patient, while he cut him to pieces. He unwrapped the mud- and rain- and blood-soaked bandana from Mack's hand. He beamed cheerfully at the mutilation. Then he took a knife and whacked off the other finger—just like Mack would have done at the start, if Evins hadn't stopped him.

Then there took place a happening that Mack doesn't want anybody to believe if he finds it too big a strain, but one that he is willing to swear on a head-high stack of Bibles is the absolute truth.

He says Doc Stump pitched that second finger onto a table beside him, where a big housecat grabbed it up and tore out of the office with it.

The look on Mack's face set Evins and Doc Stump both to laughing.

"Hell, don't pay any attention to that," Doc said. "You'd be surprised at all the different cuts of meat that old cat eats around here."

Mack couldn't see how news of that sort could be expected to bring him any great comfort but was too sick with whiskey and hurt to give it much thought. He let Doc Stump finish patching him up and hoped the wild bay mare he'd caught would pay the bill.

But, as it turned out, his hand got infected, so that the bill ran to better than a hundred dollars. And when Evins finally went to bring in Mack's mare for sale, he found that he'd left her tied too low on that pine sapling, so that she'd gotten slack and run against the rope and broken her fool neck.

After that round, Mack never has looked upon wild-horse roping as a real money-making business.

Mack—minus his fingers.

before a meal. On second thought, don't read it after a meal either!"

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Some American Riders

(Continued from page 12)

pony is stopped too soon, the Indian loses time in touching the log; if too late, he gets scraped off. The sudden jerking of the pony on its haunches is apt both to start curbs and break his knees.

The toughness and strength of the pony can scarcely be exaggerated. He will live through a winter that will kill the hardiest cattle. He worries through the long months when the snow has covered up the bunch-grass on a diet of cotton-wood boughs, which the Indian cuts down for him; and in the spring it takes but a few weeks for him to scour out into splendid condition. He can go unheard-of distances. Colonel R. I. Dodge records an instance coming under his observation where a pony carried the mail three hundred miles in three consecutive nights, and back over the same road the next week, and kept this up for six months without loss of condition. He can carry any weight. Mr. Parkman speaks of a chief, known as Le Cochon, on account of his three hundred pounds' avoirdupois, who nevertheless rode his ponies as bravely as a man of half the bulk. He as often carries two people as one. There is simply no end to this wonderful product of the prairies. He works many years. So long as he will fat up in the spring, his age is immaterial.

The absence of crest in the pony suggests the curious query of what has become of the proud arching neck of his ancestor the Barb. There are two ways of accounting for this. The Indian's gag bit, invariably applied with a jerk, throws up the pony's head instead of bringing it down, as the slow and light application of the school curb will do, and this tends to develop the ewe-neck. Or a more sufficient reason may be found in the fact that the starvation which the pony annually undergoes in the winter months tends to deplete him of every superfluous ounce of flesh. The crest in the horse is mostly meat, and its annual depletion has finally brought down the pony's neck nearer to the outline of the skeleton. It was with much ado that the pony held on to life during the winter; he could not find enough food to flesh up a merely ornamental appendage like a crest. The Moors and Arabs prize the beauty of the high arched neck, and breed for it, and their steeds are well fed. The Indian cares for his pony only for what he can do for him, and once lost, the crest would not be apt to be regained, for few Indians have any conception of breeding. The bronco's mean crest is distressing, but it is in inverse ratio to his endurance and usefulness. Well fed and cared for, he will regain his crest to a marked extent.

As the patient ass to the follower of the Prophet, so is the travaux (or traîneaux) pony to the Indian. It is hard to say which bears the most load according to his capacity, the donkey or the pony. Either earns what he gets with fourfold more right than his master. The burdens the ass bears in the Orient break him down to the extent of forgetting how to kick. Fancy driving even an overworked Kentucky mule by the tail, as they do the donkey in many parts of the East, and guiding him by a tweak of that appendage, close to his treacherous heels! The travaux pony furnishes the sole means of transportation of the Indian camp, except sometimes a dog hitched to a diminutive traîneau, and, weight for weight, drags on his tepee poles more than the best mule in Uncle Sam's service does on an army wagon. When camp is broken, the squaws strip the tent poles of their buffalo-skin coverings, and it is these poles which furnish the wheels of the Indian vehicle.

The Blackfoot makes the neatest trappings for the travaux ponies and pack-saddles. The pony is fitted with a huge leather bag, heavily fringed, and gaudy with red and blue flannel strips and beads of many colors. Over this goes the pack-saddle, which is not very dissimilar to the riding saddle, and has perpendicular pommel and cantle; and in the pommel is a notch to receive one end of the tepee poles, which are sometimes bound together two or three on each side, and trailing past either flank of the pony, are held in place by two pieces of wood lashed to the poles just behind his tail. In the socket so made rides the *parflèche*, a sort of rawhide trunk, and this receives the camp utensils, plunder, children, sometimes an old man or woman, puppies, and all the other camp *impedimenta;* while a squaw rides behind the pack-saddle on the pony, indifferently astride or sidewise with her feet on the poles, and perhaps a youngster bestrides its neck. Thus laden, the wonderful little beast, which is rarely up to fourteen hands, plods along all day, covering unheard-of distances, and living on bunch-grass, with a mouthful of water now and again.

There are apt to be several ponies to carry the plunder of the occupants of one tepee, and often one of them is loaded down with the rougher stuff, while a second may be decked with the finery, and carry only one squaw; particularly if she happens to be a new purchase and a favorite of the chief. A squaw is usually about as good a horseman as her buck, and rides his saddle or bareback with as much ease as a city woman rocks in her chair. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find women in the fighting ranks, and doing a man's full duty.

The Comanche of the Fort Sill region is a good type of the Indian of to-day. He is the most expert horse-stealer on the Plains if we can credit the Indians themselves, who yield to him the palm as a sneak-thief—with them a title of honor rather than of reproach. There is no boldness or dash in his method, but he is all the more dangerous. He eats dog and horse flesh—as all Indians do more or less—and is by no means above a diet of skunk. Indeed, anything is chuck to the Indian, and while he has his *bonne bouche,* it is, as a rule, quantity and not quality he seeks. The Comanche is fond of gay clothes, and has a trick of wrapping a sheet around his body, doubling in the ends, and letting the rest fall about his legs. This gives him the look of wearing the skirts or leg-gear of the Oriental. He uses a Texas cow-boy's tree, a wooden stirrup, into which he thrusts his foot as far as a fox-hunter, and leathers even longer than the cow-boy's, perhaps the longest used by any rider. He is the only Indian who thus out-herods Herod. Between him and his saddle he packs all his extra blankets and most of his other plunder, so that he is sometimes perched high above his mount. For bridle and bit he uses whatever he can beg, borrow, or steal.

In one particular the Comanche is noteworthy. He knows more about a horse and horse-breeding than any other Indian. He is particularly wedded to and apt to ride a pinto ("painted" or piebald) horse, and never keeps any but a pinto stallion. He chooses his ponies well, and shows more good sense in breeding than one would give him credit for. The corollary to this is that the Comanche is far less cruel to his beasts, and though he begins to use them as yearlings, the ponies often last through many years. The Comanche is capable of making as fine cavalry as exists if subjected to discipline and carefully drilled.

The Apache of the present day is just the reverse. His habitat is the Sierra Madre in Arizona. He is not born and bred with horses, he knows little about them, and looks upon ponies as intended quite as much for food as for transportation or the war-path. He outdoes the Frenchman in hippophagy, for he will eat all his ponies during the winter, and rely upon stealing fresh ones in the spring; and he and the Cheyenne are the most dashing of the horse-thieves. He raids down in Chihuahua where the vaqueros raise stock for the Mexican army, and often drives off large numbers. When pursued, the Apache takes to the mountains, and is sometimes compelled to abandon his herd. He steals his saddles in Mexico; wears spurs when he can get them to drive on his pony, and if these do not suffice to make him go his gait, will goad him with a knife. The Apache is hideously cruel. In the mountains, where the sharp, flinty stones soon wear down the pony's unshod feet, this Indian will shrink rawhide over the hoofs in lieu of shoes, and this resists extremely well the attrition of the mountain paths. Arrian tells us that the Macedonians, under Alexander, did the same to their cavalry horses in the Caucasus, and no doubt the habit was much older than Alexander.

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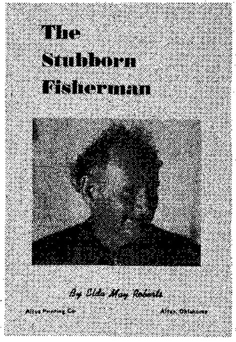

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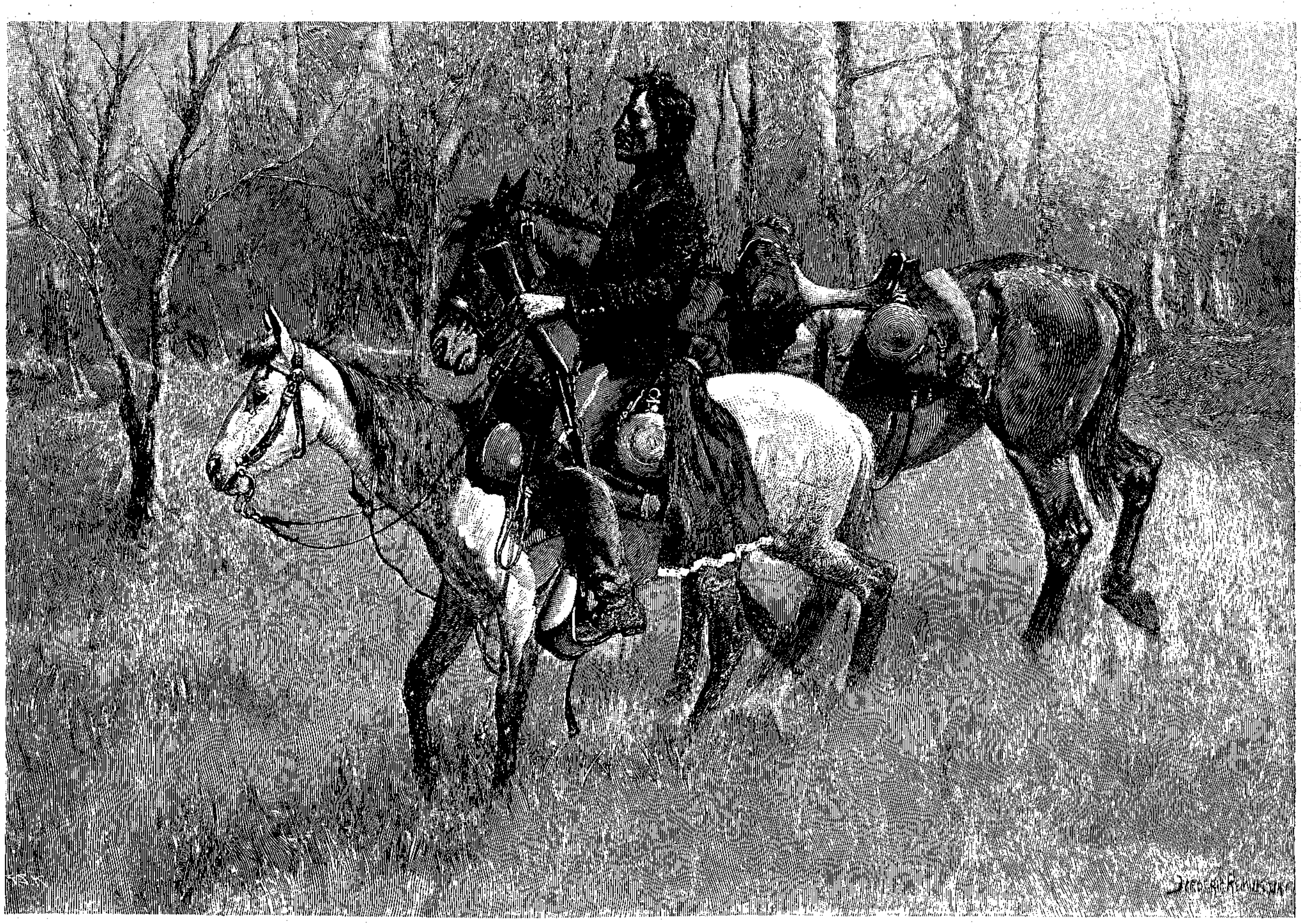
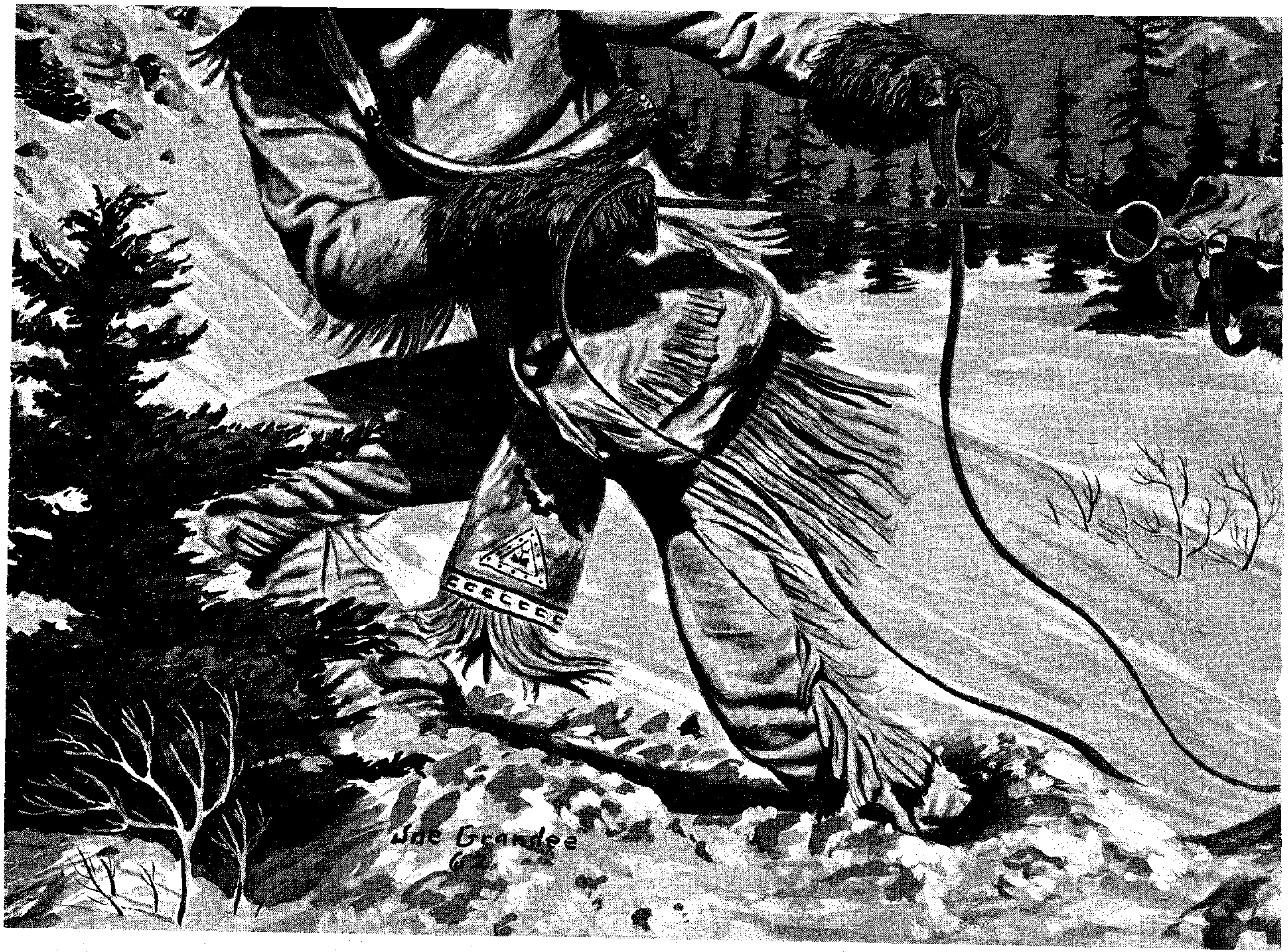
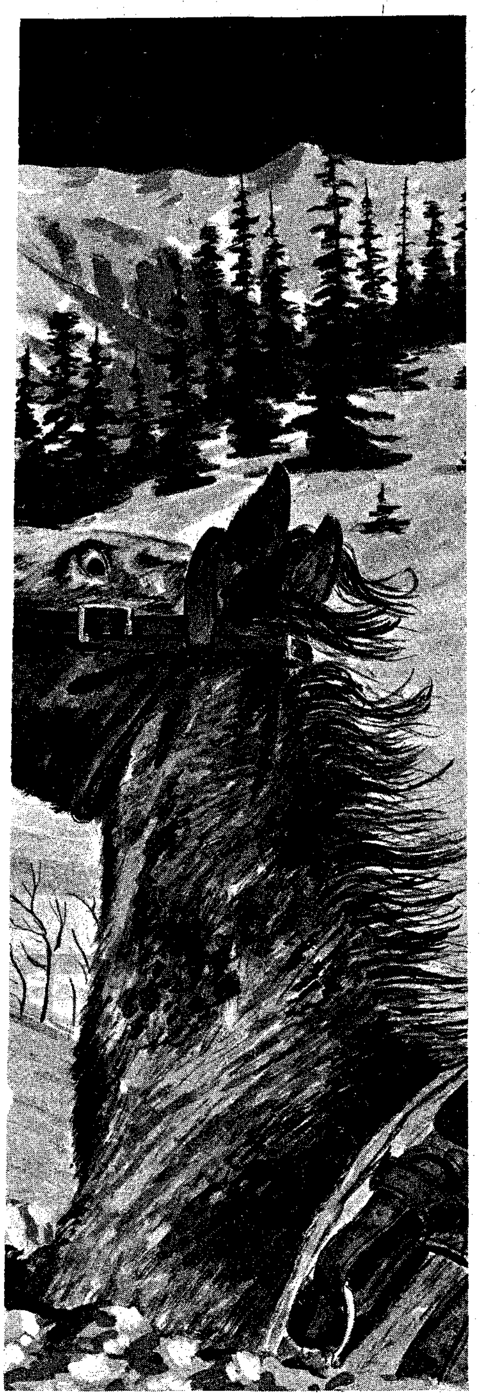


INDIAN SCOUT WITH LOST TROOP HORSE.



WHITE KILLER

"You'll never make it," the boys in Meeker told Bill Ritchie. Had it not been for his brave little mare, their prediction would have come true.



"Even though he uncovered her, he could see no end to the difficulties her fall had brought about."

◆

By TOM BAILEY

◆

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

PREDATORY eyes gleamed from the rim of the snow crater Bill Ritchie had shoveled out for himself and his horse. He dared not turn his back on them for long. Although a timber wolf is considered cowardly, he knew that half-starved and running in large packs they could be extremely dangerous.

He had lost his rifle in the rocks that morning when his little mare stumbled and fell with him in deep snow. Several hours of searching had been fruitless and he'd finally given up all hope of recovering it. His only remaining weapons were his knife and a small handax.

The crater he had shoveled out when the storm drove him to cover was about six feet deep and fifteen across. A brisk fire did not seem to affect the boldness of the circling animals. Only when he hurled the ends of burning limbs at them did they retreat, and then others moved in quickly to take their places.

Surrounded by beasts and by deep drifts, Bill Ritchie began to worry about getting to Fort Collins, Colorado. The boys in the saloon at Meeker had warned him of the dangers of making a journey in November. When he pulled out a little later, snowflakes were falling as predicted.

His wife in Fort Collins was expecting a baby in a few weeks, and he'd promised to be on hand for the event. His duties as a wagontrain scout had delayed him, however. On the trip from California back to Meeker, he'd had to pack in the bodies of two emigrants from the mountains and re-bury them.

Five of the seven days he had hoped it would take him to reach Fort Collins were already behind him and he was only half-way there. His main worry at the moment was keeping the little mare quiet. She strained at her halter rope, terrified by the nearness of the wolves, and he was afraid she might bolt away into the snow. If that happened, she would flounder in the drifts and become easy prey for the pack. Four years before, when she was two years old, he had named her Calamity Jane after a notorious young woman he had read about in a newspaper. He thought the name appropriate because of all the trouble the mare had caused him during the first few months he had owned her. Finally, though, he had settled her down into a fine saddle pony. Twice she had saved his life, once when she had carried him safely home over mountain trails he could not see because of snow blindness, and again when she had come to him across a mile-wide valley filled with Indians to take him out of harm's way. On that occasion, the Sioux had stampeded the horses of a small cavalry detail of which Ritchie was a member. He had been the only one to escape unscathed; four had been killed and all the others wounded.

IN THE pile of wood he had gathered for the fire was the top of a slender cedar tree about eight feet long. He trimmed off the branches and to the end of it bound his skinning knife, which had a seven-inch blade. When one of the wolves came to the edge of the crater, he jabbed at it, inflicting a deep wound. In seconds the rest of the pack was tearing at the carcass and dragging it away to devour.

After a short time the wolves returned, licking their jaws and moving about restlessly. He tried wounding others but they were wary and kept out of reach of his lance. By heaving pieces of burning wood he succeeded in driving off all but the boldest. By morning they too had vanished, and the snow had let up enough for him to try walking on the crust. He sank down to his arm pits; he would have to wait for a freeze.

No snow crust, however, would sustain Calamity Jane. The humane thing to do, he thought, would be to cut her throat. A man on foot, without a floundering horse to worry about, would stand a chance of getting through. But it was a long way on foot to Fort Collins—besides, he was fond of the animal. At last he decided if some of the new snow would melt, he might be able to get her through.

His grub supply was running low. By rationing himself he might be able to last out another week. Had something told him that he was facing twenty-two more days of hardships and near starvation, he wouldn't have believed it.

He brought in all the greenery he could find, hoping it would help sustain the little mare's endurance. She was a wiry young animal with a lot of stamina and could pull through if any horse could, he thought.

A native of Indiana, William Clement Ritchie, orphaned at thirteen, had drifted west in 1861 and at eighteen had become a freighter's helper on the old Santa Fe Trail. At twenty-four he joined the U. S. Cavalry as a civilian scout and served under Generals Crook, Sherman and Custer. Now at thirty-five he was a wagontrain scout working for Weber & Shields of Independence, Missouri, who were still sending emigrant trains west in competition with the first railroad to span the continent, and guaranteeing them safe conduct to the Pacific Coast. Ritchie's job was to guide them across the Rockies to their destination. He was expecting to spend several months with his family while waiting for another emigrant train due in Fort Collins in April.

Bewhiskered and roughly clad, Ritchie came as near fitting the description of a mountain man as anyone could. He stood six-feet-one, was slender and wore his black hair to his shoulders. Even while on the trail he kept himself smooth shaven, his flashing smile and friendly blue eyes contributing to his popularity wherever he went. He had married Ella Parker, a relative of Isaac Parker, the "hanging judge" of Fort Smith, Arkansas. They had moved to Fort Bridger and later to Fort Collins where the wagontrains were organized by Weber & Shields.

THE WOLVES returned that evening after dusk and he kept them at a distance with the fire bombs. In spite of his efforts to remain awake, however, he drowsed off, only to be awakened by snarling all about him. In the moonlight he saw the mare threshing beneath a pile of the hungry beasts! Seizing the lance, he jabbed at the *tumbling dark forms.* One wolf turned on him and he buried the lance point in its throat. He impaled another on the knife and killed two more before driving them off.

He was surprised to find Calamity Jane back on her feet under her own power. That she had not been hamstrung during the attack seemed incredible, for strips of flesh and hide hung down one flank and an ugly gash under the throat showed blood. Fang marks covered most of her body. He had come to her aid just in time.

(Continued on page 35)

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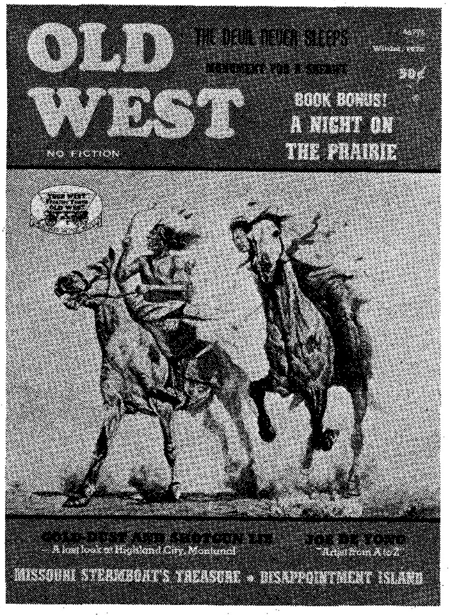
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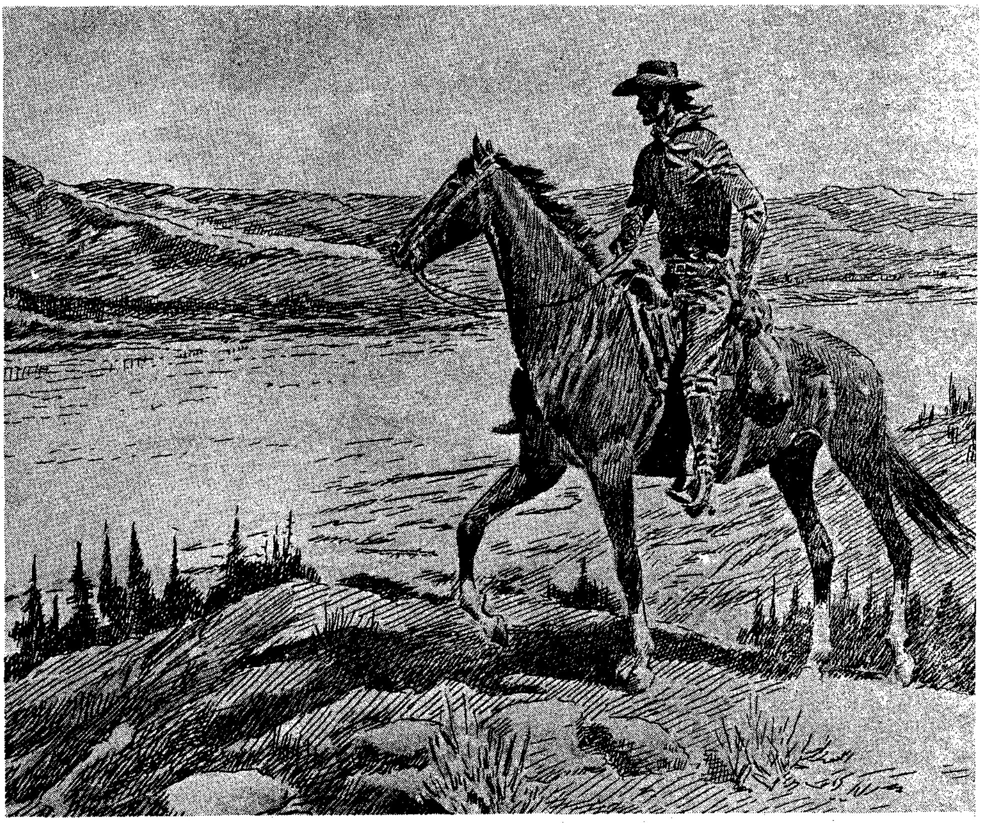
Hell For Leather



By Byron A. Ashley

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

With a hard-earned $12,500 at stake, trail-driver Louis Remme had to do some fast horseback riding to out-travel the news of a bank failure.

A MAN doesn't straddle a horse and go tearing off across the country for a week at a throw without something mighty important prodding him. Rides like that have generally got a six-shooter or a coil of rope done up in them somewhere.

When Louis Remme, a California cowman of the 1850's, knocked all the mudholes dry between Sacramento and Portland, Oregon, he wasn't in trouble with the law, but he had good reasons—two hundred and fifty of them, to be exact. Each one was a fifty-dollar gold piece on deposit in the Sacramento branch of Adams & Company's bank. The $12,500 represented a short but profitable trail drive, and the cowman was relaxing before a platter of ham and eggs in a Sacramento restaurant in February of 1855 when he heard bad news.

Excited talk from the sidewalk told him that Page, Bacon & Company, largest financial organization in the West, had experienced a bank failure. Smaller banks, notably Adams & Company, had suffered repercussions of the failure, and knots of worried citizens doubted seriously that they would ever reopen. Remme bought a copy of the *Sacramento Daily Union*, took one look at it, and made for Adams & Company.

At the bank, he argued unsuccessfully with a resolute bank officer, then shoved his way outside. Should he ride on to Marysville and try to cash his claim there? Not much chance; news of the bank failure was probably already there. He thought of Georgetown—of Placerville. Everywhere the bad news would precede him. He had to get some *real* distance into his thinking.

Remme stopped suddenly and let the mob of angry claimants surge around him. Portland! Adams & Company had a branch there! But Portland was nearly seven hundred miles away. The coastwise steamer *Columbia* left San Francisco for Portland the next morning—but if he elected to ride down river to 'Frisco and catch the *Columbia*, he would arrive in Portland simultaneously with the bad news. The throaty whistle of a side-wheeler at the landing caught his attention. It would be heading for Knight's Landing, fifty miles up the river. Remme thought fast and acted.

At the wharf, the paddle-boat was just hauling in its gangplank, but Remme jumped and made it. When he got to Knight's Landing, he borrowed a horse and pointed its head north. Daylight the next day found him ten hours and several fresh horses from Sacramento, in Red Bluffs, with misgivings about his decision. Even with good luck and good horses, the race would be nip-and-tuck—with bad luck. . .

The *Columbia* had left San Francisco by now, Portland-bound under a high press of steam, bearing the news that would ruin him. All that day he rode, and nightfall saw him roweling through Shasta City and Whiskeytown on a fresh mount. He ate breakfast at Tower House on Clear Creek, and there the road ended. After that, it took a cowman to follow the trails. He saw snow that day and felt the lash of a howling blizzard. At Scott Valley, after sixty hours of hard riding, Remme slept briefly.

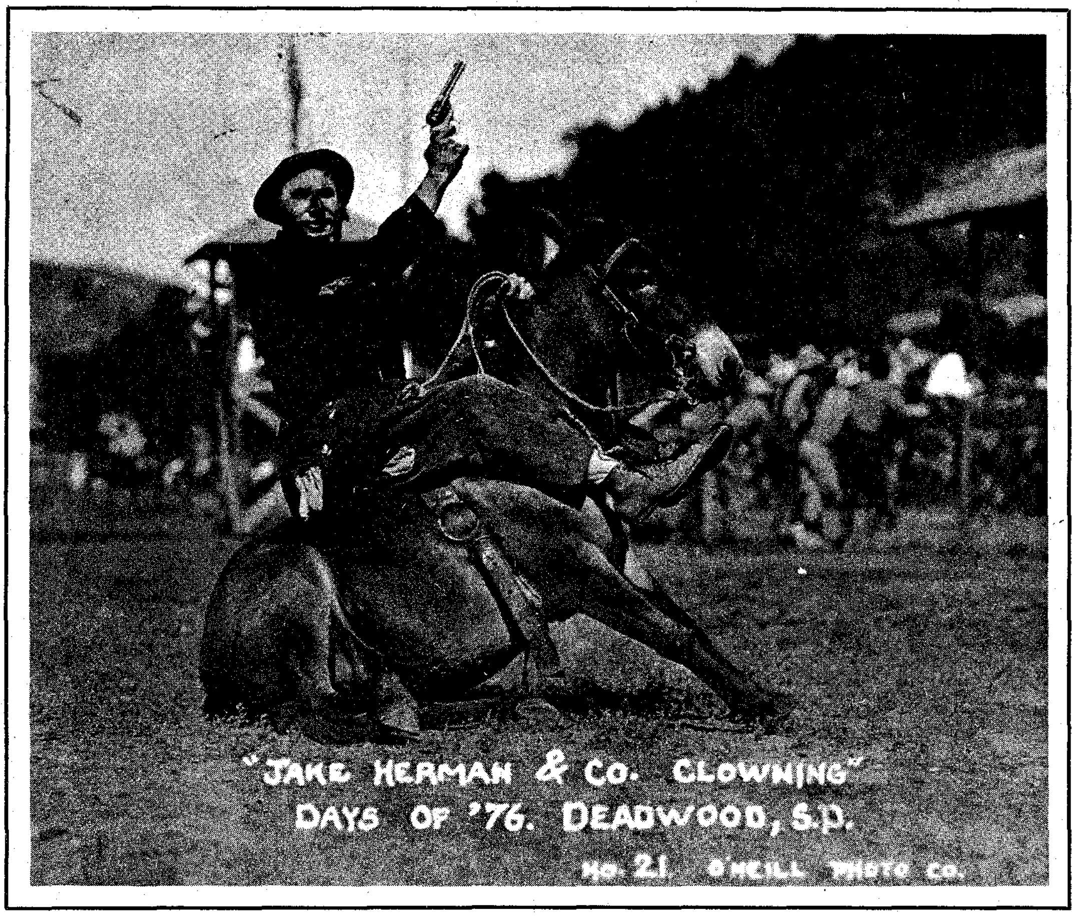
OUT of Callahan's he struck a faint wagon trail and followed it into the mining camp of Yreka, then on to the state boundary on Hungry Creek, and into Oregon. He got scalding black coffee at Jacksonville and two hours sleep. Back in the saddle, he lost the trail twice and wasted precious hours backtracking. Several times he walked and led a fagged horse. At Dardanelles, he bought a horse from an Irishman named Kavanaugh and plunged on. Near Jumpoff Joe, a war party of Modoc Indians attacked him, but the gritty little rancher was in too much of a hurry to accommodate them. Citizens of Round Prairie stopped to stare after the hurrying rider, and there was some talk of a posse. When he pulled up at Joe Knott's roadhouse for some much-needed sleep, he had two hundred miles yet to ride.

Remme's next horse came from a friendly miner, who listened to his tale with sympathy. A cold rain was falling now and mud, fetlock-deep, made speed impossible. At dawn on the fifth day of his ride, Remme changed horses in Eugene, Oregon. Twice in the next twenty-four hours he swam the winter-full Willamette and by one o'clock the next day, he stabled his horse at a Portland livery. He had covered the 655 miles from Sacramento in a total time of 143 hours, ten of which had gone for sleep.

"Is the boat in from 'Frisco?" he asked a stable hand.

"No, but she's due any minute."

(Continued on page 35)


"JAKE HERMAN & CO. CLOWNING"
DAYS OF '76. DEADWOOD, S.D.
NO. 21. O'NEILL PHOTO CO.

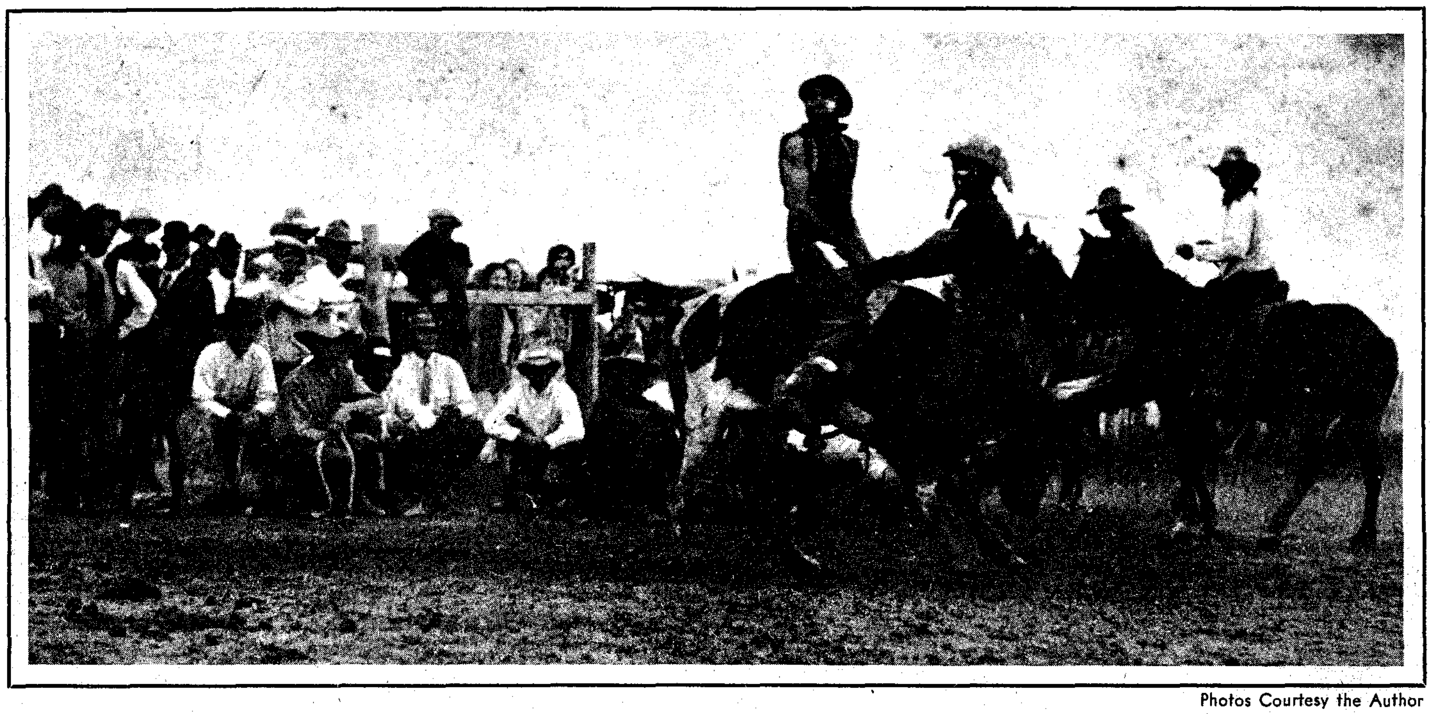
Jake Herman clowning at a Deadwood, South Dakota, rodeo.

Broncs, Bulls, and Baggy Pants

Recollections of an old-time rodeo clown

By JAKE HERMAN

Jake Herman (left) and fellow-clown Jack Carmen perform on a steer at White River, South Dakota.



Photos Courtesy the Author

Jake Herman as a student at the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania.

I WAS BORN on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation here in South Dakota. The census roll at the Agency records me as one-half Sioux and one-half white. Part of my ancestors came over the Big Pond, and my other ancestors were hunting the big buffalo when they met.

My father was a roundup foreman; he taught me how to ride and rope. I can recall with fond memories my first lesson. My father said to me, "Son, the first thing you must learn in riding is how to mount a horse bareback. Wrap your left leg around the front leg of the horse. With your left hand grab a handful of mane. Throw your right leg on the withers of the horse, then climb on top. Don't ride the horse like a bag of sand; ride with the motion of the horse —and some day you will be a cowboy."

Never in my kid days did I think of becoming a Wild West rodeo clown, as in those days there was "no such animal."

I probably attended more Government Indian Schools than any other Sioux alive. The last school I attended was Carlisle in Pennsylvania. I was told by my teacher that Abraham Lincoln was raised in a log house and that he had a common education but became President of the United States. I got the foolish idea that I did not want to show him up and that is why I quit school.

I joined Jack King's Wild West Show soon after. I traveled with the Rodeo Royal Circus and Wild West Show as a bronc rider and trick and fancy rope spinner. I was so clumsy that every time I did my roping act the people laughed. I couldn't get my big feet through the rope. Finally I was told the show wanted to feature a graceful cowboy that had the Palooka, and not a clumsy clown—the manager extended his sympathy. I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was ready to can me, so I beat him to the punch by quitting. You know something? I nearly starved on his sympathy!

The show I was with ended up in Florida and, as usual, I was broke at the end of the season, so I hooked the freight train back to Chicago. Then I "legally" took the passenger train back to good old South Dakota.

If I am not mistaken, the first big-time rodeo in our part of the country was the Black Hills Roundup at Belle Fourche, South Dakota, in 1918. Then the rodeo spread like wild prairie fire throughout the West River country in North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and other surrounding states.

In these days we had many wildcat rodeos at different towns. At first I tried to be an all-around rodeo cowboy in bronc riding, calf roping, dogging, and other rodeo events. I got bucked off so many times that I became dizzy, missed my calf, and could not throw my steer. People laughed at my clumsy antics.

I soon found out the hard way that I could not be a jack of all trades and master of none, so I became a successful failure. Tired of following rodeos, hitch-hiking, sleeping anywhere, and wishing for good old ham and eggs, I decided to become a Wild West rodeo clown.

MY RIG was baggy pants, swallow-tail coat, a flat derby hat, putty nose and black whiskers. I was ready to ride any bronc that claimed he "couldn't be rode." I was even ready to rope a running bronc by the tail and do the tail drag or hot seat just to get a laugh from the fans. The hardest thing for a rodeo clown to do, I soon found out, is to get people to laugh. The cowboys, broncs, steers, ropers and doggers furnish the thrills and spills; they are the leading men for the rodeo clown to follow up with his comedy act.

For a clown, a trick mule, dog, or skunk is a must. I got myself a trick mule and trained him. Some people say a mule is stubborn but this is not necessarily so. It's the way his master trains him that makes him stubborn. In other words, you've got to understand animal instinct; you have to be a little smarter than a mule.

I knew a rodeo clown who just couldn't think of a name for his trick mule. He went to a Black Hills town and there he ran into an Eastern tourist. This tourist said to him, "I've heard of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, but can you tell me who in the heck is Creeping Jenny?"

The rodeo clown said, "That is the name of my trick mule." I liked this story so well that I named my trick mule Creeping Jenny. (For any other of you Easterners, Creeping Jenny is a weed which sometimes infests fields, killing all other vegetation.)

I trained a dog I called Tag; I also would catch a skunk every year and apply the scorched-earth policy, then use him in my clown act. I named each one Stinky. A rodeo clown in those days had to be his own booking agent, press agent, and formulate his own jokes and antics. If you got applause and laughter from the fans, you were sure of your beefsteak every meal and the spotlight; and if you failed to get the applause and laughter, you were headed back to the sticks.

There is one thing about rodeo fans—if a cowboy gets bucked off a bronc or gets hooked by a mean Brahma bull, he gets sympathy; if a clown gets bucked off or gets tossed in the air by a bull, everybody gets a big wallop out of it.

Fighting Brahma bulls is a dangerous job. To face and dodge a bull, you've got to have plenty of nerve and coordination of mind and body. The ability to stay cool is a big factor. Time the bull's charge, move at the correct time, then run like a scared jackrabbit for the fence. These are the essential elements that do the job. Old-time rodeo clowns had to be good comedians as well as be able to ride, spin ropes, trick ride, ride bareback, and fight steers or bulls. I have no bones to pick with the present-day rodeo clowns; they are really good. But what I have seen of them nowadays, they all specialize in Brahma bull fighting. They remind one of the old Roman days when Christians were thrown in an arena for the lions to tear to pieces and everybody got a big kick out of it.

MY BIGGEST THRILL in the rodeo game was at the Sioux City, Iowa, stockyards in 1924. I was out in the middle of the arena. The arena director, unknown to me, put a little freak black bull that weighed not more than 400 pounds and had short bowlegs, in the chute. Then the announcer informed the spectators that the clown would stage a bullfight. Out came this little bull. Right away he spotted me, charged and stopped; he let out a beller and pawed the earth.

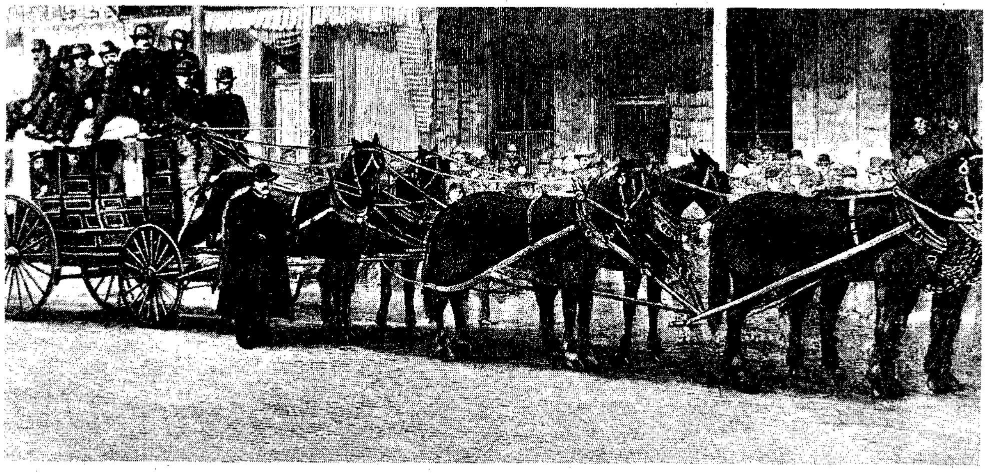
I got down on my hands and knees, bellered like a bull, and pawed the earth throwing up dust. This freak bull would lift up his tail, charge and stop. When he was still about thirty feet away, I put my head down for a second and immediately he charged me! We met head on and locked horns.

I was knocked out cold for a fraction of a second and when I came to, he way lying beside me, also knocked dizzy. We both came to at the same time. The little freak bull got up and ran like a scared coyote to dead pens. I got up and ran, too, and I believe I broke the world's record getting out of the arena.

The next day, the same bull was turned out in the arena for me to fight, but we were scared of each other and refused to tangle. I still carry the scar of his blunt stubby horns on my forehead

(Continued on page 28)

A crowd pleaser



The last coach of the Black Hills stage line departs from Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

Denver Public Library Western Collection Photos

Isolated in the vast stretches of Dakota Territory
the pioneers who had ventured into the Black Hills depended on a
few bold riders for their only contact with the outside world.

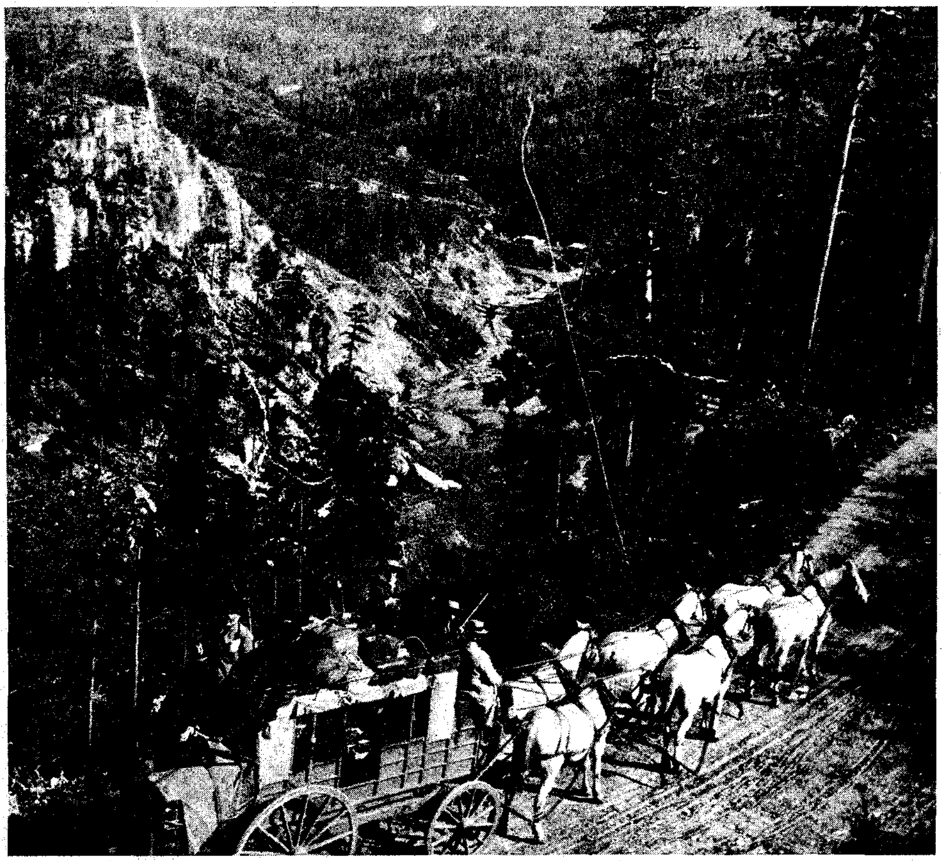
Hoofbeats West

By ROBERT MICHAEL DUFFY

PERHAPS at no other time in history did large groups of people willfully fling themselves into more complete and dangerous isolation than did the seekers for gold who rushed into the Black Hills, Dakota Territory, in 1875-'76. Thousands streamed across prairie and badlands to jam into wild, high-walled Deadwood Gulch, knowing that fierce Sioux war parties were closing in behind their caravans to seal them off from the outside world.

Only after the claims were staked did the terrifying completeness of their isolation make itself felt. An immediate need arose for a means of contact with the rest of the country.

Seeing a chance to cash in, a group of men headed by Charlie Utter, better known as Colorado Charlie, established the Seymour and Utter Pony Express Service in the early summer of 1876.

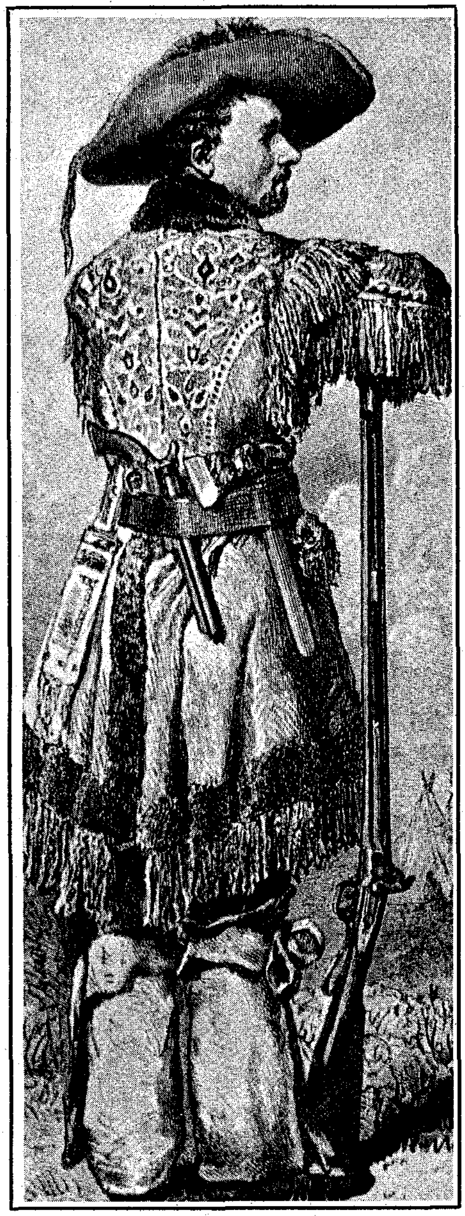


The Deadwood stage.

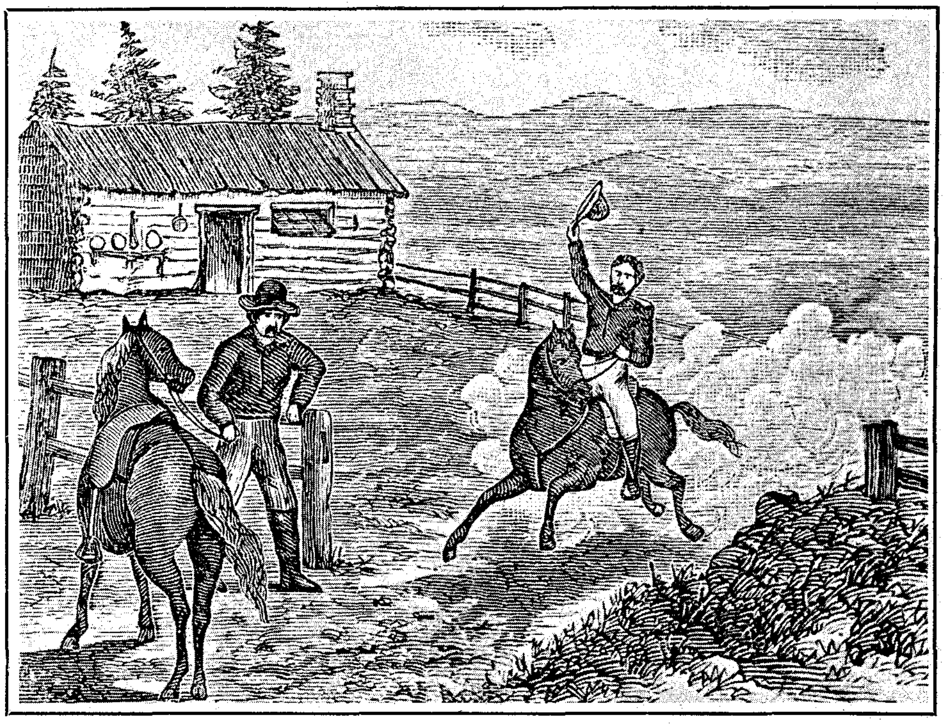
Riding the swiftest horses obtainable, and keeping their guns always ready, these bold riders raced over the dangerous Indian-populated prairie with sacks of mail tied to their saddles. For a time, the Seymour and Utter Pony Express riders sped between Fort Laramie and Deadwood Gulch. Later a route extended between Sidney, Nebraska, and Deadwood, a distance of over 300 miles.

Relay stations, usually just crude shacks with a barn and pole corrals were built at intervals along the route to keep the riders fed and supplied with fresh mounts. These stations were easy targets for Indian attacks. The Indians would kill and scalp the station attendants, steal the horses and burn the buildings but unless an Express Service rider was actually caught at the station during one of these raids, he could skirt the disaster and, by favoring his tired horse, make it on to the next. As the Indians increased their traps and ambushes, the riders resorted to riding at night and often covered the Sidney-Deadwood distance in slightly over forty-eight hours.

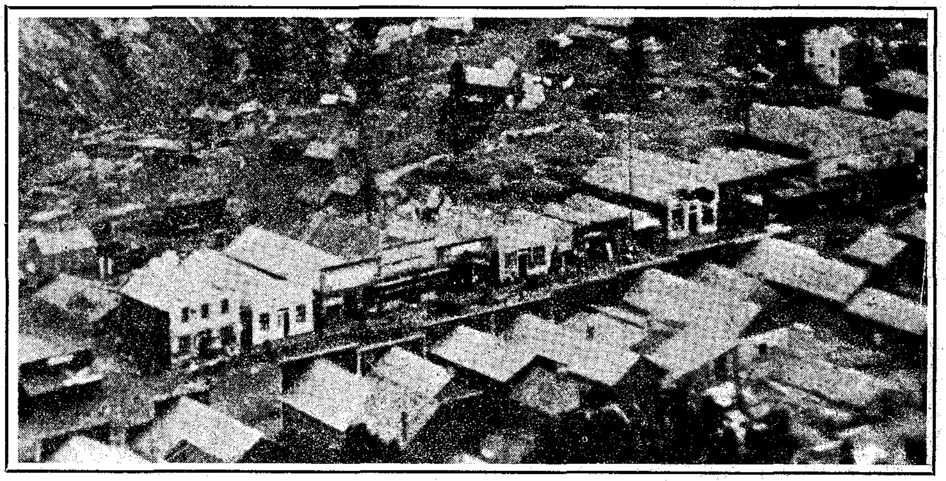
Gold, gratitude and hero-worship were heaped upon the reckless men. Long before each scheduled arrival, an eager crowd would form in Deadwood's narrow street, swapping stories and waiting for the mail. As the rider swept suddenly into sight, the crowd would raise a united cheer for the brave rider and his tough, swift horse.



Charley Utter



Above, an old sketch of a rider arriving at a Pony Express station. Below, Deadwood in 1879.



AFTER SEVERAL months of successful operation, Seymour and Utter sold the Pony Express Service to a party named Clippenger, who operated it so badly the people of Deadwood Gulch demanded the company stop carrying the mail. A move was made to establish a stage line, the Sidney and Black Hills.

The new line's first coach out of Deadwood was ambushed, the driver killed, the horses cut loose and the coach burned. Not until September 25, 1876, more than a month after the line began operations, was the first round trip between Deadwood and Sidney completed. After this, more and more passengers began to travel on the mail stages and all went fairly well until the ever increasing richness of the Deadwood gold shipments being carried by the stages became a lure that drew many notorious outlaws to the region.

During the next few years, stage holdups became so frequent that travelers went to great pains to outwit the bandits, concealing their favorite valuables before starting out. A pretty young lady traveling from Deadwood to Sidney, Nebraska, tried to conceal her watch in the coils of her hair. One of the bandits, evidently on to the tricks of his trade, saw the watch and demanded that she hand it over. Her long hair (which she undoubtedly knew to be beautiful) fell about her shoulders as she loosed the watch from its hiding place and beseeched, "Oh, Mr. Robber! Please, Mr. Robber, don't take my watch!" The bandit, of course, graciously returned it.

The most sensational and bloodiest hold-up occurring on the Sidney and Black Hills Stage Line took place at Cold Springs, about forty miles south of Deadwood Gulch. The stage was loaded with $45,000 worth of gold bullion. A five-man guard armed with shotguns and revolvers rode the stage, but the bandits managed to take the guards by complete surprise.

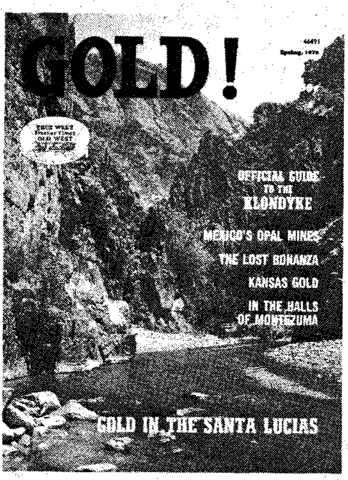
It happened when the stage pulled into the Cold Springs Station. As the guards were climbing down from the coach, a volley of shots killed one man and seriously wounded another. The rest escaped into the nearest timber, but the driver was captured by the bandits and forced to open the gold bullion box. These bandits were captured later, and some of the treasure recovered.

To curb these hold-ups, the line's Superintendent Voorhees designed a special stagecoach, lined with iron plate. This bullet-proof construction, together with the efforts of noted lawmen like Sheriff Bullock of Deadwood, gradually succeeded against the menace and the mail stage began a safe and regular schedule.

AN ESTIMATED 40,000 pounds of mail and freight was carried on the Sidney and Black Hills Stage Line annually. Another line, known as the Northwestern Express, Stage and Transportation Company, began running between Bismarck, North Dakota, and Deadwood in 1877 and transported approximately 5,000 passengers annually.

For eleven years the two lines kept their stages rolling regularly to and from Deadwood. Finally, on November, 1887, the Northwestern Railroad reached Deadwood.

But the end of the hoofbeat mail routes had not yet been reached. Every day until 1912, a line ran from Deadwood north through the mountains to Spearfish, a distance of only fifteen miles, but



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over mountain trails that were steep and treacherous, especially during the winter.

Harvey Fellows, probably one of the greatest of all stagecoach drivers, drove the Deadwood-Spearfish stage for twenty-five years and 300,000 miles without a hold-up or serious accident. Ironically, he was fatally injured while exhibiting an old stagecoach at a rodeo celebration in the 1930's.

In March, 1942, pioneer John S. McClintock, long-time operator of this last stage line, died. His death sounded taps on a great and romantic period in the history of stagecoaching in the Dakotas.

Broncs, Bulls and Baggy Pants

(Continued from page 25)

as a symbol and trademark of my rodeo days.

I traveled the circuit with a swell bunch of rodeo cowboys and cowgirls. They were colorful; they were generous. South Dakota has contributed its share of cowboys—Earl Thode of Belvidere became the world's champion; Casey Tibbs of Fort Pierre was one of the most popular and won the title of being the world's champion all-around rodeo cowboy. One of the best performers I ever knew was Leonard Strand. Leonard could ride broncs, rope steers, was a good trick and fancy rope spinner, and one of the best trick and fancy saddle riders in the rodeo world. His trick riding horse would come at a terrific speed down the track along the grandstand; he was a regular jumping-jack. Chet Byers was one of the best trick and fancy rope artists. I knew Benny Bender of Mobridge, South Dakota; my Kola (Sioux Indian for friend) Benny is rated as a top clown and is still in the game making all the big-time rodeos in the United States. I have clowned a few rodeos with Benny Bender.

I can remember Oklahoma Curly, Paddy Ryan, Floyd Shilling, South American Kid, and many others. Some of these cowboys were not so great, some were near great, and some were great. No longer can the jingle of their spurs be heard, but they have left their footprints in the rodeo arena—a great swell group of cowboys and cowgirls I once knew.

A RODEO CLOWN'S secret weapon in getting fans to laugh is his personality or funny make-up. Create your own original antics or jokes and take advantage of all rodeo events and the local situation. I can recall the year 1924. Congress had passed the Prohibition Law. Before the rodeo started, I asked who was the most popular man around town and was given the name of a popular bootlegger. They said he had the best Canadian blended firewater.

On the first day of the rodeo during the grand entry of the performers, the announcer was introducing the cowboys and cowgirls. I spotted this bootlegger on horseback. After the announcer had finished I introduced this man.

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you a man who eats and sleeps just like any other human being, who is the world champion dodger of manual labor, and also the world's champion bootlegger." I got chased out of the arena. I don't want the Chamber of Commerce of that town taking pot-shots at me, so I won't mention the name of the town; and I won't mention the name of the man because the statute of limitations may not have expired on the "noble experiment law"—all I know about law is "outlaws and mother-in-laws." You know, after the rodeo the bootlegger told me he sold out with that build-up!

My passion for expressive words, jokes and comedy sometimes backfired, but somehow I felt that the American rodeo fans loved this he-man western sport spectacular, and I can still remember the smiles, applause, and honking of car horns as I tried my best to give them clean jokes to tune up their laughing apparatus.

In writing of my rodeo life, I try to use the right expression. The publisher of *True West* told me that he wanted factual and authentic stories and not something that originated from the pen of a fiction writer. Jack Benny tells his TV audience that he is only thirty-nine years old; I'll never see another seventy-two years. People always tell me, "You are getting old." Maybe so, but I tell them I am not old, I have just lived too long, that's all.

I am now retired and live here at Pine Ridge Agency. For a hobby, I write legends, folklore, and history of the Oglala Sioux. I also do some painting; I painted a picture of a buffalo for a lady. Said the lady, "I'd buy this picture if you had not made the buffalo legs too long." Then she added, "Why did you make the buffalo legs so long?"

I told the lady, "So the buffalo's legs can touch the ground." She changed her mind and bought the picture, but I don't know to this day whether I sold the picture or the gag.

Speaking of old age, by grandson had the right answer. It was bedtime so his grandmother told him to say his prayers. After my grandson finished praying, he looked at his grandmother and said, "God, please make my grandpa and grandma young."

The rodeo has been good to me. It made it possible for me to build a little home and, as I've always said, I now live with my memories of rodeo days that once were and that have now faded away. My trick dog Tag is dead, my skunk Stinky is dead, my mule Creeping Jenny is dead, so now I am dogged out, skunked out, and muled out.

Pat Hurley, the great speaker, once said, "The quickest way to make heap big talk is to stand up, speak up, shut up, and sit down." So I'll take his advice.

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9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

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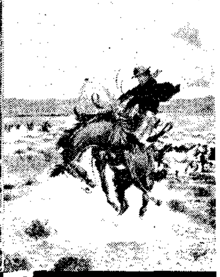
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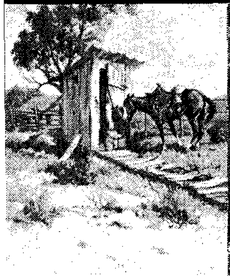
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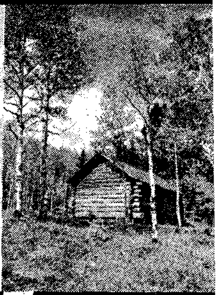
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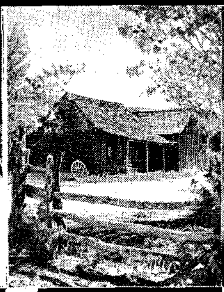
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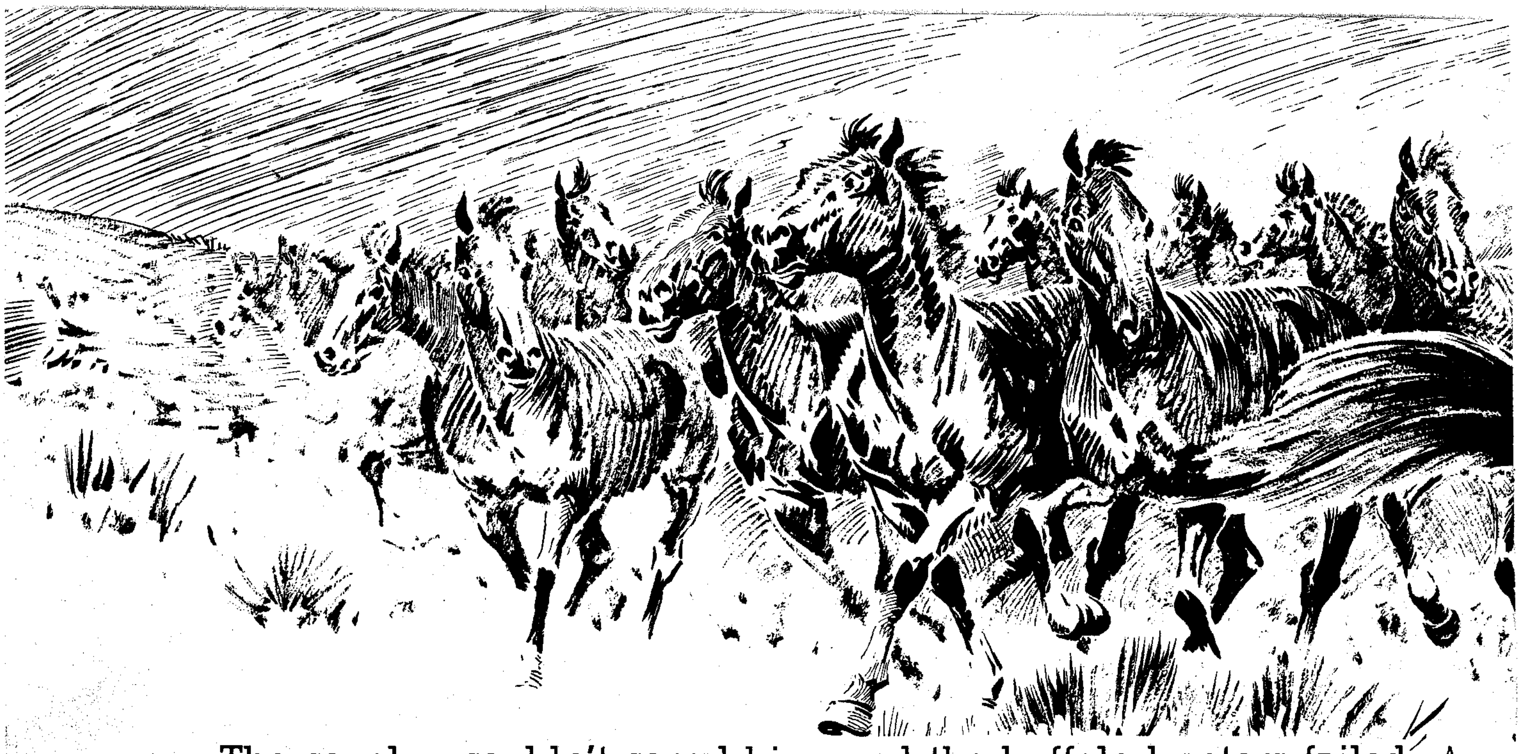


The cavalry couldn't corral him, and the buffalo hunters failed to cut him down, but young Frank Lockard wouldn't accept defeat. He wanted the fine black stallion, known on the Kansas prairie as the . . .

WILDEST OF THE WILD

By E. B. DYKES BEACHY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

ONE SUMMER morning in 1878, Frank M. Lockard of Norton, Kansas, heard a rock roll from a rock precipice above him and looked up. What he saw was to occupy almost his entire attention for the next twenty months.

A magnificent stallion stood silhouetted against the blue sky. It was wild and when he focused his attention upon it, it turned and fled, followed by more than a dozen wild mares.

"Why," someone told him later, "that must have been Black Kettle. No one can catch him, not even the U. S. Cavalry which has tried it more than once."

"I'll catch him," Lockard said. "He's too beautiful to run wild."

He finally did, "but it was one hell of a struggle. I must have chased him 10,000 miles and worn out a dozen good horses in the process."

Near the west line of Logan County in June, 1867, Chief Black Kettle and a band of Cheyenne Indians swooped down on a wagontrain of Mormons who were traveling over the Smoky Hill trail to Salt Lake City with some Kentucky thoroughbred horses which they were taking west for breeding purposes. The stock stampeded and the Mormons were left with their loaded wagons but no horses to pull them.

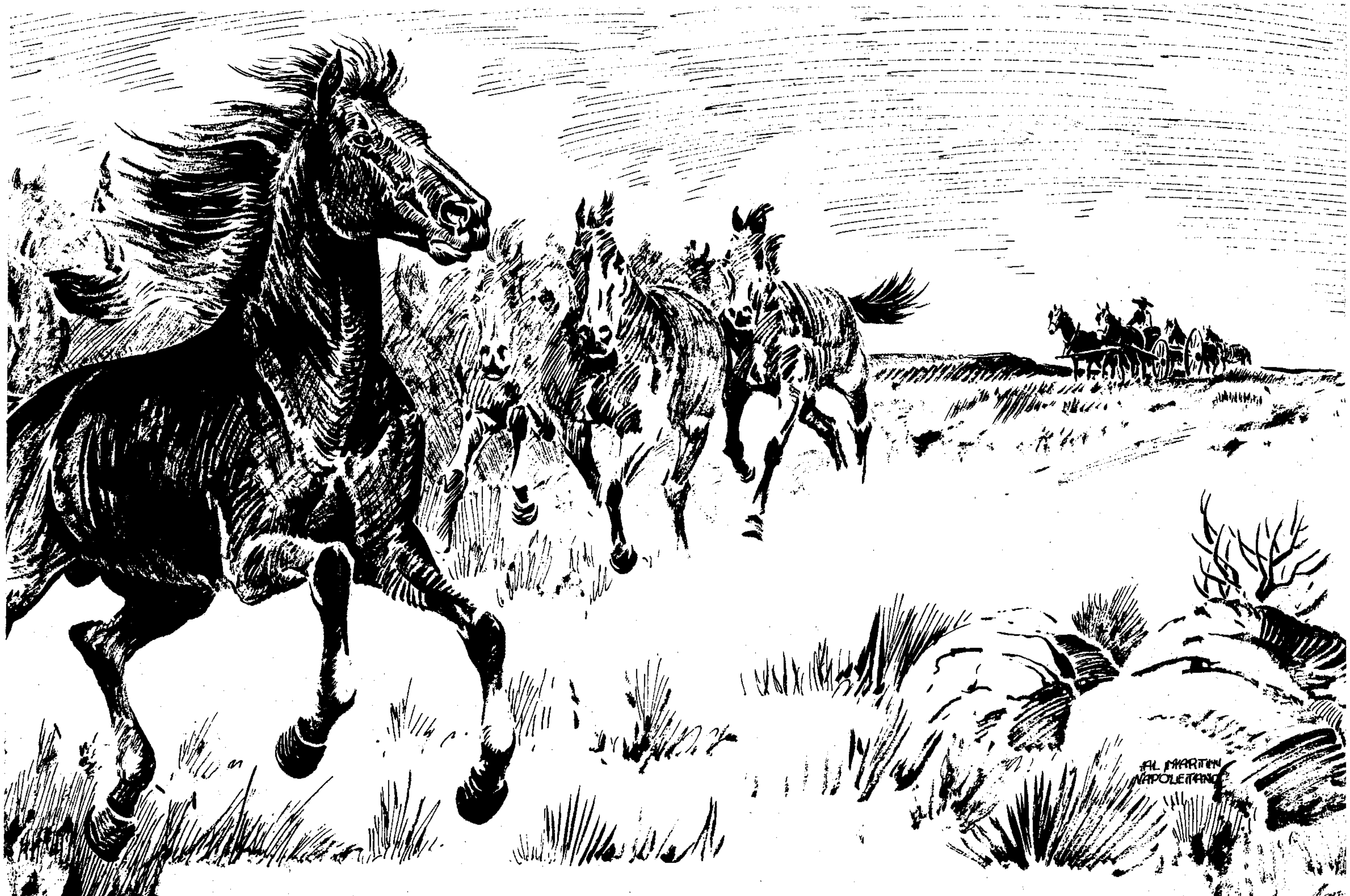
Among the horses was a yearling colt that escaped the Indians and joined the wild horses on the prairies. The story was often told that no horse to compare with him had ever been seen in Kansas. The Plains Indians made many attempts to capture him but failed. From them, the white men at Fort Wallace heard the story and named the horse "Black Kettle."

His glossy coat was coal black but his chief distinctions were his long mane and heavy tail. More than a foot of his tail rested on the ground. When he stood erect his mane almost reached the ground but when in motion, with his head up, it lay along his back. The foretop reached below the end of his nose. When running he tossed his head continually to throw the foretop over his ears as it obstructed his vision.

Western Kansas was flat and unbroken and bands of wild horses could be seen at frequent intervals. But their senses were acute. When chased they would run in a circle but never leave the home range and its water hole. Black Kettle was unusually smart because he had been chased so often. When badly frightened he would run twenty miles in a straight line. He had two watering places twenty miles apart—the Wild Horse draw near the Smoky Hill River and a water hole on the head of Beaver Creek.

For ten years his range was in Sherman County where Goodland is now located. The old government road, known as the Custer Road, ran through the center of Black Kettle's range. It was much traveled by military authorities and was also used by buffalo hunters, who sold hides and bought supplies at Peter Robidoux's store near Fort Wallace. Black Kettle became known to hundreds of men—few traveled the old Custer Road without seeing him.

W. D. Street, an old plainsman and buffalo hunter, published a story about Black Kettle in 1878, inspiring many men to wander over the prairies trying to capture him. Captain Homer W. Wheeler of Fort Wallace used the U. S. Cavalry but Black Kettle escaped. Ames Cole, a buffalo hunter and plainsman, planned to "crease" Black Kettle, then hobble him before he woke up (a shot through the



Within two hours after he set out on June 2, he sighted Black Kettle and his twenty-nine mares.

top of the neck in front of the withers would temporarily but not permanently injure a horse and was called a “creasing”). But Cole never got close enough to Black Kettle to crease him.

Young Lockard, a native of Cochocton, Ohio, had arrived in the prairie country when western Kansas was still the land of the buffalo and the wild horse. During 1878 and 1879 he and his partner, William Simpson, were buying and selling ponies at Wakeeney. Both were young and experienced in handling wild broncos so felt they would have no trouble capturing Black Kettle.

They returned to their homes in Norton late in the fall of 1879 and started after Black Kettle December 10th. They saw Black Kettle and chased him for several days. Finally, they realized that the horse had eluded them and they were lost on the prairies. With no way of telling directions they gave up the search and wandered over the prairie until they finally found their way back to Norton.

In January, 1880, they started on their second trip and met “Wild Horse” John who had run the black horse. He advised the young men to use a buckboard and not to attempt to run a wild horse until it was exhausted. The two men were in Black Kettle's range and they didn't have a buckboard. Laughing at “Wild Horse” John's free advice, they started out. Strong winds began to blow. The wind was followed by snow flurries. Soon, they were in a western Kansas blizzard. They gathered buffalo chips, wrapped themselves in saddle blankets and sat on the pile of fuel to keep it dry for future use. Drawing their saddles over their laps and feet they sat in the blizzard eating frozen biscuits. At daylight they built a fire but it lasted only a few minutes. With much difficulty they returned to their camp. After that harrowing experience they decided to go home until the weather was more settled.

PERSISTENCE and determination were a part of Frank Lockard's make-up. In May, 1880, he started out alone prepared for his third wild horse chase in search of Black Kettle. Taking the advice of “Wild Horse” John, he journeyed in a buckboard. He had three good driving teams, one saddle horse, a five-gallon jug of water for the horses, a gallon jug for himself, coffee, bacon, and corn.

He searched for days. Within two hours after he set out on June 2, he sighted Black Kettle and his twenty-nine mares. By that time Lockard had learned that speed was not necessary. The main thing was to keep a horse constantly moving so his feet would give out. For three days the herd kept running away but on the fourth day they were limping.

That night rain fell. The soft ground was easy on the feet of the wild horses and since there was plenty of water they moved back and forth between the Smoky and the Beaver. After a five-day chase the prairie dried up and the herd began to go lame again.

On June 31, the final chase began. Black Kettle's herd ran a couple of miles then slowed down to a trot and kept that up all day, moving in the familiar circle. Lockard kept pressing and finally, on July 3, he ran the horse into a corral on the Bar Lil Ranch. With Black Kettle, he corralled seventeen of his mares.

But Black Kettle was aged by then—almost thirteen, having spent his life on the wild range. He was relegated to a farm where he lived out his years, but he never lost his beauty. His tail and mane remained long until he died.

Mr. Lockard spent the rest of his life in Western Kansas. He married, and with his wife moved to a farm. Left a widower early in life, he alone reared his four sons—Claude W. Lockard of Charleston, South Carolina, the late Arthur Lockard of Des Moines, Iowa, Ray W. Lockard of Kansas City, Missouri, and Francis Dawes Lockard of Baldwin, Kansas.

All four boys were brought up on thrilling, exciting tales of the early days in Western Kansas, but the favorite with all of the family was the story of the final thirty-one-day chase that Frank M. Lockard made on his third attempt to catch the Kentucky thoroughbred.

The First Rodeo

By the 1880s the stage was set. In a dozen cow towns, from Texas to Wyoming, a sport was about to be born

By JIMMY WALKER

IN A thousand arenas across the land, a monument is being built to the American cowboy. It's a monument made of dust, cowhide, popping leather, and the bruises of hard rides honestly made—the rodeo. More popular today than ever, it perpetuates the memory of the western ranges and the men who made them great.

It all began after the mid-1800s when the cattle industry was taking shape and men with hot irons were carving empires on the wild, hairy flanks of longhorns. One of the earliest rodeo-like performances was held June 10, 1847, in Santa Fe, New Mexico. After the roundup, some cowboys had a contest to see who was the best at roping and throwing. There were also "horse races, whiskey, and much dancing in the streets."

The Mexican *fiesta* was a well-established custom by that time and is often mistakenly believed to have been the original "rodeo." However, the *fiesta* has always featured drinking, dancing and religious observances; it would be incorrect to assume that the American rodeo is a direct outgrowth of these celebrations.

The sport of rodeo is unquestionably Anglo-American though, paradoxically, all the cowboy's tools, skills, and animals were borrowed from Mexico or Spain.

Cattle and horses were introduced to this continent by the Spanish. The saddle, spurs, and most of the cowboy's personal gear were Spanish in origin. The *lariat*, that unique tool of range and arena, entered Texas from south of the Rio Grande. For many years, the best ropers of the large cattle outfits were Mexicans. Even today, *vaqueros* are respected as fine horsemen.

Rodeo is a Spanish word that originated in California and was first used east of the Rockies at Fort Worth in 1916. The early celebrations were usually called cowboy contests or tournaments. Many of the big ones are still called Frontier Days, Stampedes or Roundups.

The early Wild West Shows were merely exhibitions, more closely related to the theater than to sport. Private roping and riding contests between cowboys, often with wagers set, were the direct forerunner of the rodeo but were without formal advance arrangements or prize money.

THERE IS no lack of cities claiming the honor of having staged the first genuine rodeo. Cheyenne, Wyoming, advertises "The World's Greatest Outdoor Show" and boasts that it is "The Daddy of 'Em All." Prescott, Arizona, the "Cowboy Capital of the World," no less modestly proclaims its rodeo as "The Oldest Tournament in the World."

North Platte, Nebraska, says flatly that it held the first Western contest ever staged anywhere by any community. Other cities which claim the title are Caldwell, Kansas; Piney Ridge, Arkansas; and Canadian, Texas.

Actually, the beginning of rodeo was a spontaneous thing that happened all over the cow country about the same time. At the spring and fall round-ups, when several outfits met to cut out cattle and brand the calves, each outfit had its top hand who was good with a rope or a bronc. The cowboys who rode with him would bet a month's wages that there wasn't another *hombre* in sight who could match him. The contests that followed sent many a rider home broke—but determined to return next year for a share of winnings.

That riding and roping contests were established as an amateur sport as early as the '60s is indicated by the staging of performances at the front during the Civil War.

Despite claims advanced by other cities, the first authentic rodeo that was planned and advertised in advance and that offered prizes for the contestants took place July 4, 1883, in Pecos, Texas.

In June of that year a bunch of cowhands were swapping lies in front of Red Newell's Saloon. The conversation turned toward the subject of who was the best roper and rider. Trav Windham, boss of the Lazy Y, leaned against a hitching post. He was well known in that country for his speed with a rope. Fate Beard of the Hashknife outfit slouched against the corner of the building and put in a few words as the argument grew hotter. Others crowded about.

Pecos was a wild town, proud that it had more saloons per capita than any other community in Texas. Gambling tables ran all night, employing two shifts of croupiers. It was the kind of town where an argument might have reached the leather-slapping stage if someone hadn't suggested a cowboy contest to be held on July Fourth to determine the best hand in the section.

There would be no admission charge for spectators, no arena fence, no grandstand, no bucking chutes. But there would be a big celebration with free barbecue and dancing in the streets. And, for the first time, prizes were to be awarded.

The prize money of $40 was posted by the ranchers. A cowhand working for $12 to $25 a month on the range felt that the top prize of $25 was worth his best.

JULY FOURTH dawned to the whooping of cowboys from all over the section. Principal contestants for top money were the Hashknife, W, Laxy Y, and NA spreads. A thousand people crowded into the small town for the fun. Men stood three deep at the bars. Spring-wagons rolled down the streets bringing families from the forks of the creek. Women carried hampers of cakes and pies for the barbecue. They had been baking for three days.

Milling nervously in the courthouse yard was a herd of big waspy three- and four-year-old steers.

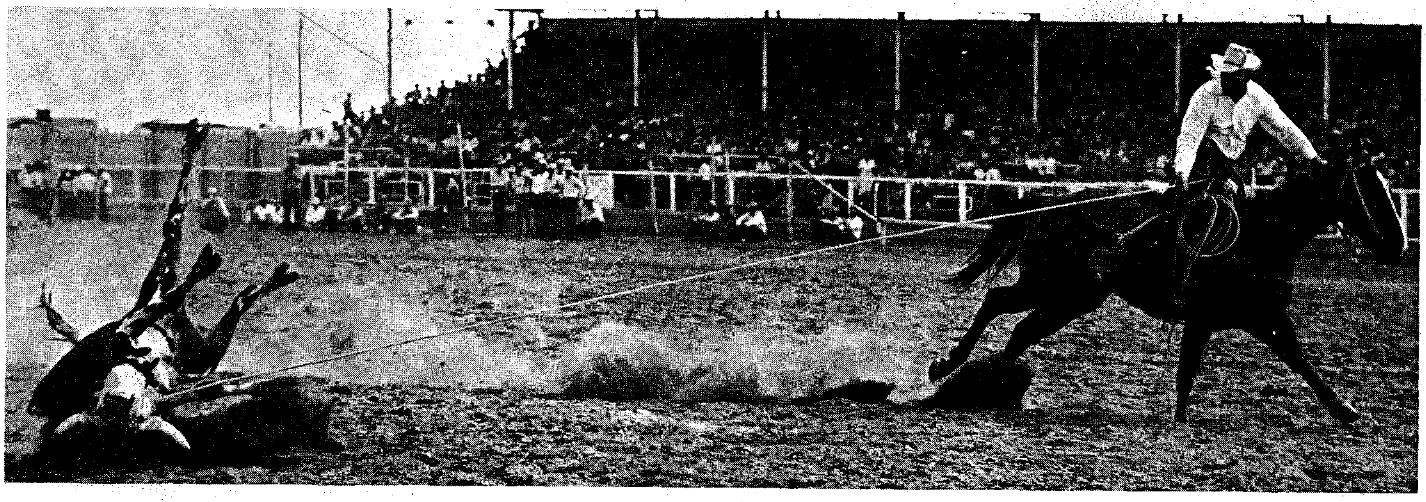
The contest took place on the flat land near the courthouse, the site now occupied by the Pecos Community Center, Civic Auditorium, and Texas Highway Patrol Office. The crowd collected at the rodeo grounds with spectators mounted on horses to form a circle with one side open toward the prairie. The steers were turned out of the courthouse yard. When the steer broke for freedom, the cowboy pounded hard in his tracks, swinging the long rope.

The steers were full-sized and weighed nearly half-a-ton, far different from the calves usually seen in modern rodeos. Trav Windham won by tying his steer in the middle of Oak Street in twenty-two seconds flat. The time would almost certainly put him in the money at any of today's shows.

The winner of the bronc busting was

Photos by DeVere Helfrich

Steer roping, a basic work of the cowboy, was one of the main attractions of the early day rodeos.



not recorded, but the manner of conducting the contest provided a format that was used for years until someone developed the present method of using chutes.

Outlaw horses were led into the arena and "eared down." The job of "earing" the broncs was tough and dangerous; the horse, likely as not, would try to take the man apart with his front hoofs. Then the rider would toss on his saddle and cinch it under the mount's belly so it wouldn't slip. Swinging aboard was a ticklish job because the bronc was ready to start the fireworks before the cowboy could find the off-stirrup.

Settling down on the saddle, the buster would yell, "Let 'er buck!" With the blindfold whipped off and spurs raking his shoulders, the horse did everything but turn inside out.

BRONC-BUSTING was a profession in 1883. Good riders could earn twice a cowpoke's wage by busting outlaws. This is a practice that has now been discontinued. There aren't many folks today who have ever seen a horse bucked out. It's bad for horses and worse for men.

A bronc can kill a man without ever throwing him. A saddle is murderous when the cantle thuds into the back and kidneys. A horn can smash ribs or breastbone. A horse's tossing head can crack a man's nose—or his skull. The whip-like change of direction can snap a rider's neck so fast he'll lose consciousness.

But worst of all is the pounding of the saddle rising and falling when a horse is jumping high and coming down to earth stiff-legged. Each leap ends in a pile-driving blow that makes jelly of spinal discs and breaks veins inside the head. A buster's ears and nose begin to bleed after much of this treatment.

Today's riders stay on for only eight to ten seconds before being rescued by pick-up men. The Pecos rodeo had no time limit. Judges let the men ride long enough to test their ability, then fired a gun to signal the ride was over.

As one cowboy helplessly left the arena aboard an angry bronc, someone shouted in fun, "Stop that man! He's trying to steal a horse!"

Morgan Livingston, Fate Beard and Jeff Chism all walked away from that first rodeo with honors. The contest was held annually for a time, then the event was suspended until 1931. The yearly "West of the Pecos" celebration has been held every July Fourth since and is now operated by the Pecos Rodeo and Fair Association.

The rodeo at Canadian, Texas, was a two-day celebration first held in 1888 near the stockyards. There was the usual roping and calf tying. Horse-racing and dancing were standard events. Also featured were tournament races, then popular all through the West.

Tournament races seem to be borrowed from the jousting fields of English knighthood. From this event comes the name "cowboy tournament," which was frequently given to early rodeos. The tournament races were held on a straight track with poles erected holding rings on clips. The rider would run his horse full speed down the course, trying to poke a spear through the rings. The man picking up the most rings was the winner.

A tournament held in May, 1885, at Caldwell, Kansas, was watched by "boomers" on one side and United States soldiers on the other. This rodeo offered a gold ring to the winner of the tournament races.

PINEY RIDGE'S claim of a rodeo in the '70s doesn't hold up under close scrutiny. Their "first rodeo" was simply an exhibition held by a group of trail drivers who were taking cattle to market in New Orleans.

North Platte, Nebraska, staged a cowboy show exactly one year before Pecos' first rodeo: July Fourth, 1882. Buffalo Bill Cody came in from the East Coast, where he had been playing in some dramas, and was appointed grand marshal of the planned "Old Glory Blowout" to be held on Ike Dillon's ranch. Buying a herd of buffalo from M. C. Keetin, one of the leading citizens, Cody produced a forerunner of the Wild West Shows which later made him famous.

A rodeo is essentially competitive, while a "Wild West Show" is principally a display of frontier skills. Thus North Platte misses the title on a technicality. The present annual celebration, the North Platte Round-Up, was not begun until 1930.

The first "box office" rodeo was held at Prescott, Arizona, in 1888 at a July Fourth celebration. It was called a cowboy tournament and prizes were awarded the winning contestants. A silver medal was given to Juan Levias for roping and tying a steer after 100 yards head start in one minute and 47½ seconds.

As early as July Fourth, 1872, an exhibition steer riding event was staged at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Some months later, a bronc riding show was presented. But Cheyenne's famous Frontier Days didn't begin until 1897. By that time, the possibilities of rodeo as a public entertainment were beginning to be fully realized and Western communities outdid themselves in their annual celebrations. The Cheyenne show differed from most others in its spectacular pageantry. Typical of the thrills offered in the early performances was the pursuit of a stagecoach around the track by Indians, to be finally rescued by cavalry and cowboys.

Cheyenne has always been one of the top rodeos, offering the largest purses and the greatest honor. For many years, the winners at Cheyenne were considered world champions due to the fact that every expert competed there.

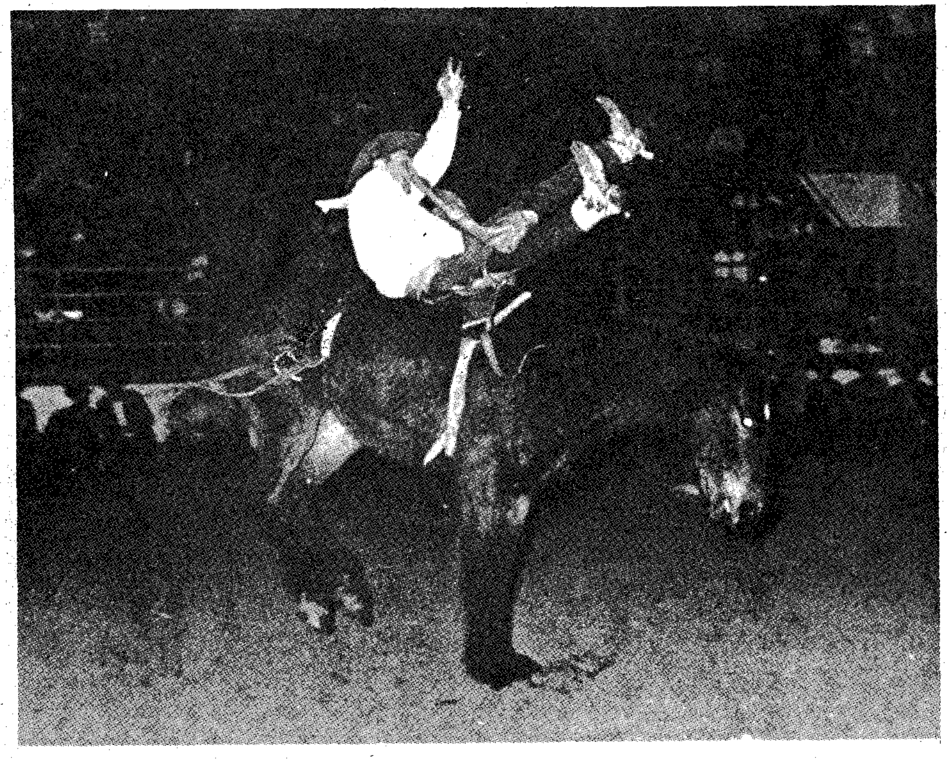
The automobile license plates of Wyoming show a bucking horse, fitting symbol for a state that now holds at least fifty separate rodeos yearly.

Indoor arenas made rodeos possible in all kinds of weather, stretching the season from early January to early December. Every year since World War II, rodeo has been gaining as a spectator sport. In attendance, it runs a close third after baseball and football.

It was a long hard trail from the first crude rodeo in a small Texas cow town to today's highly-organized performances in Pendleton, Salinas, Calgary, Prescott and Cheyenne. Those who patronize the modern-day rodeos know that a portion of the Old West still lives!

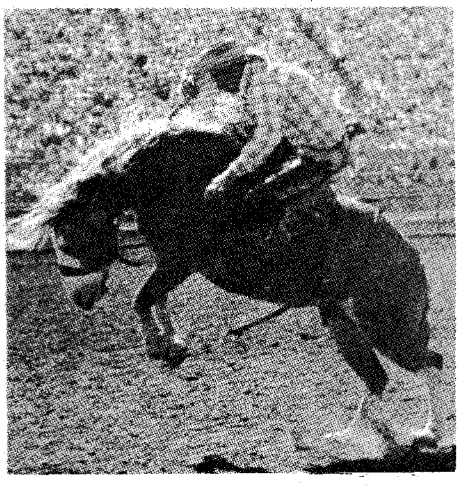
A cowboy rides out the storm on the hurricane deck of an angry bronc.

Ed Frayne Photograph



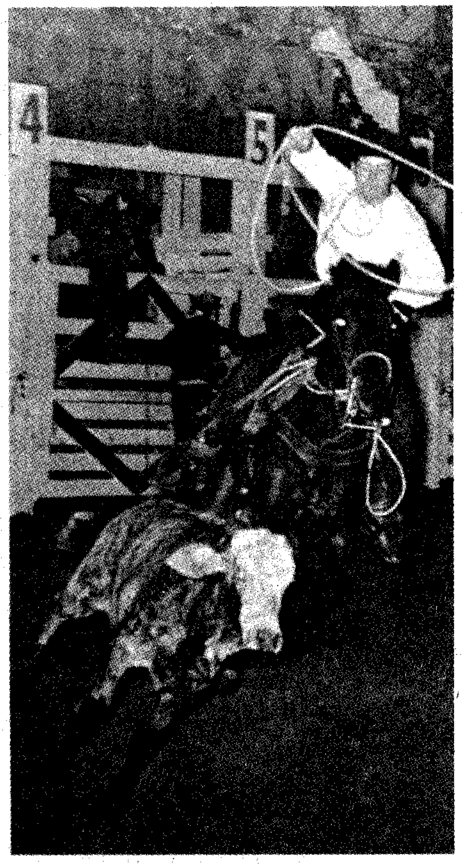
Here's a thrilling ride aboard Pretty Sox.

Ed Frayne Photograph



Calves have largely replaced steers in the roping event. The action is fast and unpredictable, requiring a quick-turning quarter horse like this one.

Ed Frayne Photograph



Hell For Leather

(Continued from page 23)

"Where's Adams & Company?" asked Remme with a sigh of relief.

A sorry, mud-spattered figure of a man shoved a slip of paper across the marble slab of the cashier's cage.

"Can you cash this? I'm a cattle buyer and I need the money."

With maddening slowness the cashier carefully examined the certificate of deposit, then set out ten neat stacks of fifty-dollar gold pieces. Remme sacked the forty pounds of gold and took it to a hotel, where he saw it securely locked in the safe.

Later, with a thrill of exultation despite his fatigue, he watched passengers leap from the *Columbia* as she tied up, and make a headlong dash for Adams & Company with a bank messenger in the lead. Then Remme returned his attention to his ham and eggs.

White Killer

(Continued from page 21)

After bathing the wounds, he applied liniment from a bottle always carried with him. A pair of blankets were fastened together under the belly to protect her from the cold. Even then she stood trembling as much from terror as from the biting winds. Four of the wolves lay dead in the crater. He flung them out to be dragged away and devoured by their own kind.

Bitter cold assailed the land. For two more days and nights they remained in the snow crater. Ritchie managed to gather a little forage each day for the mare, but of his own food supply all that remained was the tag-end of a side of bacon, about a pound of flour and a spoon or two of coffee.

The tenth day after he left Meeker, he decided to tackle the mountain again. A little of the fresh snow had melted and he thought if he could make a mile a day it would be better than sitting there with the chance of another storm hitting them. Lower down it might not be so bad.

With the short-handled shovel he broke trail through the drifts, ahead of the mare, but it was back-breaking labor and he made little progress. After six hours of it he could still look back and see the clump of cedars where they had battled the wolves.

ALONG IN the middle of the afternoon, Calamity Jane stepped on an ice-coated rock and the force of her fall started an avalanche that carried her over a hundred feet into a deep gully. When he went to look for her he found only a pair of ears sticking up out of the snow.

Digging frantically, he got her head free so she could breathe, but all the rest of her was buried in the snow. He knew getting her up out of the gully filled with ten feet of snow would be a major problem.

Again he considered cutting her throat. Without her he might be able to make some headway and have a supply of fresh meat to sustain him.

He took the knife from its sheath, but he knew he couldn't do it. Instead, he worked for two solid hours to get her back on her feet. He cut fir limbs and spread them over the snow for fifty yards down the gully to sustain her weight. Floundering and struggling, she finally made it to higher ground. There he made camp, completely exhausted from his efforts.

For supper he had three slices of bacon, two hot biscuits and a tin of weak coffee, after which he slept for twenty-four hours. Calamity Jane had slim pickings from a liveoak bush or two.

The next four days he fought through drifts. He was traveling only a mile or so a day and his body was growing weaker. On the fifteenth day another storm dumped eighteen inches of snow on top of that already on the ground. Ritchie and the mare holed up under a rock overhang for two more days and nights. Then Ritchie, barely able to pull himself together, tackled it again. When camp was made that night he was only a quarter-of-a-mile from the last one.

Though browsing when there was anything to browse on, Calamity Jane had lost much weight. She appeared to be hardly capable of carrying the saddle, let alone the weight of a man. Even the halter strap around her neck had been taken up to the last notch. But once more he put off ending her life.

That day and the next the going was better and they made about two miles but Ritchie didn't have enough strength to prepare a camp that night. He simply curled up in the snow and went to sleep. The next day his memory began to fail him. He could not recall the events of the day before.

The depth of the snow had decreased so that Calamity Jane could make her own way now. At one place he stopped her beside a rock and climbed into the saddle. The dizzy spells that came and went warned him against trying to walk anymore.

With his belt and the end of the halter rope he tied each leg securely to the saddle cinch so he wouldn't fall. From the lay of the land he knew he had

Cowboys and horses alike really work up a lather on a ride like this one.

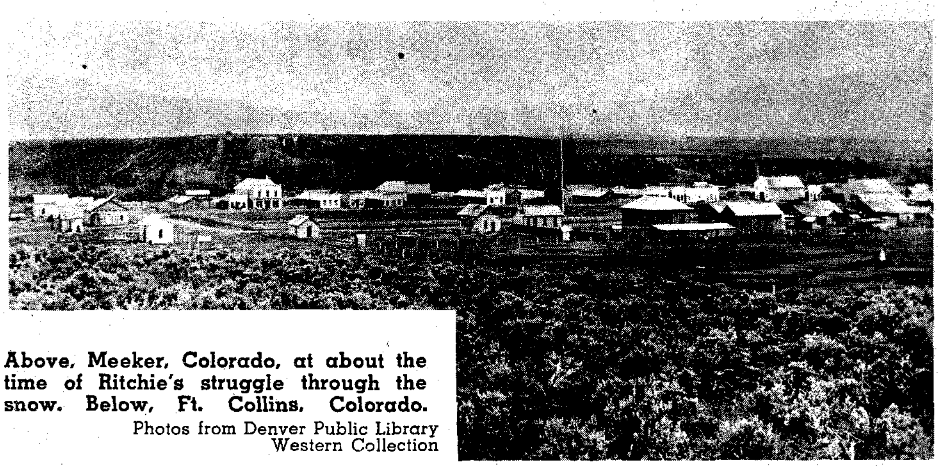
Ed Frayne Photograph

some thirty miles to go to reach Fort Collins.

On November 27, Andy Sloan and Jeff Hoague were about two miles from Fort Collins looking for a stray horse when they sighted a scraggly pony with something on its back.

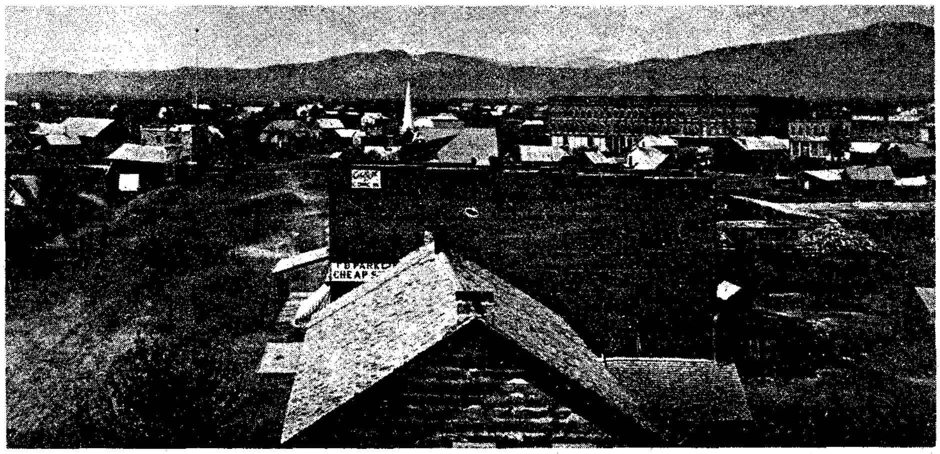
The saddle was pulled over to one side and from it hung what looked like a dead man. The only thing keeping him in the saddle was a strap on the right side that secured the foot. His arms were hanging down and his hat was gone, revealing a shock of black hair that almost touched the ground. Fortunately, although emaciated and frozen, Ritchie was still breathing. He was taken to Fort Collins and placed under the care of a physician. Both he and Calamity Jane recovered.

A celebration was staged in the horse's honor, with a parade and a venison feast. A local livery stable donated a ton of oats. She eventually was turned into a lush pasture to become a brood mare and mothered many fine colts. Ritchie was forever thankful that he hadn't been able to cut her throat. With the chips down, she had saved his life, as he had saved hers.



Above, Meeker, Colorado, at about the time of Ritchie's struggle through the snow. Below, Ft. Collins, Colorado.

Photos from Denver Public Library
Western Collection



Second Saddle

(Continued from page 4)

horse. 3. The picture you have on page 65 under "Second Saddle" says "Champion Dave Whyte in action." I have a post card of the same picture which reads "Soapy Williams on Glass Eye."—B. Burton, Sr., Reedpoint, Montana 59069

The caption under the picture on page 65 of your HORSE TALES Annual, 1972 says "Champion Dave Whyte in action." Actually, the man on that horse was Soapy Williams and the name of the horse was Firefly. Neither was known one second before the picture was made.

The picture was shot by Garnett. How do I know? Garnett, a couple of others and myself were covering the event in 1923—the Colorado Springs Rodeo out North Nevada (Denver Highway). Garnett was with the *Gazette-Telegraph*. He sold the picture for $75.00 and the agency made thousands. I was using a 4 x 5 Graflex—others had equipment similar. This was long before Speed Graphic.

If you have access to issues of the *Saturday Evening Post* way back then you will see the picture again, again, and again—sometimes pen renderings. Firefly's hind feet are about four inches above the ground. Your picture isn't all of the film.

If you have access to the March 1967 issue of *The Western Horseman*, on page 68 you will see the same picture. The date of 1913 should be 1923. I have already written them—in 1967—about it.

What would you younguns do without us olduns to keep you straight—ha!—Earl R. Gilbert, 6026 Rose, Houston, Texas 87007

Steamboat

Found your magazine in a local book shop. My friends and I are quite excited about this as there aren't many "Horse" magazines around. I have read your magazine from cover to cover and it shows. It was quite hard to put down. But I am puzzled about a few things—so if I could borrow a few moments of your time I'll explain.

In your story of Midnight on page 52 you state that Steamboat "suffered a leg injury in a boxcar and was destroyed. His carcass was left on the city dump at Cheyenne." On page 53, from that

(Continued on page 70)

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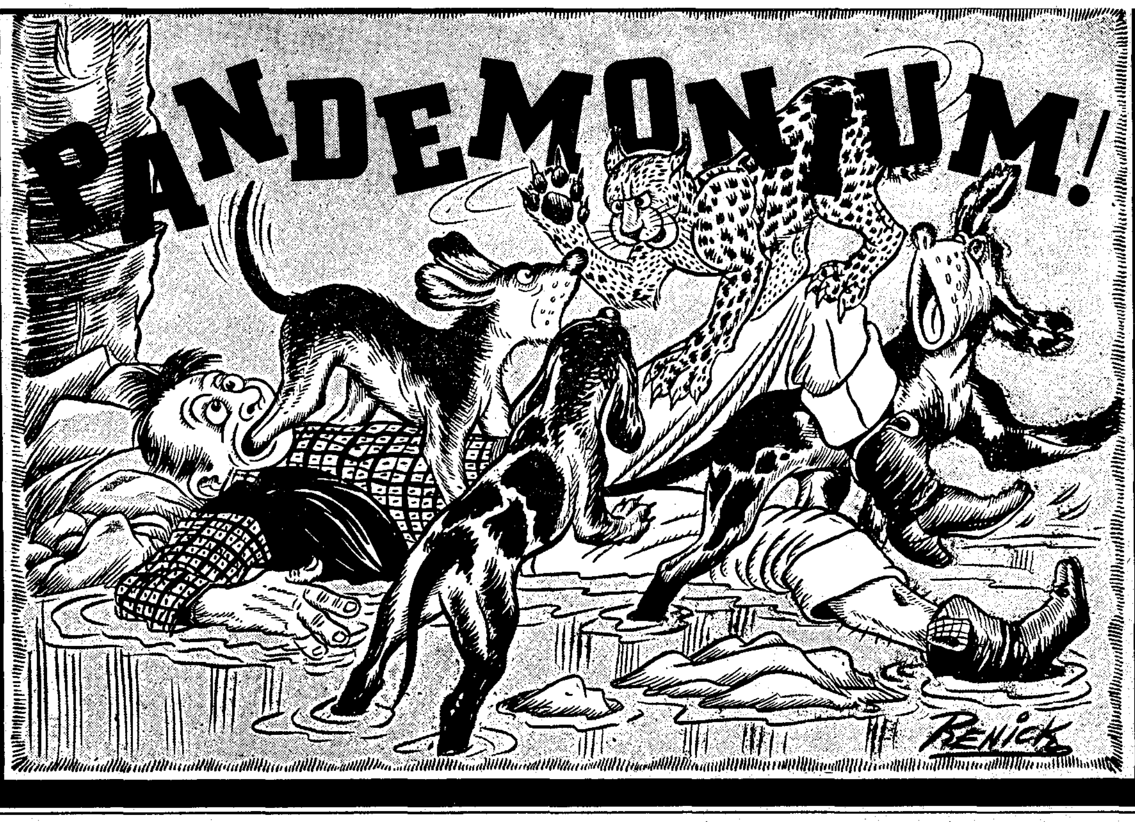
PANDEMONIUM!
RENICK

PANDEMONIUM is a word you may never have seen in action. This picture is about as close as we can get to it. It's what happens to us real soon now, so . . .

GET YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DONE EARLY! We'd do nearly anything to get you in early except cry or beg—which grown men and women ain't supposed to do. Later on, **AND THAT'S RIGHT UPON US NOW,** when the rush bogs us down, we're apt to be late, make a mistake, or cut our throats in desperation. Save us that possible embarrassment—just tear out this insert, write a check, tie the whole thing to the back hump of a fast camel, whack him on the rump with your chaps and head him our way. It won't take five minutes.

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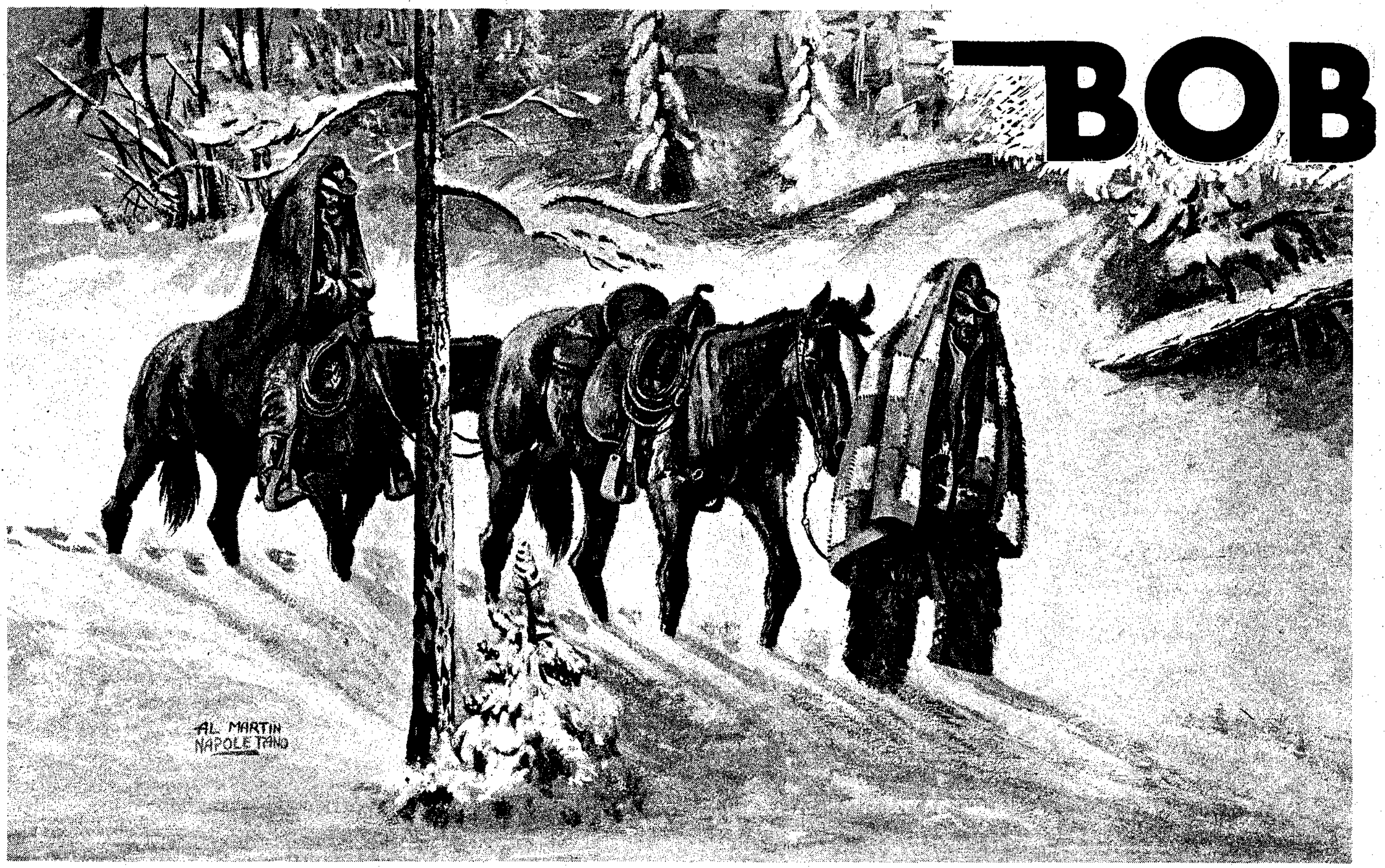


SEARCH FOR THE HORSES

By ED WRIGHT as told to BOB HILTUNEN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

I USED to break horses for a fellow named Barney Long. His ranch was located on Crazy Woman Creek in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. One day a cowboy from the Buckle Bar told me he had seen a bunch of horses on a ridge just beyond the old Madox cabin. They were snowed in and, from his description, I knew the horses belonged to us. I told Barney about it and we prepared to move out the following morning.

We caught up our horses, threw a bed roll on a pack horse, stowed a couple of cans of tomatoes, some sowbelly and sourdough biscuits in the saddlebags and headed for the hills. We arrived at the Madox cabin before dusk. While Barney started a fire I rode out to locate the horses. They were on a ridge across a small canyon and I figured we could get to them without too much difficulty.

The following morning we got up before daylight and started out. The wind had blown loose snow over my tracks of the previous evening. Dismounting, we started to feel out a trail.

Darkness caught us before we could reach the stranded stock and we reluctantly headed back to camp. Barney started a fire and we ate what we had left and fed the horses the hay from one of the bed ticks in the cabin. I was so tired I just fell in my bunk and dropped off to sleep immediately.

It was still snowing the next morning but the wind had died down. As we approached the stranded horses, they began milling and floundering about in the snow. We kept working in drifts up to our necks until nightfall when we returned to the cabin for the third night. We had been using the pack horse all day to break trail and he was so tired, Barney turned him loose to go back to the ranch. We fed our saddle ponies another tick of hay.

It began to snow again, the wind blowing harder than ever. Barney didn't say anything but we both knew it was one of those three-day Wyoming blizzards. Tearing up the floor to use as firewood, we found some prunes that pack rats had cached away.

A mildewed hambone with very little meat on it turned up and found its way into the stew pot. Barney found some flour on a shelf and sifted enough to make some gravy. By that time I was ravenous; I ate half of the prunes and started in on the ham and gravy. Old Barney said, "Just see what a good cook can do with a few proper ingredients!"

The wind howled and shook the cabin. We went out and brought the horses inside (we didn't want them wandering away in the storm). My stomach began rolling violently and finally I had to make a run for the door but Barney suffered no ill effects from the food. We turned in and passed a sleepless night, twisting and turning in our bunks.

IT TOOK us an hour to get the door open the next morning. Finally we were able to saddle up our horses and start out, but we didn't get far. The wind and snow had covered up the trail and the storm was getting worse, so we fought our way back to the cabin. We put the door up as best we could, started a fire and then tried to sleep. I began to wonder if we would make it back.

That afternoon Barney started talking to himself. I think he was praying but I didn't ask him. I hadn't said prayers since I was a kid. The only one I remembered was one my grandmother had made me say before I went to bed and it didn't quite seem to fit the occasion. Finally I made up one of my own and said it under my breath so Barney couldn't hear me. If we made it back, I didn't want him to tell the boys at the ranch how scared I had been.

At last I fell asleep and began to dream; I can still remember very clearly that I was flying, carrying Barney with me. I could see the ranch a long way off but was having one devil of a time getting down to earth. I was still trying to land when Barney woke me up and hollered, "Let's go!"

We forced our way out of the cabin but the blizzard was still raging. No one could have survived out in such a storm. Once each hour we checked the weather but the storm continued unabated. At dusk we resigned ourselves to another night in the cabin. The horses were as hungry as we were, so I fed them the remainder of the hay. It looked so good I felt like trying some of it myself.

Around midnight I felt Barney shaking me awake. The wind had stopped blowing and the weather had cleared but the temperature was about thirty-five below zero. It took us an hour to dig out of the cabin again. We wrapped quilts around our heads and shoulders and start-

TALES

ed out, Barney leading the way. I insisted that we were going in the wrong direction but he kept going straight ahead. He said, "Let your horse have its head. He knows the way home."

At frequent intervals we would dismount and break trail for our tired mounts. As we plodded doggedly forward, I thought the day would never end. Finally, when I didn't think I could take another step, we began dropping and I recognized the familiar landmarks of Crazy Woman Canyon. With renewed courage we hurried forward and soon emerged into the lowlands where we made out the outlines of the ranch buildings in the distance. We rode into the yard just in time for supper. The smell of fresh coffee filled my nostrils; I thought I had never smelled anything so good in my life.

The next morning we discovered that a band of horses, about fifty or sixty in number and led by a white stallion, had come down the canyon the day before. These were the horses we had been after. I looked at Barney and he looked at me—we were both too disgusted to say anything.

A few years ago I took a trip to Wyoming and stopped off at Barney's home town of Buffalo. I had not seen him in many years and he greeted me warmly. He was over ninety-five years old at the time but his mind was still active and sharp. We sat around until late in the night and spun yarns about the old days.

Shortly after I returned home I received a letter from Buffalo with a newspaper clipping. Barney Long had died just before his ninety-sixth birthday. He had been one of the oldest residents of Johnson County, Wyoming. Somehow I like to think that Barney is sitting around a campfire somewhere, spinning the yarn about our search for the lost horses.

SILKY SULLIVAN—1857 MODEL

By Frank Mason

THE HUGE crowd of 5,000—huge for that year of 1857—assembled around the half-mile track on the outskirts of Austin, Texas, either moaned in agony or screamed like mad, depending on which horse their money was riding, as the field on the back stretch began to string out, with the favorite ten lengths back. It was a six-horse race but actually only two entries counted. The others were in there just for the fun of it, to add color and to make it something more than a two-horse contest. The two horses on which all the money was wagered were a little sorrel mare named Blaze and a recent import from Kentucky named Darby.

The distance was a mile-and-a-quarter and at the half-mile post it looked like Blaze had it. The Darby backers were about ready to start cutting their own throats.

The most concerned of all was Darby's owner, Captain Creed Taylor, noted rancher and turfman, who had bet $10,000 on his horse, plus 100 mules and 100 bales of hay. The mules and the hay he could afford to lose, but not the $10,000, which was every dollar in cash he had to his name. To make what appeared to be another defeat all the more difficult to swallow, Taylor had lost $5,000 to Blaze's owner, Colonel Tom Bales of Waco, in another recent race which Bales had won with his highly-touted Blaze. Taylor had raced his best horse on that occasion, and had only recently acquired Darby in an attempt to win back some of his losses. The prospect was very dismal as the distance between Blaze and Darby gradually lengthened.

COLONEL BALES had insisted on putting up the 100 mules and the 100 bales of hay on the spot. Now, within sight of the race crowd, 200 mules in a corral were getting acquainted and the 200 bales of hay were stacked ten high near the paddock. It was a winner-take-all proposition.

Backers of the little mare went wild as she turned the three-quarters post, a sure winner in their minds.

Taylor draped himself over the rail and groaned at the thought of $10,000 going down the drain, and a couple of thousand others groaned with him. He was blaming himself for having bought a horse without learning more about it. The reports he had received on Darby were excellent. He was Kentucky bred, from the best of stock, and had a fine record. His owner from whom Taylor had acquired him for $3,000 had said something about his being a slow starter. "But good heavens," thought Taylor, "does he have to run a mile before he gets under way?" Darby was still fifteen lengths back, trailing the entire field of cow ponies.

"Ah-hum!" said a voice to Taylor's right. "Looks like you lose again, Captain."

Colonel Tom Bales was grinning like a cat with a mouse in its teeth.

Taylor's eyes followed the leader as the events of the past six months passed before his eyes. He realized how reckless he had been in trying to obtain a horse that would beat Bales' little mare, conceded to be the swiftest thing on four feet known to the racing fraternity. When he had last been defeated by Bales he had not known which way to turn to obtain such a horse. He wanted the fleetest thing money could buy. There were a number of good runners on the market, the best of which was said to be Darby, a Kentucky thoroughbred.

Taylor went to New Orleans first, then St. Louis and other spots to look at prospective candidates, and finally had gone to Kentucky to inspect the bluegrass colt. "He is the horse you need to beat Bales' little mare," said a friend and advisor who had accompanied him, and that had been the deciding factor.

Taylor wrote Bales, challenging him to a race in Austin and the date was set, but enroute the colt sustained an injury which disqualified him and Taylor, unable to make the race as agreed upon, paid a forfeit.

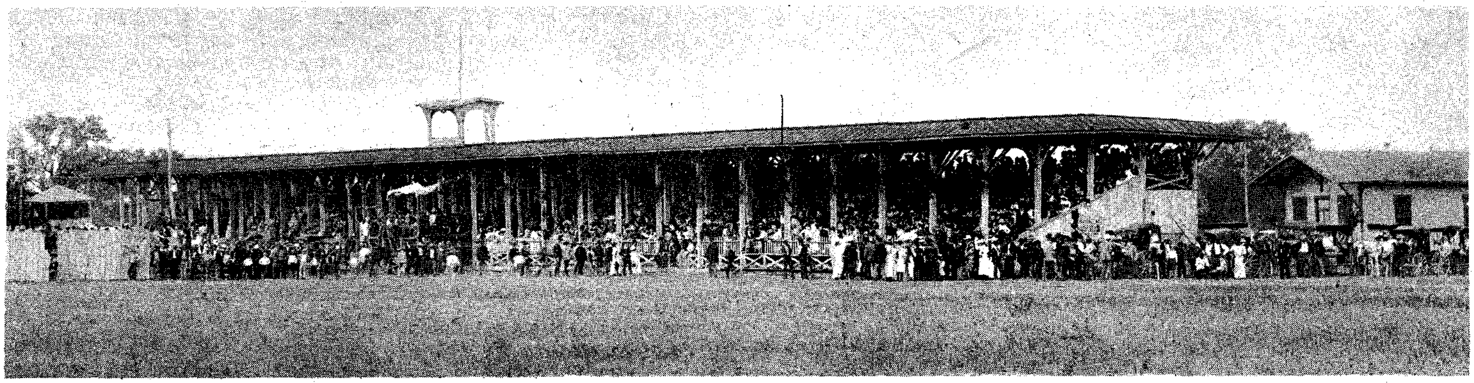
Darby was taken to the Taylor ranch near Hellna, on the San Antonio River and put in training for the postponed event. He soon recovered from the injury and his new owner discovered he had a prodigy to reckon with—not only in speed but also in disposition. Darby was endowed with a rare measure of equine intelligence and a most irascible temper. He would have but one keeper, would allow no stranger to approach his stall and would never tolerate a whip. He was an unusual horse in many ways, particularly in making slow starts, but he usually came through in a whirlwind finish, as Bales had counted on his doing this day.

AND SO gathered at Austin on this day were 5,000 rabid horse-betting fans, intrigued by the nature of the betting—mules, bales of cotton and cash. And they planked down their own cash, most of them on the Kentucky import, but there were a couple of thousand or so others who still had faith in Bales' little mare, because Darby was unknown to them.

The track was in perfect condition and there seemed no excuse for Darby's performance.

Suddenly the groans turned to screams of joy for Darby had started his drive from far behind, coming out of the far turn. He closed so fast that what the fans saw was hard to believe.

(Continued on page 45)



The old Austin, Texas, racetrack.

Austin Public Library, Austin Collection

THE PAUL REVERE OF HEPPNER

By SCOTT McARTHUR

Les Matlock raced a twenty-foot wall of water on an old plug horse. The life of every person in the valley was in his hands . . .

AS FAR BACK as the middle Seventies, so tradition says, they talked about the possibility of flood at Heppner, Oregon. But then people were always worrying without cause.

The most frequent and real threat was that of not enough water, rather than too much of it. The rolling wheatlands of this Eastern Oregon country were dependent on the winter and spring rainfalls, and sometimes parched residents used to say too much water might really be a good thing.

The summer of 1903 was blistering hot. "You didn't," commented young Leslie Matlock, "stir around much unless you had business that had to be taken care of."

On Thursday, June 11, the oppressive heat was broken. A tremendous cloudburst dumped its deluge on Heppner and the surrounding area.

Dusty chickens clucked happily in the rain, saloon patrons put down their glasses of dust-cutter and wandered out to stand beneath the awnings that extended over the rough walks of the main street. A breath of new life was pumped into the entire county.

The storm ended precipitously and there was no damage; the bronze sun bored through the haze to bake the town dry in less than an hour.

The following Sunday, June 14, the Baptist preacher was struggling his sweaty way into wool suit, choke collar, high-topped shoes and long johns—ready for his Sunday evening sermon. A desultory poker game was under way in the Belvedere Saloon, downstairs from the Opera House. The seven Celestials who had come from the railroad section gang to open the town's Chinese laundry were bent over their steaming vats of wet wash. And business was at its Sunday evening's worst at Swaggart & McAtee's Saloon nearby when young Les Matlock dropped in for a pick-me-up with a drummer who had drifted into town.

Later they wandered over to the Belvedere where Dick Neville, the town's most outspoken Civil War veteran, was polishing the long mahogany bar. Then it was—about 7 p.m.—that the lowering black clouds moved in. With them came the repeated crash of thunder— louder and more persistent than that which heralded the harmless flurry earlier in the week.

Then came the rain—pelting large drops which turned to hailstones and fell fast and thick.

Water and hail poured in the open door of the Belvedere and bartender Neville dropped his rag, grabbed a broom, and began sweeping the oiled wooden floor. Horse owners dragged their nervous mounts from the hitchrails up and down the main street and hurried them under shelter.

TODAY the old-timers will take you uptown and show you what happened that night when the water came. It is stamped indelibly in the minds of all who experienced it—and lived.

The main part of Heppner sits in the basin of Willow Creek, an insignificant stream barely more than a broad-jump wide during normal times. Upstream from Heppner it is fed by another trickle called Balm Fork.

A heavy torrent of water raced down both streams, joined above the town, and roared through Heppner twenty feet high. The Baptist congregation did not meet that night. The poker game at the Belvedere broke up and all its participants hotfooted it for higher ground. All, that is, except Dick Neville, who shouted, "I'll stay with her till hell freezes over," then got a firm grip on the beer tap in expectation of the deluge.

The water was dammed temporarily behind a tangle of trees anchored on the steam laundry building. As the stones and cement that formed the building collapsed, the seven Orientals were ground to death in the maelstrom of water and broken timbers. Swaggart & McAtee's Saloon dissolved into rubble.

Believing it was a repetition of the earlier thunderstorm, many Heppner residents did not know until too late what fate had befallen their community. Women and children were dragged to their death by the water as they struggled to reach high ground and safety.

August Lundell and his family found safety in a tall cottonwood tree. Railroad agent Kernan ran to the office for his records and died. George Conser and his wife raced to the attic of their home. The house was knocked from its foundations and thrown across the street where it came to rest against the side of the Methodist Church. Rescuers found the Consers, frightened but unharmed, huddled atop a section of six-foot boardwalk which had rammed through the wall of the room in which they were hiding. The flood lasted one hour—247 persons died.

Young Les Matlock was the hero of the day. Matlock had run with the others when word came to the Belvedere of the flood, but he halted to talk with a friend, Bruce Kelly. Years later, a historical writer chronicled their comments.

"Les," said Kelly, "this flood is going to hit Lexington, too. Maybe if we can get our horses and start right away we can save the people at Lexington and the valley below." They started.

MATLOCK kicked in the front door of Gilliam & Bisbee's hardware store and seized the first thing he could find with which to cut the barbed wire fences of the open range—a pair of long-handled pruning shears. Kelly got two plugs from the livery stable.

Then they mounted the horses and headed for the hills— their way lighted by the brilliant flashes of lightning—in a desperate effort to outrun the roaring water.

Matlock and Kelly lost their race to Lexington, but the townsfolk of that tiny community had been warned in time and had fled without loss of life. Thirteen families there were left homeless.

When Kelly's horse played out, Matlock continued his gallop to Ione, shouting warnings to farm houses along the way. Because of his warning, dozens of lives were saved.

THE FIRST WORD of the tragedy reached the rest of the state from Guy Boyer, a fifteen-year-old Heppner youth who had grabbed a horse and headed for help. He whipped his winded horse into the town of Echo where he gasped out his story and then was hustled aboard a special engine to Pendleton. There, on a street corner, he was hoisted into a buckboard from which he told the townspeople of the fate that had befallen his town.

Word was telegraphed throughout Oregon and newspaper editors got out their stud horse type to tell of the disaster. At the state capital of Salem, the *Evening Journal* carried, with some degree of inaccuracy, a banner headline reading: "Five Hundred Dead at Heppner," and set about organizing a relief expedition.

Similar action was begun in other cities, and supplies of food, clothing and medicine were thrown aboard cars and formed into relief trains. At Heppner, terror still stalked the streets.

Long lines of wagons carried shrouded, muddy bodies to the Opera house and the Belvedere, which had survived the inundation to serve as morgues. A Portland newspaper reporter, in his eyewitness dispatch from the scene, wrote sensationally of the wagons filled with bodies and "the once-silken hair of drowned women, now clotted with sand and mud, that swept the streets behind the mournful procession of the dead."

The supply of embalming fluid and coffins was exhausted almost immediately and crews of survivors hastily hacked holes in the sandy soil of the town cemetery. The Reverend C. H. Lake labored through the sweltering night saying the burial service over one after another.

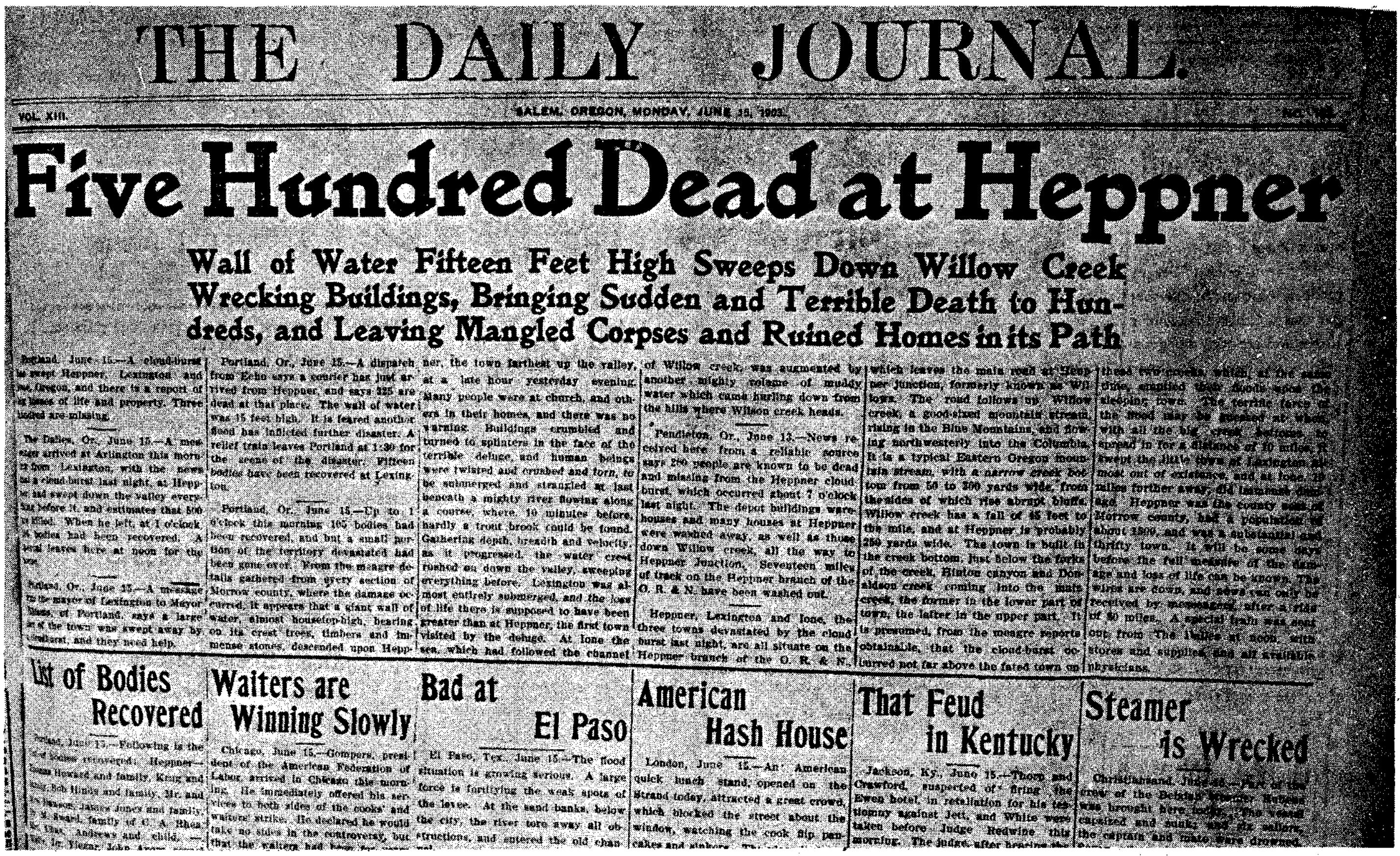
Debris from the flood was piled nine feet high in the main street of Lexington. Rescuers from the relief train at Heppner Junction, forty-five miles away, found at least a dozen bodies that had been swept the twelve miles from Heppner to Lexington.

Martial law was declared. Emergency medical crews and companies of state militia from throughout the state were mobilized to help guard against outbreaks of disease and civil disturbance. At Heppner, rescuers poking through the rubble found three live babies. All had been orphaned by the flood.

Tragedy did not end with the flood itself. A relief train bound from Pendleton crashed through a flood-weakened railroad bridge. Four men and two horses were drowned.

Eventually the damage was repaired, but the flood could not be forgotten. The Opera House never again prospered. Blood and stains of death were scrubbed from the floor, but Heppner always thereafter thought of the Opera House as a place of death, not entertainment.

(Continued on page 49)



THE DAILY JOURNAL.

VOL. XIII. SALEM, OREGON, MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1903. NO. [illegible]

Five Hundred Dead at Heppner

Wall of Water Fifteen Feet High Sweeps Down Willow Creek Wrecking Buildings, Bringing Sudden and Terrible Death to Hundreds, and Leaving Mangled Corpses and Ruined Homes in its Path

land, June 15.—A cloud-burst swept Heppner, Lexington and ne, Oregon, and there is a report of s loss of life and property. Three dred are missing.

The Dalles, Or., June 15.—A messenger arrived at Arlington this morning from Lexington, with the news that a cloud-burst last night, at Heppner, had swept down the valley everything before it, and estimates that 500 killed. When he left, at 1 o'clock, bodies had been recovered. A special leaves here at noon for the scene.

land, Or., June 15.—A message to the mayor of Lexington to Mayor [illegible], of Portland, says a large part of the town was swept away by cloud-burst, and they need help.

Portland, Or., June 15.—A dispatch from Echo says a courier has just arrived from Heppner, and says 325 are dead at that place. The wall of water was 15 feet high. It is feared another flood has inflicted further disaster. A relief train leaves Portland at 1:30 for the scene of the disaster. Fifteen bodies have been recovered at Lexington.

Portland, Or., June 15.—Up to 1 o'clock this morning 105 bodies had been recovered, and but a small portion of the territory devastated had been gone over. From the meagre details gathered from every section of Morrow county, where the damage occurred, it appears that a giant wall of water, almost housetop-high, bearing on its crest trees, timbers and immense stones, descended upon Heppner, the town farthest up the valley, at a late hour yesterday evening. Many people were at church, and others in their homes, and there was no warning. Buildings crumbled and turned to splinters in the face of the terrible deluge, and human beings were twisted and crushed and torn, to be submerged and strangled at last beneath a mighty river flowing along a course, where, 10 minutes before, hardly a trout brook could be found. Gathering depth, breadth and velocity, as it progressed, the water crest rushed on down the valley, sweeping everything before. Lexington was almost entirely submerged, and the loss of life there is supposed to have been greater than at Heppner, the first town visited by the deluge. At Ione the sea, which had followed the channel of Willow creek, was augmented by another mighty volume of muddy water which came hurling down from the hills where Wilson creek heads.

Pendleton, Or., June 15.—News received here from a reliable source says 250 people are known to be dead and missing from the Heppner cloudburst, which occurred about 7 o'clock last night. The depot buildings, warehouses and many houses at Heppner were washed away, as well as those down Willow creek, all the way to Heppner Junction. Seventeen miles of track on the Heppner branch of the O. R. & N. have been washed out.

Heppner, Lexington and Ione, the three towns devastated by the cloudburst last night, are all situate on the Heppner branch of the O. R. & N., which leaves the main road at Heppner Junction, formerly known as Willows. The road follows up Willow creek, a good-sized mountain stream, rising in the Blue Mountains, and flowing northwesterly into the Columbia. It is a typical Eastern Oregon mountain stream, with a *narrow creek bottom* from 50 to 300 yards wide, from the sides of which rise abrupt bluffs. Willow creek has a fall of 45 feet to the mile, and at Heppner is probably 250 yards wide. The town is built in the creek bottom, just below the forks of the creek, Hinton canyon and Donaldson creek coming into the main creek, the former in the lower part of town, the latter in the upper part. It is presumed, from the meagre reports obtainable, that the cloud-burst occurred not far above the fated town on these two creeks, which, at the same time, emptied their floods upon the sleeping town. The terrific force of the flood may be guessed at when, with all the big creek bottoms to spread in for a distance of 10 miles, it swept the little town of Lexington almost out of existence, and at Ione, [illegible] miles further away, did immense damage. Heppner was the county seat of Morrow county, had a population of about 1500, and was a substantial and thrifty town. It will be some days before the full measure of the damage and loss of life can be known. The wires are down, and news can only be received by messengers, after a ride of 50 miles. A special train was sent out from The Dalles at noon, with stores and supplies, and all available physicians.

List of Bodies Recovered

land, June 15.—Following is the list of bodies recovered: Heppner—[illegible] Howard and family, Krug and [illegible], Bob Hinds and family, Mr. and [illegible], James Jones and family, [illegible], family of C. A. Rhea, [illegible] Chas. Andrews and child, — [illegible]

Waiters are Winning Slowly

Chicago, June 15.—Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, arrived in Chicago this morning. He immediately offered his services to both sides of the cooks' and waiters' strike. He declared he would take no sides in the controversy, but that the waiters had [illegible]

Bad at El Paso

El Paso, Tex., June 15.—The flood situation is growing serious. A large force is fortifying the weak spots of the levee. At the sand banks, below the city, the river tore away all obstructions, and entered the old chan-

American Hash House

London, June 15.—An American quick lunch stand, opened on the Strand today, attracted a great crowd, which blocked the street about the window, watching the cook flip pancakes and sinkers. [illegible]

That Feud in Kentucky

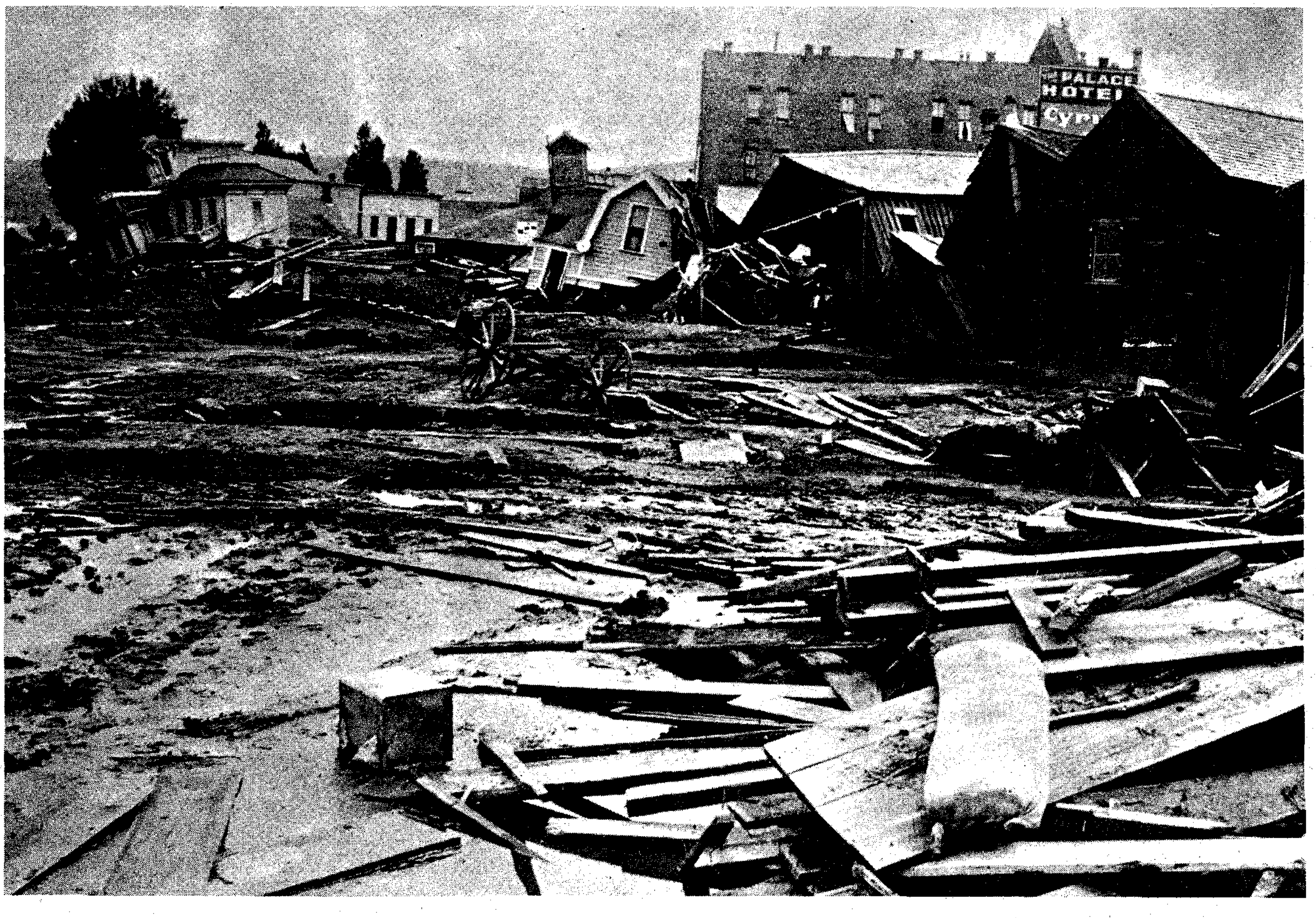
Jackson, Ky., June 15.—Thorp and Crawford, suspected of firing the Ewen hotel in retaliation for his testimony against Jett, and White were taken before Judge Redwine this morning. The judge, after hearing the [illegible]

Steamer is Wrecked

Christiansand, June 15.—Part of the crew of the Belgian steamer [illegible] was brought here today. The vessel capsized and sunk, and six sailors, the captain and mate were drowned.

A dramatic but not altogether accurate newspaper story of the Heppner flood. Below, Court Street in Heppner after the disaster.

Photo Courtesy Oregon State Historical Society



BRED for ENDURANCE and SPEED

Observations on horses by a naturalist of the 1850s, from his book...

THE
NEW ILLUSTRATED
NATURAL HISTORY

BY THE REV.
J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY," "THE ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN," ETC.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
LONDON: BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
NEW YORK: 9 LAFAYETTE PLACE

THE HORSE has from time immemorial been made the companion and servant of man, and its original progenitors are unknown. It is supposed, however, that the Horse must have derived its origin from Central Asia, and from thence have spread to almost every portion of the globe.

The elegant, swift, and withal powerful Horses of which England is so proud, and which are employed in the chase or the course, owe their best qualities to the judicious admixture of the Arabian blood. The ARAB HORSE has long been celebrated for its swift limbs, exquisite form, and affectionate disposition.

There are several breeds of Arab Horses, only one of which is of very great value. This variety, termed the Kochlani, is so highly prized, that a mare of the pure breed can hardly be procured at any cost, and even the male animal is not easy of attainment. The pedigree of these Horses is carefully preserved, and written in most florid terms upon parchment. In some cases the genealogy is said to extend for nearly two thousand years. The body of the Arab Horse is very light, its neck long and arched, its eye full and soft, and its limbs delicate and slender. The temper of the animal is remarkably sweet, for as it has been born and bred among the family of its owner, it avoids injuring even the little children that roll about among its legs as carefully as if they were its own offspring. So attached to its owner is this beautiful Horse, that if he should be thrown from its back, the animal will stand quietly by its prostrate master, and wait until he gains strength to remount.

The training of the Kochlani is not so severe as is generally imagined, for the presence of water and abundant pasturage is absolutely necessary, in order to rear the animal in a proper manner. Not until the strength and muscles of the animal are developed is a trial permitted, and then it is truly a terrible one. When the mare—for the male animal is never ridden by the Arabs—has attained her full development, she is mounted for the first time, and ridden at full speed for fifty or sixty miles without respite. Hot and fainting, she is then forced into deep water, which compels her to swim, and if she does not feed freely immediately after this terrific trial, she is rejected as unworthy of being reckoned among the true Kochlani.

For the animals which will stand this terrible test the Arab has almost an idolatrous regard, and will oftentimes spare an enemy merely on account of his steed.

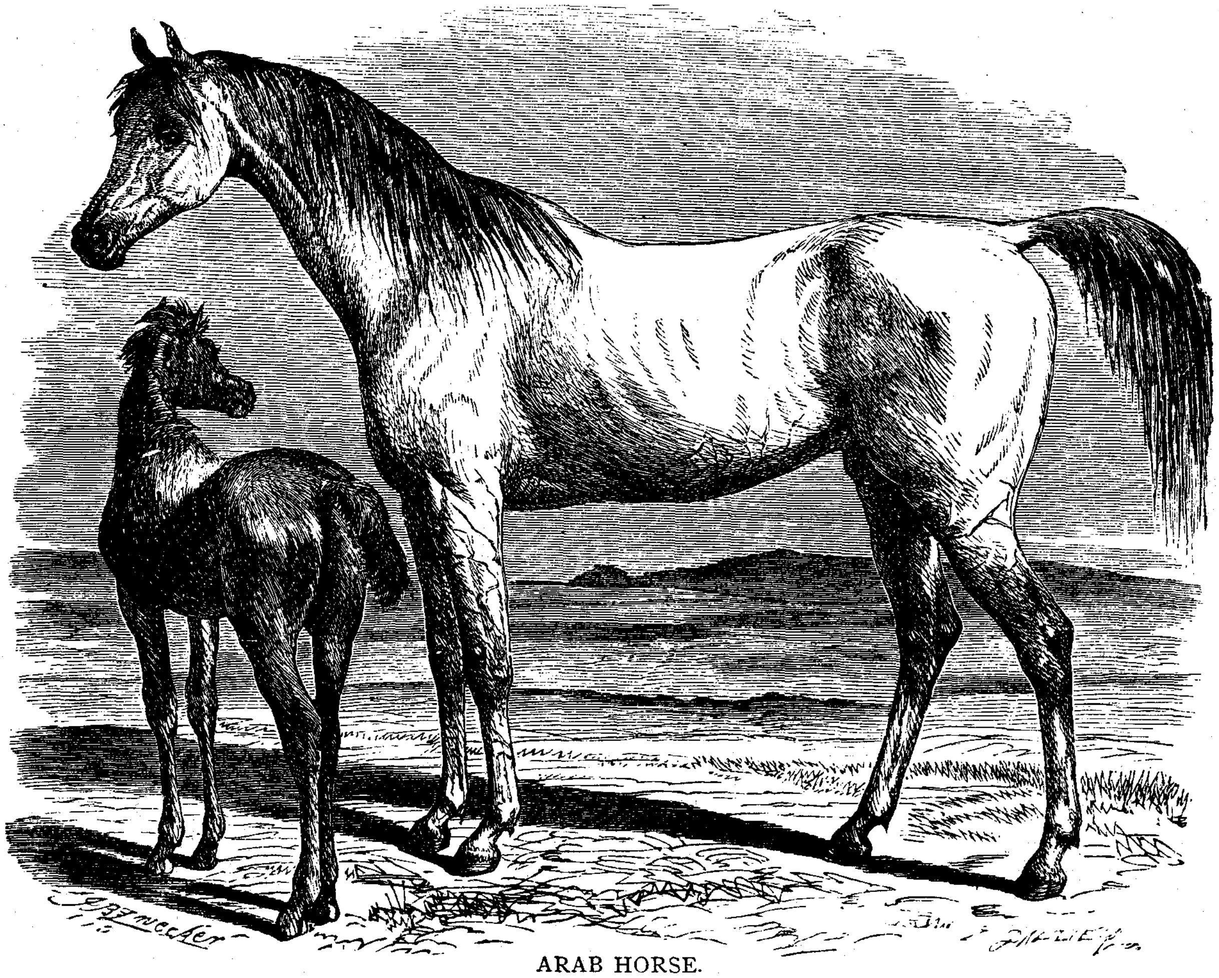
The RACEHORSE of England is, perhaps, with the exception of the foxhound, the most admirable example of the perfection to which a domesticated animal can be brought by careful breeding and training.

Whatever may have been its original source, the Racer has been greatly improved by the mixture of Arab blood, through the means of the Godolphin and Darley Arabians. The celebrated Horse Eclipse was a descendant, on the mother's side, of the Godolphin Arabian, that wonderful animal which was rescued from drawing a cart in Paris, and which was afterwards destined to play so important a part in regenerating the breed of English Racers. He was also descended, on his father's side, from the Darley Arabian. It is a remarkable fact, that both parents of this extraordinary animal were unappreciated by their owners; Marsk, his father, having been purchased for a mere trifle, and then permitted to run nearly wild in the New Forest. Spiletta, his mother, only ran one race, in which she was beaten; and Squirt, the father of Marsk, was actually saved by the intercession of a groom as he was being led to the slaughter-house.

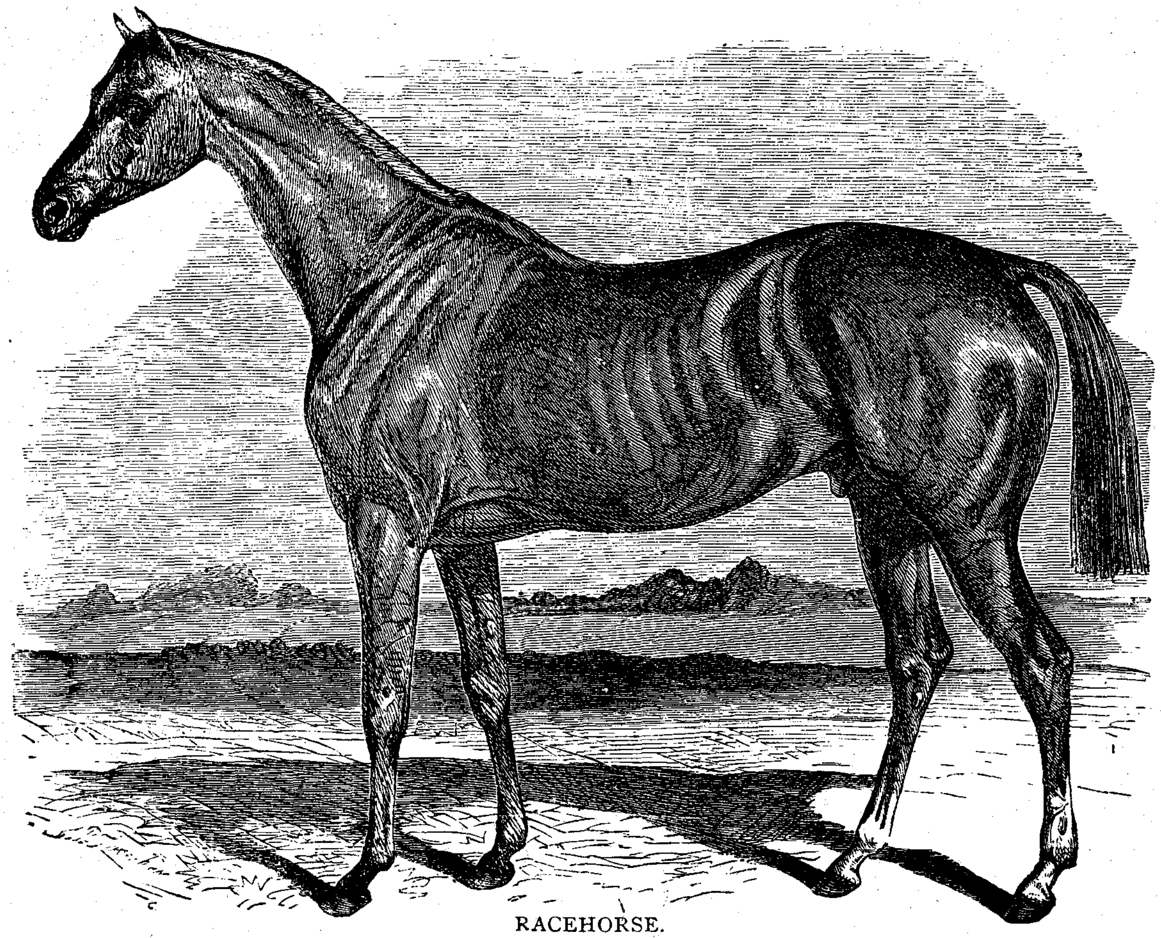
Eclipse was never beaten, and his racing career extended only through seventeen months, and in that short period of time he won more than twenty-five thousand pounds. At his last race he was obliged to walk over the course, as no one dared enter a Horse against him. Ten years after that event, his owner, Mr. O'Kelly, was requested to sell him, and demanded the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, and an annuity of five hundred pounds a year, together with six of his offspring yearly. When he died, in 1789, he was twenty-five years old, and had realized for his owner a princely fortune. His shape was very remarkable, the hinder quarters being considerably higher than the shoulders, and his breathing was so thick that it could be heard at a considerable distance. He was originally purchased for seventy-five guineas, at the death of the Duke of Cumberland, by whom he was bred.

Many thoroughbred Horses which are not suitable for the purposes of the turf are admirably adapted for the chase, and are trained for that purpose. The body of the Hunter should not be so long as that of the Racer, and requires greater compactness, in order that he may not fatigue himself by taking too long a stride over ploughed land. A comparatively large foot is required, in order to save it from being destroyed by the rapid alternation of soft and hard ground which the animal is obliged to traverse, and which would batter a small contracted foot to such an extent as to render the Horse useless. The low shoulders of Eclipse would be very injurious in a Hunter, on account of the numerous and trying leaps which it is often called upon to perform.

The best bred Horses are generally the most affectionate and docile, although their spirit is very high and their temper hot and quick. There are few animals which are more affectionate than a Horse, which seems to feel a necessity for attachment, and if his sympathies be not aroused by human means, he will make friends with the nearest living being. Cats are great favourites with Horses, and even the famous Chillaby, called, from his ferocity, the Mad Arabian, had his little friend in the shape of a lamb, which would take any liberties with him, and was accustomed to butt at the flies as they came too near his strange



ARAB HORSE.



RACEHORSE.

ally. The Godolphin Arabian was also strongly attached to a cat, which usually sat on his back or nestled in the manger. When he died, the cat pined away and soon followed her loved friend.

These examples are sufficient to show that the ferocity of these animals was caused by the neglect or ignorance of their human associates, who either did not know how to arouse the affectionate feelings of the animal, or brutally despised and crushed them. The Horse is a much more intellectual animal than is generally supposed, as will be acknowledged by anyone who has possessed a favourite Horse and treated it with uniform kindness.

There is no need for whip or spur when the rider and steed understand each other, and the bridle is reduced almost to a mere form, as the touch of a finger, or the tone of a voice, is sufficient to direct the animal. We are all familiar with the elephantine dray-horses that march so majestically along with their load of casks, and which instantaneously obey the singular sounds which continually issue from the throats of their conductors, and back, stop, advance, or turn to the right or left, without requiring the touch of a rein or the blow of a whip. The infliction of pain is a clumsy and a barbarous manner of guiding a Horse, and we shall never reap the full value of the animal until we have learned to respect its feelings, and to shun the infliction of torture as a brutal, a cowardly, and an unnecessary act. To maltreat a child is always held to be a cowardly and unmanly act, and it is equally cowardly and unworthy of the human character to maltreat a poor animal which has no possibility of revenge, no hope of redress, and no words to make its wrongs known. Pain is pain, whether inflicted on man or beast, and we are equally responsible in either case.

As an unprejudiced observer, with no purpose to serve, and without bias in either direction, I cannot here refrain from observing, that Mr. Rarey's method of bringing the Horse under subjection is a considerable step in the right direction, and a very great improvement on the cruel and savage method which is so often employed by coarse and ignorant men, and truly called "breaking." Having repeatedly witnessed the successful operations of that gentleman in subduing Horses that had previously defied all efforts, I cannot be persuaded that it is a cruel process. The method by which it is achieved is now sufficiently familiar, and I will only observe that the idea is a true and philosophical one. The Horse is mostly fierce because it is nervous; and bites and kicks, not because it is enraged, but because it is alarmed. Restore confidence, and the creature becomes quiet, without any desire to use its hoofs and teeth in an aggressive manner. It is clearly impossible to do so as long as the animal is at liberty to annihilate its teacher, and the strap is only used until the Horse is convinced that the presence of a human form, or the touch of a human hand, has nothing of the terrible in it. Confidence soon takes the place of fear, and the animal seems to receive its teacher at once into its good graces, following him like a dog, and rubbing its nose against his shoulder.

Bob-Tales

(Continued from page 39)

The screams became delirious, maddening. Men knocked one another's hats off and beat each over the back as the Kentucky colt closed on the mare, passing her at the 100-yard post. He won by two lengths and the Darby crowd stood in awe, too shocked to express their displeasure at losing.

Twice more during his racing life, Darby ran against Blaze and beat her both times, always coming on in a whirlwind finish after trailing *a la* Silky Sullivan of a more recent era.

He raced horses from New Orleans, from St. Louis, from Kentucky and from just about every part of the country and he never lost a race. He was retired to stud in 1863 and died in 1877 at the ripe old age of twenty-three.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

By VADA F. CARLSON

WHEN THE Chicago and North Western Railway completed its line from Casper to Lander, Wyoming, in the fall of 1906, stagecoaching in that area died. The old-time stage drivers, a colorful, courageous and capable lot whose wry sense of humor had given them the fortitude to deal gently with the exasperating greenhorns they often carried as passengers, were set adrift. But their adventures were not forgotten.

One old-timer named Murphy on the Casper-Lander line almost lost stage, horses and passengers one day because of a tenderfoot. Inside the coach were five passengers: a saloonkeeper and his attractive wife; a pretty schoolma'am from Philadelphia; a gambler; and an elderly trader who was remarkably miserly. On top, sharing the seat with Murphy, was a terrified tenderfoot; behind him, in a cage tied to the coach, were two monkeys which the saloonkeeper had purchased in Casper for the amusement of his patrons.

The stage left Casper and made good time until the driver started the four-horse team down a hill about twenty miles out of town. Something frightened the horses and they bolted.

"Whoa!" yelled Murphy, sawing on the lines, not at all worried about ultimately bringing the team under control.

The tenderfoot, clinging for dear life to the seat, unfortunately decided to help. Grabbing one set of lines, he hauled back on them so powerfully that he swung the lead team around. The stage left the road, bouncing and rocking, and the team straddled a telephone pole. The passengers were tossed out into the sagebrush.

The saloonkeeper was the first to recover. Staggering to his feet, he dazedly began shouting, "Where are my monkeys? Where are my monkeys?" Finding them safe—though frightened—he remembered his wife and revived her.

The tightwad was the worst injured of the lot. Still semi-conscious, he mumbled, "Oh, Lord, please watch after my money," when a few coins slid from his pocket as Murphy attempted to move him.

"I knew that'd bring you to, you old reprobate," Murphy snorted. His comments to the tenderfoot, however, were never recorded.

In those early days, the fare was $15.00 from Casper to Lander. Drivers received a better salary than cashiers in the banks. In addition to the Casper-Lander line, the Utah-Nevada Stage Lines carried mail and passengers from Rawlins to Lander, Wolcott to Encampment, Cora to Opal, and Meeteetsee to Greybull.

Men along the Cora-Opal route developed a habit of riding a saddle horse into town, then asking the stage driver to lead their mount back to the ranch while they proceeded by rail to some distant point. The drivers finally rebelled and began charging $1.50 for this service, to the indignation of some of their customers.

"If I'd a-knowed you was goin' to charge fer it," one cowboy drawled, "I'd a-paid the full fare and let the poor hoss ride!"

THE WORST place along the Lander-Rawlins route was Smash-Up Hill—later called Beaver Hill. The descent was so steep the drivers were forced to rough-lock their rear wheels and slide down the hog-back. Occasional upsets occurred. It was especially difficult to negotiate at night or during snowstorms so drivers usually gave passengers the option of walking down the grade if they preferred not to take a chance in the coach.

Two young Scotsmen were passengers on the Casper-Lander stage one hot, dusty June day a few months before the railroad put the stage lines out of business. The road had been built as far as Moneta at that time and the lads got off there and boarded the stage for the remainder of the journey to Lander, where they had obtained a job herding sheep.

With them inside the coach were a very large lady and a milk salesman. Three other male passengers were riding on top with the driver.

They reached Arapahoe, then a stage station, in time for supper. While they ate a snack, fresh horses were brought from the barns and hitched to the stagecoach. Lander was the next stop and the driver displayed his eagerness to get home by giving the horses their heads. They were careening down Snavely Lane when the driver's seat, with the driver and seatmate in it, tore loose and plummeted to the side of the road.

With no driver holding the lines, the frightened horses broke into a full run. The topside passengers abandoned ship. The salesman and one of the Scots followed suit.

"What shall we do?" screamed the large lady, clinging to the other frightened Scotch boy.

"Don't jump! You'd be killed!" he shouted back.

When the team showed no signs of slackening its pace, the lady gathered up her skirts and jumped. The boy was only a second behind her.

The little mountain town of Lander was thrown into a panic when the team came thundering down the street minus driver and passengers. Horses were hitched to a buckboard and a rescue party set out immediately. They found the chagrined driver and all his passengers trudging unhurt along the road to town.

In spite of the rough terrain over which they traveled, and in spite of weather conditions that were at times all but unsurmountable, the stages did the growing West a great service. Accidents did happen, but they were surprisingly few, all things considered.

"Peggy" Doherty, one of the old drivers, wore a wooden leg and was minus several fingers as the result of a blizzard in the high country. One of his passengers froze to death in the

(Continued on page 49)

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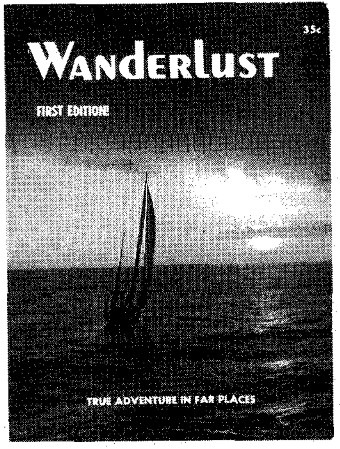

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King of the Hurricane Deck

Clayton Danks on Steamboat.

THERE ARE HORSES that are made to be ridden, there are horses that are made to work, but the horses that are made to be outlaws are the ones I remember the best, and the outlaw that won my undying respect and admiration was the king of the lot.

I guess you can guess the bronco I'm talking about—Steamboat, the most notorious of saddle broncs in my day, and some of my old time colleagues will contend of any day, and I'm of a notion to go along with them. Maybe I knew the bronc during its span of years better than anyone else living. That was 59 years ago, and today I'm pushing 81.

There were times when I was aboard Steamboat that I felt I knew just about every muscle in his well-padded body. He made my muscles ache until it seemed I could feel every one of them, too. You can't make that close an acquaintance with a bronc without forming some attachment for it, especially if your knowledge of him also helps put you in top money.

When the editors of Western Publications asked me to tell about Steamboat, I figured I wouldn't have any trouble describing his appearance or his weight, but man, what a time describing his gyrations. I don't even know if words have been coined that can do that.

TO BEGIN, he was a black, with three white legs. One foreleg was white and so were two hind legs. He had a small spot of white in the middle of his forehead with a long black mane and black tail. He was a big horse, standing about 15 hands high. Well muscled and weighing easily 1,160 pounds, he made a good subject for any artist's canvas, and plenty of western artists painted him, among them Till Goodin. I have two pictures done by her, one of my brother, myself, and a foreman who first induced us to ride Steamboat, showing us trying to subdue the bronc to put a saddle on him; the second shows this waddy trying to stay aboard him. These pictures are true in setting, every detail showing the country north of Laramie where I made my early rides aboard the black. The hills in the background are gray rimrocks, like the kind Russell, too, liked to paint.

That was the year 1903, and it was about my second or third introduction to Steamboat. He never forgot me from the first day we met until the last time I rode him. And I think in his stout heart he must have loved every tussle we ever had because he put everything he had into it.

I had ridden him before on the Dunn Ranch, but the first time he was only feeling me out. The second time he was in there pitching to throw me, and he almost got it done. The thing that I loved about his black hide was that he never quit trying. He never gave up hope of unseating me. That determination of his is what padded my pocket with gold, and I do mean gold. In those days, that's just what we received in payment. At the big Elk's Convention of 1906 held in Denver, Steamboat put $500 in gold in my pockets. That first money was big money for those days. It still sounds good to me, but I don't have one gold piece of it left.

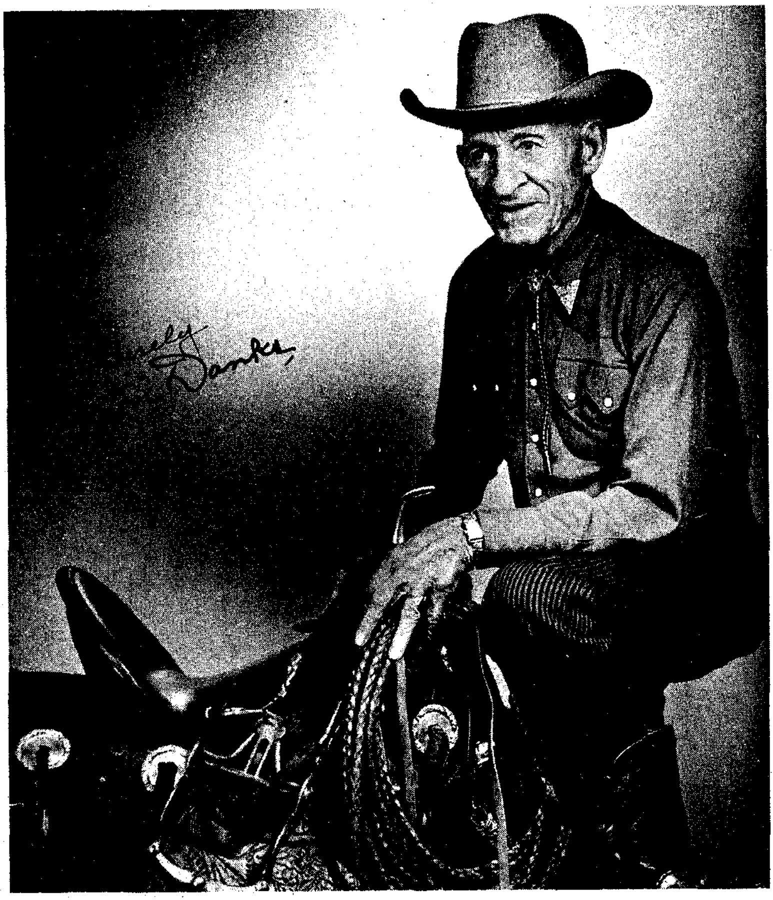
John Cobal was primarily responsible for making Steamboat the rodeo horse he was. John saw the gelding's great potential. So did foreman Sam More and no one had to twist my arm to make me see it.

After riding Steamboat that summer of 1903 on the Bosler Ranch north of Laramie, I tried him again two days before the Cheyenne Frontier Rodeo. I stuck him and that's when Johnny suggested I use Steamboat as my entry at Cheyenne.

To old timers, it's not necessary to explain that in those early days in rodeo you could bring your own entry. You took to the show the most ornery critter you could find and if you rode it, you hoped to place in the money. No, I didn't win first, nor did I mind losing to Guy Holt who rode a horse we labeled Young Steamboat because it came from the same string of horses the black did. And this gives me a chance to tell you of Steamboat's background.

HE WAS MORGAN with a sprinkling of mustang. The mare that foaled him was in a bunch of horses trailing out from Oregon through Wyoming. A telegrapher by the name of O. E. Foss bought the mares and it was from one of these that Steamboat was foaled. All I know is that George D. Rangford provided the stallions that serviced these mares, and they were hot bloods because Foss and Rangford were aiming at horses they could sell in New York as hackney horses, so both men had an eye to breeding for stamina and strength.

Steamboat had both stamina and strength, but he also had a heart that wouldn't bend to human handling; somewhere the mustang strain had crept in. He was never abused. That much I can swear to because my own brother was the first to handle him. Jimmie Danks broke horses, broke them well, and he wasn't mean to them. He found Steamboat easy to halter break, and he worked him as a four-year-old but right from



Clayton Danks

"If you could stay on him, he'd fill your pockets with gold!"

By CLAYTON DANKS as told to 'TANA MAC

the start, Steamboat resented anything on his back. After the first few times in the saddle, my brother had to give up for he couldn't stay with him anymore. I rode him the first time to see if I could stay on him, and I did, but the bronc was just learning then the gyrations he was later to perfect.

So Guy Holt won first at Cheyenne and I went on to other shows, but Johnny Cobal continued to show off Steamboat. He and Sam More, Two Bar foreman, took Steamboat to the Mountain and Plains Festival in Denver, and it was then that Cobal decided the horse would never do in any remuda. He gave him to the Elk's Lodge of Cheyenne, and it wasn't too long after that Charlie Irwin formed an attachment for the black. Irwin and his brother, Frank, put on the famed Cheyenne shows.

In my day, the greatest rodeo in the world was the Cheyenne Frontier Rodeo. It was there that world's championships were awarded. It was to my day what Madison Square Garden was to become to younger riders, or what Dallas, Texas, represents in rodeo today when its stages the World Series. But there was a big difference in rodeo then.

We had no chutes. A bronc was roped, pulled into the circle made by wagons, model A's and model T's, and people (eventually surrounded by fence, grandstands and an announcer's box). The horse was eared and blindfolded. The saddle was slapped on him and there was no time to take a measurement on the halter rein. You just jumped aboard, grabbed a tight seat, removed the blindfold and rode until your bronc quit. Just imagine what heart horses like Steamboat had to buck all that time, show in and out, and still never give up!

Remember, too, that those were the days when the back flank strap wasn't required. Horses weren't choked down. They were given fuller action. And a rider could whip his bronc over the eyes with his Stetson or quirt, and he could use a split buck rein if he wished. Sometimes, a rider didn't wear spurs. It's different today, and it will change tomorrow from what it is today. Ask any old timer and he will tell you that the broncs of today haven't the heart or the stamina of the horses of yesterday. He'll tell you it's because we are losing the mustang blood. He'll tell you it's because the wilderness is going out of the country. And the days of the coach horses, whose blood crossed with the mustang represented dynamite, are gone.

STEAMBOAT was dynamite. Steamboat was a self-propelled trajectory. He was a kite that turned inside out and showed the rider the bottoms of four hooves. He was flying mane under you, and a projectile that put you halfway across the arena in four jumps. He was a volcanic eruption of sound as well as fury while he was doing it.

I live today in Lander, Wyoming, and people passing through this Wind River Indian Reservation country stop at my place to ask me about the old days and the bronc, Steamboat, that whistled through a broken cartilage. I tell them all the same, that the greatest bronc I ever knew or ever rode was that black gelding.

I saw Midnight buck, but I never rode him because he came after my day when I was serving as a rodeo judge, so how hard he was to stay I'll never know. But I knew and rode a lot of great bucking horses, and I judged scores of rodeos for years after my retirement from active participation. Remember, too, that I went with the Irwin Brothers Wild West Show, and those men had the tops in bucking horses. I began contesting in 1899 and I stayed with it until 1914. I served for twenty years after that as a rodeo judge. I was a judge at Cheyenne from 1908 to 1920, of which I'm mighty proud. I tallied all the great riders of those years, Pete and Harry Knight, Earl Thode, Guy Holt, Harry Walters, Stub Albert Farrow, Bobby Askins, Paddy Ryan, Sam Scoville, Lee Miner and many others, and I tallied all the great horses, but I still maintain Steamboat was king of them all.

In my own day, there were tough broncs and I haven't forgotten them, and I stayed with all of them but one. There was Sand Creek, and Rocking Chair, I Be Damn, Teddy Roosevelt, Millbrook, Yellow Fever, Airplane, Archbishop and others, and old timers who rode them or rode at them will remember and credit them. But Steamboat was in a class by himself.

I won the saddle bronc riding championship on Steambooat at Denver in 1906, and that same year I took first laurels on him at Laramie. Steamboat put me in first money at Douglas and at Ogden, and in 1909 I won first on him at Lander, now my home town. But my favorite ride on him I suppose was at Cheyenne in 1907, possibly my favorite because I wanted in the worst way to win a World's Championship. Steamboat put me there.

GOING INTO the semi-finals I rode Millbrook and he did a fine job, so I was up for the finals. I knew of only one horse who could make me win from there on in. Remember, I had been contesting at Cheyenne since 1899. Seven years had elapsed, and if I missed this time, I'd have twelve more long months to wait to try my luck again. Sometimes it's bad to want a title too bad—you try too hard. Yet that day I was relaxed. I had a feeling I was going to make one of the best rides of my life, and that Steamboat was going to help me.

When I went into the arena, I had a lot of backing from my friends. They kidded me, and shouted advice, and somehow the tension was gone and I had a devil-may-care attitude. I put my saddle on Steamboat just the way I cinched it on if I were going for a ride over the prairie to inspect cattle. It was loose, thereby giving him chance for plenty of play. That's the way I always rode, with a fairly loose cinch that didn't choke a horse down. I think Steamboat felt good that day, too, for he gave it everything he had, and I gave it everything I had, and between the two of us, we won a World's Championship title. I was to win that title again in 1909, but somehow, that year meant the most to me, although in 1904 I'd won a title at Cheyenne in roping.

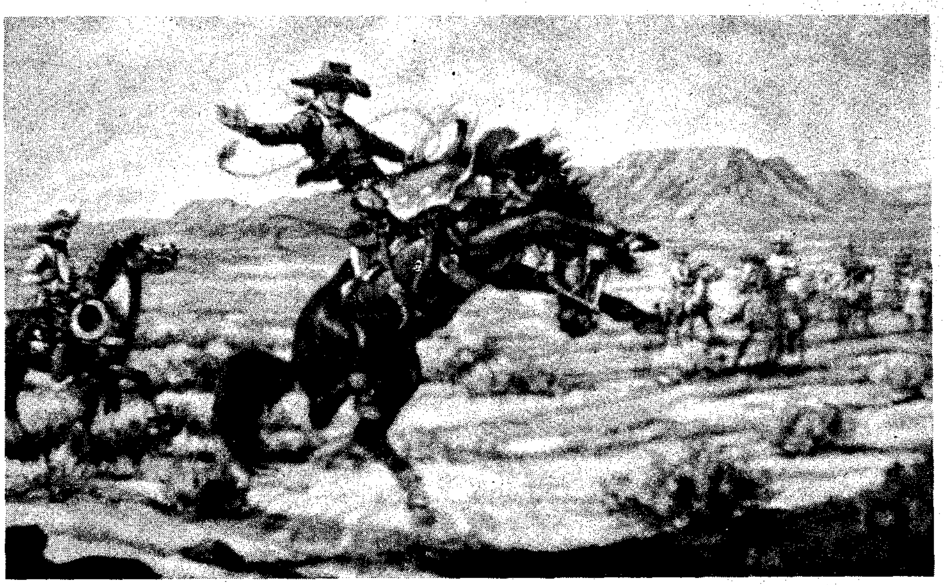
Don't let me give the impression I was the only bronc peeler to stay aboard Steamboat. Although he was one of the broncs ridden the fewest of times to a qualified finish, there were riders who tested his mettle and stuck with him.

One was Guy Holt who took first on him at Laramie in 1903 but who never rode him again. There were Paul Hansen and Art Acord. There was Dick Stanley, but the day Dick rode, the arena was deep in mud. There was Pecos William Carver who rode Steamboat in moccasins. My good friend, rodeo producer Frank Irwin, stayed with him two jumps. Frank Stone and Fred Bath rode him but both in one afternoon. There may be a few others, and there are a bunch of cowboys who say they rode him, but just between thee and me, where did they ride him, and how well? Give the horse conditions which are fair to him and then take into consideration the riders. It makes a small list.

When Steamboat's day was over, I think a part of rodeo ended for me, too. I missed that black beneath me the way you miss a partner who has grubstaked you for years. He became crippled in one leg from a wire cut. When he shattered that leg, he had to be shot. Something went out of my life with him. I guess people might say I'm just a sentimental fool, but I guess I knew where my bread was buttered.

When young cowboys today ask me how to go about becoming tops at saddle bronc riding, I give them the same advice given us when we were young, which is to ride everything that comes

Artist Till Goodin's portrayal of Danks on Steamboat.



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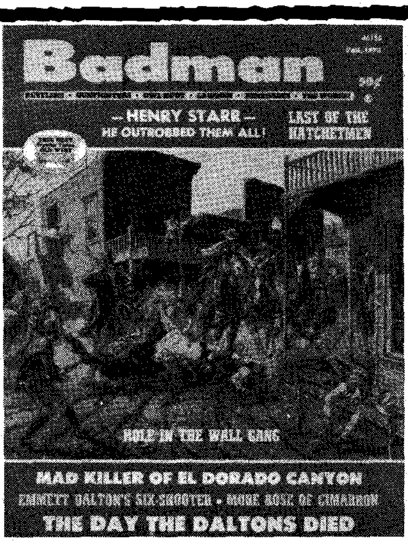

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along, not to ride only at rodeo, but to go out on the range where they can still top off range broncos. Don't be the type cowboy who rides a bucking horse two or three times a weekend in a rodeo, I tell them; be the type that can ride a hundred bucking horses in a seven-day week out on the range where there's no whistle nor pick-up men to end your contest. When you've become that kind of rider, son, you're ready for the suicide circuit because you've known a tougher one, the homicide beat of the prairie cowboy.

My wife, Marie, and I still go to rodeos. She was Marie Fitger, World's Champion relay rider. We often ride in the parade and the grand entry. We still think rodeo is tops, but we're not sorry we had our day when we did. If we hadn't lived then, we wouldn't have known Steamboat, and if I hadn't known that great old bronc, I'd have missed half the show that was rodeo.

The Paul Revere of Heppner

(Continued from page 41)

Leslie Matlock was never forgotten either. Until his death in 1958 he bore the title of the "Paul Revere of Heppner." He carried a gold-headed cane, inscribed: "Leslie Matlock. Presented by the People of Ione in grateful remembrance of Heroic Ride during Flood at Heppner, June 14, 1903."

The U. S. Army Corps of Engineers is now working on a reclamation project that may eliminate forever the nagging fear of another flood at Heppner. The threat is not yet over—a flash flood two years ago deposited silt on the main streets of Lexington and Ione, although little damage was done.

Chamber of Commerce Manager Wes Sherman, who also edits the venerable *Heppner Gazette-Times*, reports that things look promising for a flood control dam up Willow Creek some six miles above town.

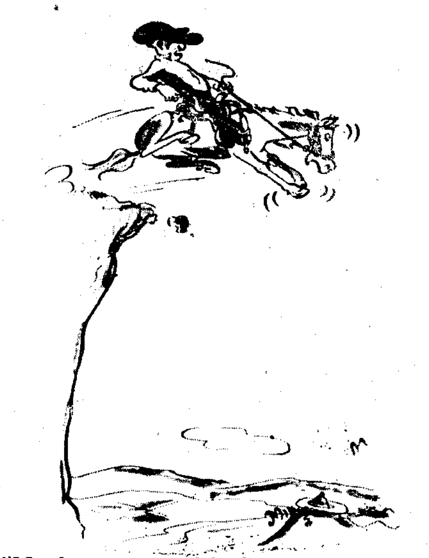
The dam may come and someday soon the last of the old-timers will go, but Oregon will never forget the great Heppner flood of 1903 or young Les Matlock, whose daring ride saved a valley of people.

Bob-Tales

(Continued from page 45)

drift-stalled stage and Peggy survived only by hanging to one of the tugs and allowing his team to drag him to the stage station.

Those old-time drivers would have been the first to jeer at any attempt to portray them as heroes. With them it was all in a day's work.

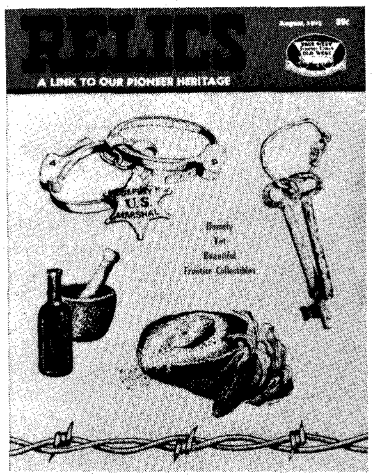


"Maybe next time I holler 'Whoa!' you'll stop!"

WHERE ARE THEY?

Those letters are still coming. One reader wrote that he found TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST covered up on nearly every newsstand he checked. He began digging them out and left them showing in a good spot on the newsstands. He said every copy sold as long as he kept them from being covered up by other magazines.

If the newsdealer (ask him please) doesn't carry them at all, be sure and let us know. If he does, but runs out in a few days we really need to know this.



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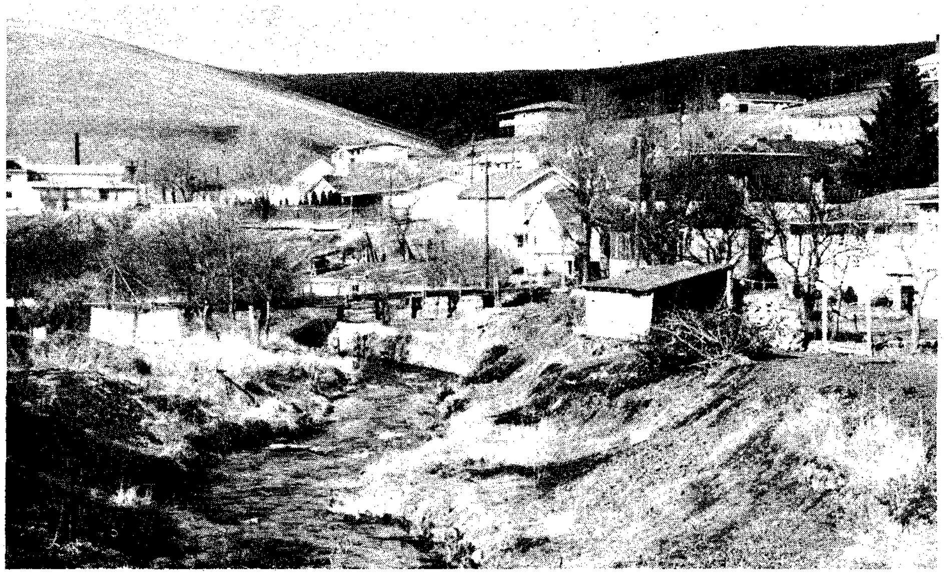
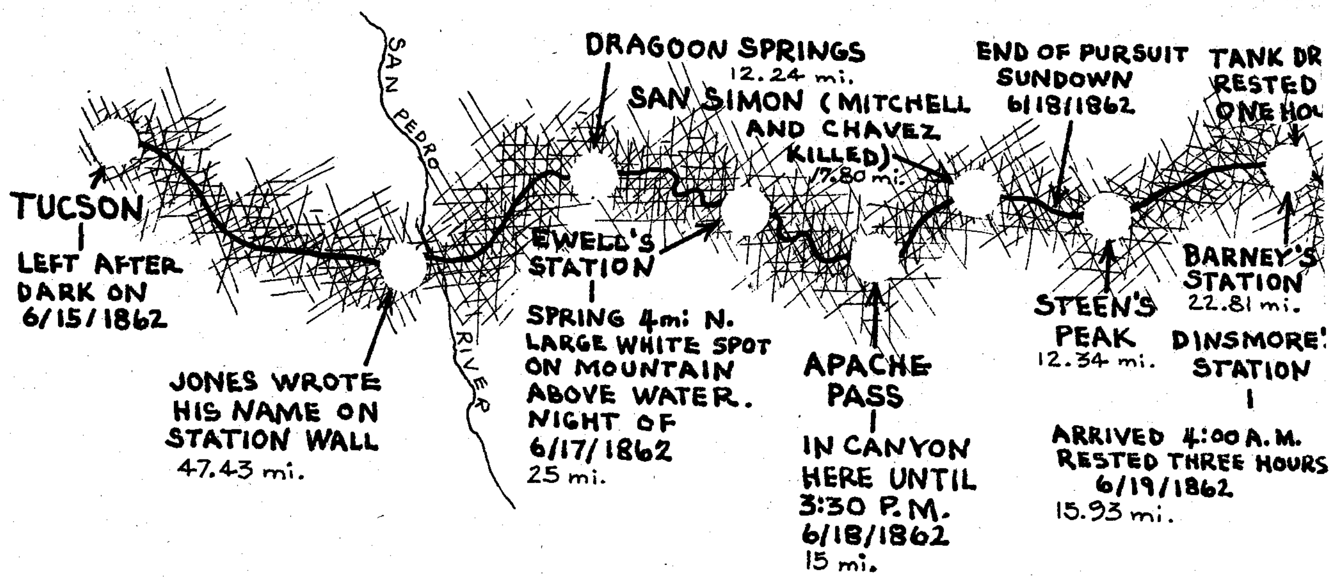
Heppner's Willow Creek, which brought the flood that took 247 lives in 1903.




SAN PEDRO RIVER
TUCSON
LEFT AFTER DARK ON 6/15/1862
JONES WROTE HIS NAME ON STATION WALL
47.43 mi.
DRAGOON SPRINGS
12.24 mi.
EWELL'S STATION
SPRING 4mi N. LARGE WHITE SPOT ON MOUNTAIN ABOVE WATER. NIGHT OF 6/17/1862
25 mi.
SAN SIMON (MITCHELL AND CHAVEZ KILLED)
17.80 mi.
APACHE PASS
IN CANYON HERE UNTIL 3:30 P.M. 6/18/1862
15 mi.
END OF PURSUIT SUNDOWN 6/18/1862
STEEN'S PEAK
12.34 mi.
TANK DR
RESTED ONE HOU
BARNEY'S STATION
22.81 mi.
DINSMORE'
STATION
ARRIVED 4:00 A.M. RESTED THREE HOURS 6/19/1862
15.93 mi.

EXPRESSMAN JONES

By HOMER WILKES

CIVILIAN EXPRESSMAN John Jones' presence was particularly colorless, but he was a confidant of the Commanding Officer, Column from California. Jones was reticent, seldom speaking unless spoken to, yet he seemed to enjoy relaxing around a campfire with a casual group.

Mister Jones was the least demanding person connected with the Column. Nevertheless, his equipment was the best, most practical available.

His height was five feet, three inches; weight, 135 pounds; eyes, grey; hair, almost auburn; complexion, fair.

John Jones, who never requested a special mount, was furnished the best animal obtainable when engaged in business. And his business was providing fast, reliable communication for the Army in a country devoid of a telegraph, and inhabited by hostile Indians.

Jones usually traveled alone; however, sometimes a cavalry escort was furnished. He always got through with messages. For all his seeming innocuousness, those who knew Jones did not doubt his courage. His pay was $125 a month.

Communication between Colonel James H. Carleton, Commanding Officer, Column from California, and Brigadier General Edward R. S. Canby, Commanding General, Department of New Mexico, was imperative. Canby had to be informed of the occupation of Tucson on May 20, 1862 by the Column from California, and of the Column's continuing eastward march.

After thorough planning, Lieutenant Colonel Joseph R. West, commander of both First California Volunteer Infantry and the advance striking force of the California Column, sent Expressman Jones; Sergeant Wheeling, F Company, First California Volunteer Infantry; and a reliable Mexican named Chavez to New Mexico.

Jones would, on accomplishing the mission, continue expressman's duties. Wheeling, who would travel disguised as a civilian, would gather both friendly and enemy information for Colonel Carleton. Senor Chavez would be the guide, for, of the three, he alone was familiar with the country east of Tucson.

THE TRIO started after dark on June 15, 1862. Jones rode an excellent brown mare mule. Each man rode a mule and led a pack mule. Two-thirds of the cargo was barley for the mules; one-third was extra ammunition, mesquite bean pinole, jerky, and miscellanea for the men.

Jones and Wheeling carried duplicate copies of an order placing the territory under martial law, a letter Confederates were expected to read in event of capture, and a secret document.

The secret document (a single sheet of paper) was rolled small and inserted into a revolver cylinder in place of a bullet.

All three men carried Navy Colt six-shooters. Jones carried an 1856 model Sharps carbine. Wheeling was armed with an 1859 model Sharps rifle. Both Jones and Wheeling used linen cartridges treated with nitre. Senor Chavez carried an old muzzle loading, percussion rifle.

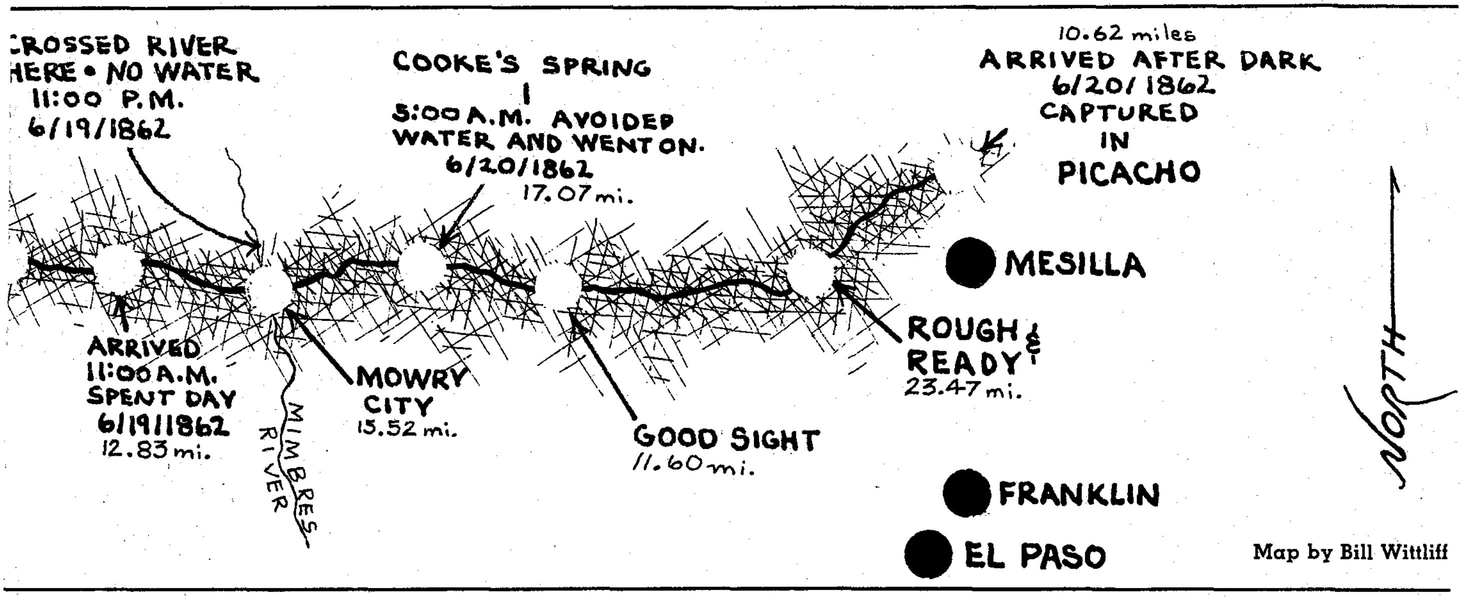
At daylight the party halted at San Pedro Stage Station for two hours to rest the animals, and eat breakfast of cold pinole and jerky. Jones wrote his name on the outside wall of the station building.

After breakfast the men crossed the strong bridge over the San Pedro River, and headed east with Senor Chavez in the lead. Jones and Wheeling rode within supporting distance of both each other and their guide.

They left the river, traveled four miles through a pretty valley, then ascended a narrow canyon to the top of a mesa, and on to Dragoon Springs. The guide halted at a secluded spot fifteen miles east.

On June 17, 1862, the men went ten miles to the spring in the mountains four miles north of Ewell's Station, marked by a large white spot directly above the water. There they remained all night.

Tucson stage depot.


ROSSED RIVER
ERE • NO WATER
11:00 P.M.
6/19/1862
COOKE'S SPRING
5:00 A.M. AVOIDED WATER AND WENT ON.
6/20/1862
17.07 mi.
10.62 miles
ARRIVED AFTER DARK
6/20/1862
CAPTURED IN PICACHO
MESILLA
ARRIVED 11:00 A.M.
SPENT DAY
6/19/1862
12.83 mi.
MIMBRES RIVER
MOWRY CITY
15.52 mi.
GOOD SIGHT
11.60 mi.
ROUGH & READY
23.47 mi.
FRANKLIN
EL PASO
NORTH

Map by Bill Wittliff

What John Jones went through to deliver his message would have discouraged the very life out of most people . . .

The next day, Senor Chavez led the group seventeen miles over hilly and rocky terrain to a canyon seven miles east of Apache Pass. There they rested through the hot part of the day. They moved out again at 3:30 P.M.

The men started out of the canyon; they rode about five miles then saw, to the south, smoke signals ascending from a foothill ridge of the Chiricahuas.

JONES, expecting an attack, recommended they travel fast to get out of the brush and onto the plain. Five miles were covered at a fast trot, then they crossed the trail of eleven mounted Indians and seven Indians afoot, coming from Pinaleno and Dos Cabezos Mountains.

Senor Chavez suggested his companions close to 100 yards for more effective defense if they were ambushed. They trotted four miles more, then Senor Chavez' mule sensed "Indian." The mule became agitated, trembled, and tried to go left. The guide gave his mule its head. It promptly swerved left, followed by the other five mules.

The savages jumped from their hiding place in the brush to run about a quarter of a mile to the party's rear for their horses. Once mounted, the Indians approached at a run.

Wheeling, finding a defensive position, ordered, "Halt! Dismount, and tie mules!"

The sergeant estimated they were in no condition to flee. The mules, excited and frightened, rolled their eyes, snorted and pointed their ears toward the Apaches. One stepped on the guide's rifle which he had accidentally dropped, and broke the stock.

The party prepared to fight. Wheeling gave Senor Chavez his Sharps. The Mexican, not being familiar with the Lawrence Disc Primer, lost all the caps from the primer container. He also sustained a musket ball in the right hip. Next, the pack mules broke loose and stampeded, pursued by ten of the mounted Indians.

"Mount!" ordered Wheeling, who wanted to get away before the Indians returned from chasing the mules.

Jones and Wheeling helped the wounded guide to mount, then just as all were astride, Wheeling's mule pitched and threw him.

The guide, pale from loss of blood and faint from pain, said, "I cannot ride."

Jones dismounted, and helped Senor Chavez down. All three men tied their mules again. Jones now became much concerned, for the Indians had returned from the mule chase and all the Apaches were crawling closer.

Jones said to Wheeling, "Our only chance is to mount and make a rush."

"My friends, do not leave me to the Apaches, please!" Chavez implored.

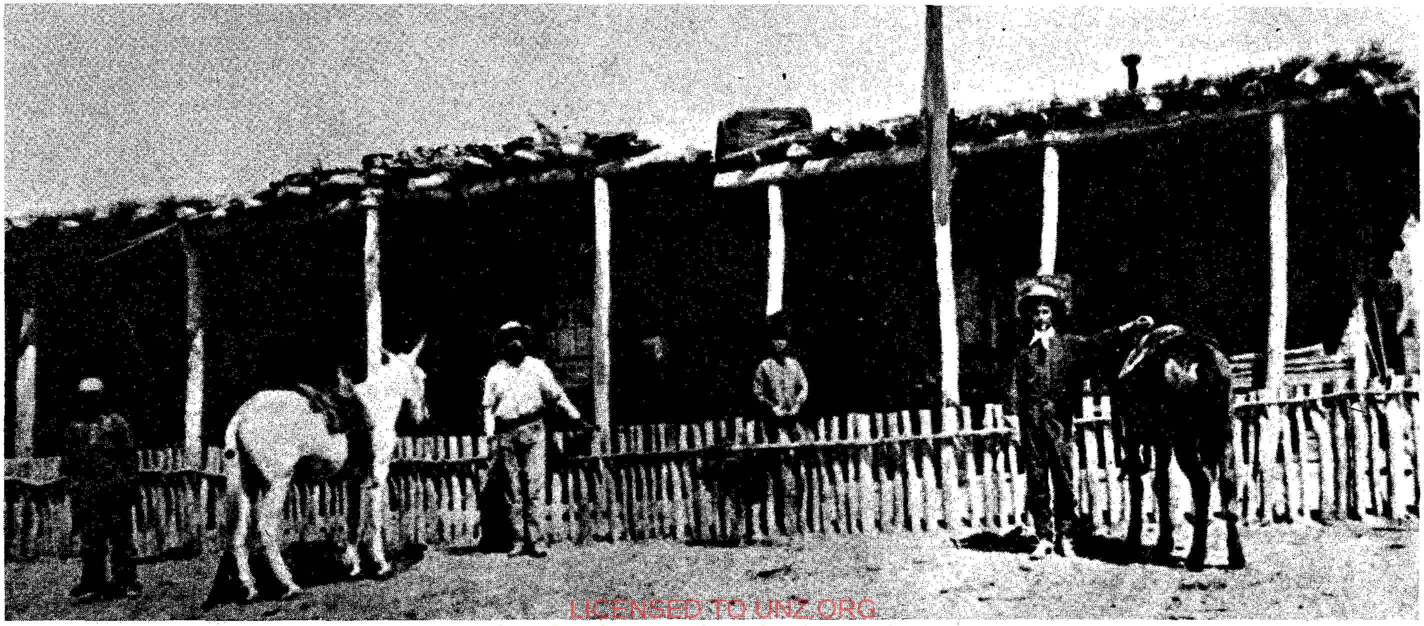
"We cannot even save ourselves," replied Jones.

The gallant Mexican started performing the Perfect Act of Contrition.

(Continued on page 54)

Photos Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

An old Arizona stage station.



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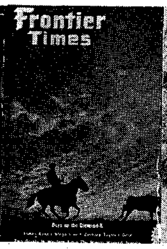
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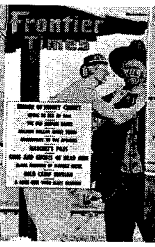
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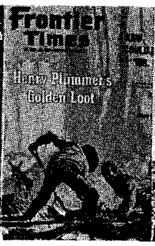
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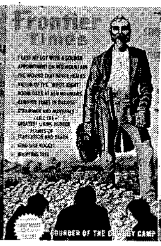
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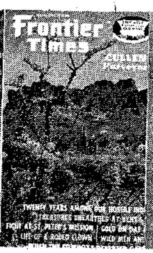
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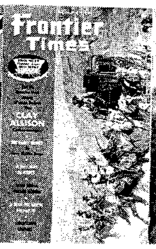
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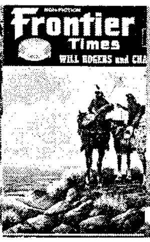
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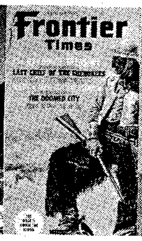
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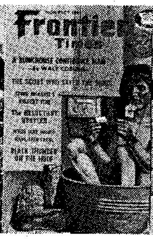
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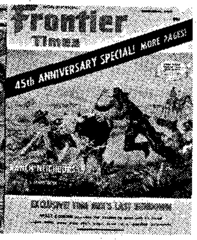
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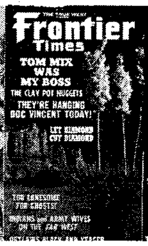
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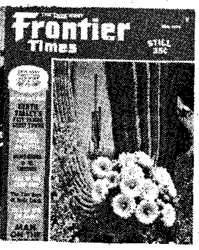
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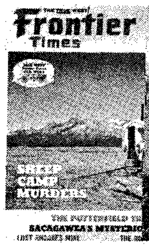
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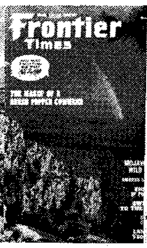
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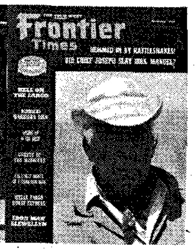
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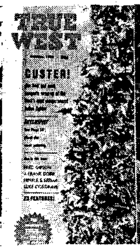
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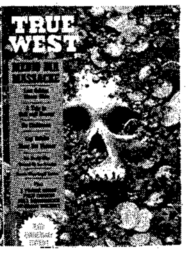
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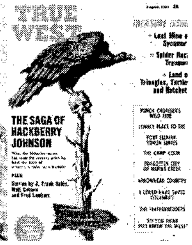
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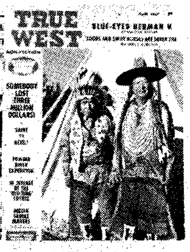
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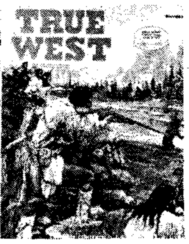
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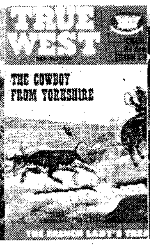
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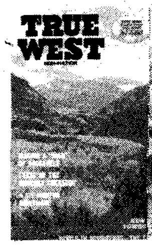
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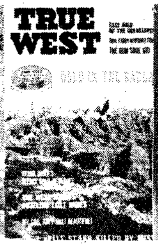
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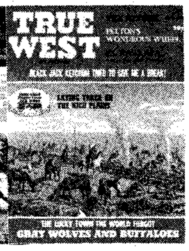
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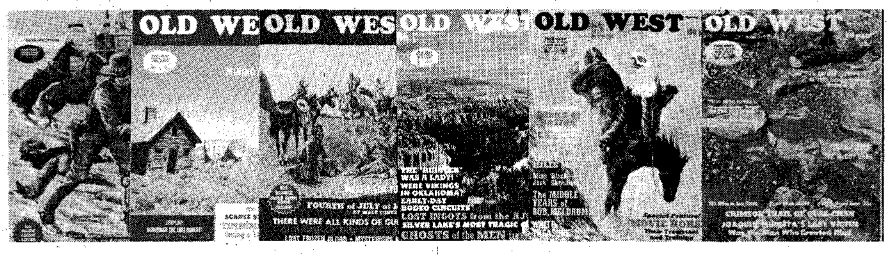

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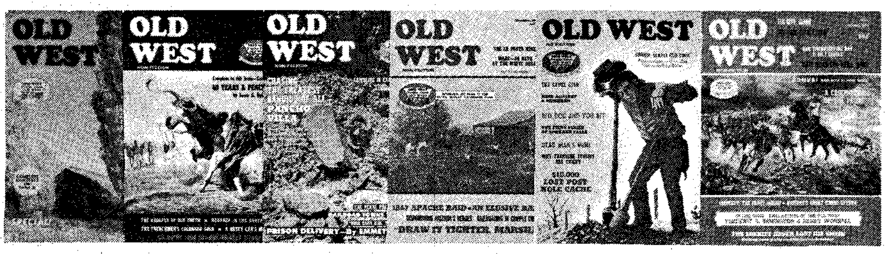

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Expressman Jones

(Continued from page 51)

WHEELING and Jones mounted and made a run for it. The sergeant never got out from among the Indians. He was shot from the saddle, an arrow piercing his left side. His mule fled, panic-stricken, south.

Eleven Apaches on horses followed Jones. One Indian yelled in English, repeatedly, "Now let's have a race!"

Several savages acknowledged, "Mucha buena mula! Mucho bravo Americano!"

Wheeling's mule's reason returned after he realized no Indians followed. He saw Jones galloping east and changed direction until his course paralleled Jones'.

Jones' mule, though terrified, responded to his commands for she realized her rider knew exactly what he was doing. He held her in, keeping just beyond arrow range.

One Indian, urging his pony forward to effective range, prepared to fire an arrow. Jones pulled up the instant the arrow was fired. Arrow and Indian continued at full speed. The arrow missed.

The expressman aimed his Colt, shot the Indian in the side, slacked rein, and galloped east again.

The mule focused one eye on the nearest Apache. Another Apache closed to arrow range only to receive the same treatment as the first who had got too close. Jones shot him in the shoulder.

Wheeling's mule gradually came alongside and Jones got hold of its halter shank. He figured escape odds were now in his favor.

The pace, after an hour of flight, slackened to a trot. The Apaches were determined, however, and six savages pursued until sundown.

Jones was in sight of Steen's Peak (also spelled Stein's Peak) when the chase ended. He was in unfamiliar territory, but he was not lost. From listening to numerous conversations he had obtained a description of the country between Tucson and the Rio Grande. He knew the landmark of each abandoned stage station, and the probable locations of both grass and water on his route.

There was no water at Steen's Station, but Indians might think he would stop, so Jones left the road, bypassing the site. East of the station, he returned to the road and traveled at a walk toward Barney's Station twenty-two miles east.

Jones reached there at midnight and found the earth tank dry. (1862, until July 11, was the driest in that part of the country in thirty years.) Jones reckoned he was safe, for he had not seen Indian fire signals.

Jones searched east of the station, and found some scant evidence of grass. He unsaddled both mules. Wheeling's he hobbled, his own he staked. He would rest the animals one hour. Jones worried about water, for the mules were very thirsty.

Both canteens were full, so Jones divided the water from one canteen between the mules, watering them from his hat.

The gaunt beasts consumed their share in a few moments, then looked at him expectantly as if he had the power to strike a rock with his carbine butt and produce a gushing stream. The experience was as bad as though he had not watered them at all.

JONES PICKED UP both saddles and moved away from the mules. In

Wheeling's valise he found one pound of jerky to supplement his own food supply. The mules begged for water when Jones drank. He had to scold them to prevent their braying. Jones reflected he had lost $84 in cash and nearly all his pinole in the battle and flight.

June 19, 1862, 1:00 A.M.—Jones started east on Wheeling's mule, leading his own. The pace was a fast walk. In three hours he reached Dinsmore's Station where there was no water but where there was grass. Jones rested the mules three hours.

At 7:00 A.M. Jones mounted his own mule, and resumed the journey. He wanted to reach Cow Springs, a distance of thirteen miles, for water was abundant there and his mules' flanks were drawn.

Jones let the animals take their own time through the pass about four miles east of Dinsmore's. He reached Cow Springs at 11:00 A.M.

The mules smelled water a mile from the station. Jones dismounted, and tied the animals to bushes. The beasts fretted while Jones reconnoitered afoot.

First, he climbed a small hill and searched the area for half an hour. All was peaceful. Then, he cut for sign on the road east of the station and on a trail leading north, but he found neither human nor horse tracks.

Jones returned to the mules, mounted, and approached the station. He watered the mules. Next, he led the mules into the station building and unsaddled. Jones walked to some grass half a mile from the station and cut a blanket load.

He could not escape if attacked for the animals were exhausted, therefore Jones stayed in the station the remainder of the day. It was a stone building with a chimney-shaped cupola on the roof. He prepared to fight from the chimney.

The expressman sat in the chimney eating pinole. He wondered if Wheeling had fired his revolver to destroy the secret document in its cylinder, and he regretted he had had to leave the brave Senor Chavez to his fate. He wondered if Indians would attack. He relied on the mules to smell either Indians or horses before he detected them himself. One moment he was scanning to the west. The next moment he was sleeping like a baby.

THE MULES roused their master at 5:00 P.M. They had eaten all the grass and wanted more. Jones looked the area over good, then trudged out to cut another load.

He also watered the animals, but hurried them into the building again as soon as they had taken the first drink. After dark Jones allowed them to have their fill of water.

While the mules drank, Jones filled his hat with water, pulled his shirt off over his head, and washed in his hat. He combed his hair and placed his dripping hat on his head. Afterward, he drank all the water he could hold. Jones felt wonderfully refreshed.

The expressman filled both canteens then, mounting the mare mule, started east again. He now approached country in which he might meet Confederate patrols.

At 11:00 P.M., about one mile west of Mimbreno River Station, the mules' actions indicated there were animals ahead. Jones took the right-hand fork of the road.

Half a mile farther, at some willows by a low cliff, the road forked again. At the willows, Jones turned south toward the lower crossing at Mowry City where, according to reports, there always was water.

A typical Arizona stage station in the 1870s. This one was at Maricopa Wells.

There was a Confederate picket at Mowry City but the soldiers were not alert. Jones discovered them and detoured around their post. There was no water at lower crossing.

Jones continued east toward Cooke's Spring at a slow walk. The mules had suffered much. Their ribs had begun to show. At 5:00 A.M., June 20, 1862, Jones approached Cooke's Spring which was situated on a hill at the eastern end of Cooke's Canyon, seventeen miles east of Mimbreno River. There was water at the spring; there also was smoke. A Confederate patrol was engaged in cooking breakfast. He had to avoid the water, and go on.

The man's fear of Indians decreased as he penetrated Confederate territory and he was confident of his ability to outwit Secesh soldiers. Upon finding grass some distance off the road a couple of miles from Cooke's Spring, Jones rested his haggard animals one hour.

At 7:00 A.M. Jones continued east riding Wheeling's animal, and leading his own. He passed Good Sight at 11:00 A.M. The Wheeling mule threw a shoe, and became disabled. Jones changed to the mare, hid the extra equipment, and abandoned the lame, weary beast.

THE HEAT began to bother Jones as he made his way toward Rough and Ready Station, about twenty-four miles from Good Sight. He placed a smooth pebble in his mouth to assuage thirst. He reached Rough and Ready, which boasted neither grass nor water, at 6:00 P.M.

The mule was very weak. Jones gave her the remaining water from the canteens, then made for Picacho, ten and a half miles distant. He walked and led the mule half the time.

Each time the expressman dismounted to walk, he experienced difficulty standing. He stumbled while walking and lacked proper control of his feet. The insides of Jones' thighs were numb. There seemed to be an invisible object about the size of a short yearling calf between his knees.

Each time Jones mounted, the saddle was so hot he rode standing in the stirrups the first few minutes. The sun seemed to roast his back. A change of position brought burning sensations as his shirt touched different parts of his body.

Jones approached Picacho after dark on June 20. The mule smelled water at three miles. Half a mile from the Rio Grande Jones tied the mule beneath a cottonwood tree and reconnoitered afoot. The mule lay down the instant Jones was out of sight. He found a sedentary Indian rancheria. Jones attempted to shout, "Olle, Americano" to announce his presence. He barely whispered the words.

The occupants of the place were Confederate pickets. Jones was captured; he was found to be exhausted, half delirious, and very dirty.

A Mexican Union man, ostensibly a teamster, was present at the capture. The Mexican found an opportunity to converse with Jones. Briefly, the expressman informed the Mexican of the contents of the unclassified documents he had carried, adding that Lieutenant Colonel Edward E. Eyre's First California Volunteer Cavalry could be expected at Mesilla about the 4th of July.

That night the Mexican departed on a good horse for the headquarters of Colonel John M. Chivington, Commanding Officer, District of Southern New Mexico. Thus did Expressman John Jones get the message pertaining to the Column from California to General Canby.

Jones got away from the Confederates, and wrote an after-action report dated July 22, 1862.

A letter dated February 25, 1864, contains the last mention of Expressman John Jones. At that time he was still employed by the Federal Government as an expressman.

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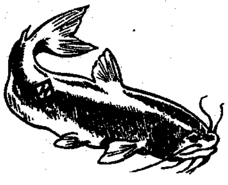

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Midget, the Return Horse

(Continued from page 13)

Then, too often his owner blames him for the delay, and for a time gives him only half-feed to "teach him not to fool along." Generally the return horse must also be a good snow horse, able to flounder and willing to make his way through deep drifts. He may be thirsty on a warm day, but he must go all the way home before having a drink. Often, in winter, he is turned loose at night on some bleak height to go back over a lonely trail, a task which he does not like. Horses, like most animals and like man, are not at ease when alone. A fallen tree across the trail or deepened snow sometimes makes the horse's return journey a hard one. On rare occasions, cinch or bridle gets caught on a snag or round his leg, and cripples him or entangles him so that he falls a victim to the unpitying mountain lion or some other carnivorous animal.

I have never met a return horse without stopping to watch it as far as it could be seen. They always go along with such unconscious confidence and quiet alertness that they are a delight to behold. Many good days I have had in their company, and on more than one occasion their alertness, skill, and strength have saved me either from injury or from the clutches of that great white terror, the snow-slide.

The February morning that I rode "Midget" out of Alma began what proved to be by far the most delightful association that I have ever had with a return horse, and one of the happiest experiences with nature and a dumb animal that has ever come into my life.

I was in government experiment work as "State Snow Observer," and wanted to make some observations on the summit peaks of the "Twelve Mile" and other ranges. Midget was to carry me far up the side of these mountains to the summit of Hoosier Pass. A heavy snow had fallen a few days before I started out. The wind had drifted most of this out of the open and piled it deeply in the woods and gulches. Midget galloped merrily away over the wind-swept ground. We came to a gulch, I know not how deep, that was filled with snow, and here I began to appreciate Midget. It was necessary for us to go across this gulch. The snow was so deep and so soft that I dismounted and put on my snowshoes and started to lead Midget across. She followed willingly.

After a few steps, a flounder caused me to look back, and all I could see of Midget were her two little ears wriggling in the snow. When we reached the other side, Midget came out breathing heavily, and at once shook her head to dislodge the snow from her forehead and her ears. She was impatient to go on, and before I could take off my snowshoes and strap them on my back, she was pawing the ground impatiently, first with one little forefoot and then with the other. I leaped into the saddle and away we went again. We had a very pleasant morning of it.

About eleven o'clock I dismounted to take a picture of the snowy slope of Mt. Silverheels. Evidently Midget had never seen a Kodak. She watch with extraordinary interest the stand of the little three-legged affair upon the ground and the mounting of the small black box upon it. She pointed her ears at it; tilted her head to one side and moved her nose up and down. I moved away from her several feet to take the picture. She eyed the Kodak with such intentness that I invited her to come over and have a look at it. She came at once, turning her head and neck to one side to prevent the bridle-reins, which I had thrown upon the ground, from entangling her feet.

Once by me, she looked the Kodak and tripod over with interest, smelled of them, but was careful not to strike the tripod with her feet or to overturn it and the Kodak with her nose. She seemed so interested that I told her all about what I was doing—what I was taking a picture of, why I was taking it, and how long an exposure I was going to give it; and finally I said to her: "Tomorrow, Midget, when you are back in your stall in the barn at Alma, eating oats, I shall be on the other side of Mt. Silverheels, taking pictures there. Do you understand?" She pawed the ground with her right forefoot with such a satisfied look upon her face that I was sure she thought she understood all about it.

From time to time I took other pictures, and after the first experience Midget did not wait to be invited to come over and watch me, but always followed me to every new spot where I set the tripod and Kodak down, and on each occasion I talked freely with her and she seemed to understand and to be much interested.

SHORTLY after noon, when I was taking a picture, Midget managed to get her nose into my mammoth outside coat pocket. There she found something to her liking. It was my habit to eat lightly when rambling about the mountains, often eating only once a day, and occasionally going two or three days without food. I had a few friends who were concerned about me, and who were afraid I might some time starve to death. So, partly as a joke and partly in earnest, they would mail me a package of something to eat whenever they knew at what post office I was likely to turn up.

At Alma, the morning I hired Midget, the prize package which I drew from the post office contained salted peanuts. I did not care for them, but put them into my pocket. It was past noon and Midget was hungry. I was chattering away to her about picture taking when, feeling her rubbing me with her nose, I put my hand around to find that she was eating salted peanuts from my coat pocket. Midget enjoyed them so much that I allowed her to put her nose into my pocket and help herself, and from time to time, too, I gave her a handful of them until they were all gone.

Late in the afternoon Midget and I arrived at the top of Hoosier Pass. I told her to look tired and I would take her picture. She dropped her head and neck a little, and there on the windswept pass, with the windswept peaks in the background, I photographed her. Then I told her it was time to go home, that it was sure to be after dark before she could get back.

I tightened the cinches, fastened up the bridle-rein over the horn of the saddle, and told her to go. She looked around at me, but did not move. Evidently she preferred to stay with me. So I spoke to her sternly and said, "Midget, you will have to go home!" Without even looking around, she kicked up her heels and trotted speedily down the mountain and disappeared. I did not imagine that we would meet again for some time.

I went on, and at timberline on Mt. Lincoln I built a campfire and without bedding spent the night by it. The next day I climbed several peaks, took many photographs, measured many snowdrifts, and made many notes in my notebook. When night came on, I descended from the crags and snows into the woods, built a fire, and spent the night by it, sleeping for a little while at a time. Awakening with the cold, I would get up and revive my fire, and then lie down to sleep.

The next day a severe storm came on, and I was compelled to huddle by my fire all day, for the wind was so fierce and the snow so blinding that it would have been extremely risky to try to cross the craggy and slippery mountain summits. All that day I stayed by the fire, but that night, instead of trying to get a little sleep there, I crawled into a newly formed snowdrift, and slept soundly and quite comfortably in it until morning. Toward noon the storm ceased, but it had delayed me a day. I had brought with me only a pound of raisins, and had eaten these during the first two days. I felt rather hungry, and almost wished I had saved some of the salted peanuts that I had given Midget, but I felt fresh and vigorous, and joyfully made my way over the snowy crest of the continent.

Late that night I came into the mining town of Leadville. At the hotel I found letters and a telegram awaiting me. This telegram told me it was important for me to come to the Pikes Peak National Forest at the earliest possible moment.

AFTER a light supper and an hour's rest, I again tied on my snowshoes, and at midnight started to climb. The newly fallen snow on the steep mountainside was soft and fluffy. I sank so deeply into it and made such slow progress that it was late in the afternoon of the next day before I reached timberline on the other side. The London mine lay a little off my course, and knowing that miners frequently rode return horses up to it, I thought that by going to the mine I might secure a return horse to carry me back to Alma, which was about thirteen miles away. With this in mind, I started off in a hurry.

In my haste I caught one of my webbed shoes on the top of a gnarly, stormbeaten tree that was buried and hidden in the snow. I fell, or rather dived, into the snow, and in so doing broke a snowshoe and lost my hat. This affair delayed me a little, and I gave up going to the mine, but concluded to go to the trail about a mile below it, and there intercept the first return horse that came down. Just before I reached the trail, I heard a horse coming.

As this trail was constantly used, the snow was packed down, while the untrampled snow on each side of it lay from two to four feet deep. Seeing that this pony was going to get past before I could reach the trail, I stopped, took a breath, and called out to it.

When I said, "Hello, Pony," the pony did not hello. Instead of slackening its pace, it seemed to increase it. Knowing that this trail was one that Midget often had to cover, I concluded as a forlorn hope to call her name, thinking that the pony might be Midget. So I called out, "Hello, Midget!" The pony at once stopped, looked all around, and gave a delighted little whinny. It was Midget! The instant she saw me, she tried to climb up out of the trail into the deep snow where I was, but I hastened to prevent her.

Leaping down by her side, I put my arm around her neck, and told her that I was very glad to see her, and that I wanted to ride to Alma. Her nose found its way into my coat pocket. "Well, Midget, it is too bad. Really, I was not expecting to see you, and I haven't a single salted peanut, but if you will just allow me to ride this long thirteen miles into Alma, I will give you all the salted peanuts that you can eat. I am tired, and would very much like to have a ride. Will you take me?"

She at once started to paw the snowy trail with a small forefoot, as much as to say, "Hurry up!"

I took off my snowshoes, and without waiting to fasten them on my back, jumped into the saddle. In a surprisingly short time, and with loud stamping on the floor, Midget carried me into the livery barn at Alma.

When her owner saw a man in the saddle he was angry, and reminded me that it was unfair and illegal to capture a return horse; but when he recognized me, he at once changed his tone, and became friendly when I told him that Midget had invited me to ride. He said that as she had invited me to ride I should pay the damages to her. I told him that we had already agreed to this.

"But how in thunder did you catch her?" he asked. "Yesterday Pat O'Brien tried that, and he is now in the hospital with two broken ribs. She kicked him!"

I said goodbye to Midget, and went to my supper, leaving her contentedly eating salted peanuts.

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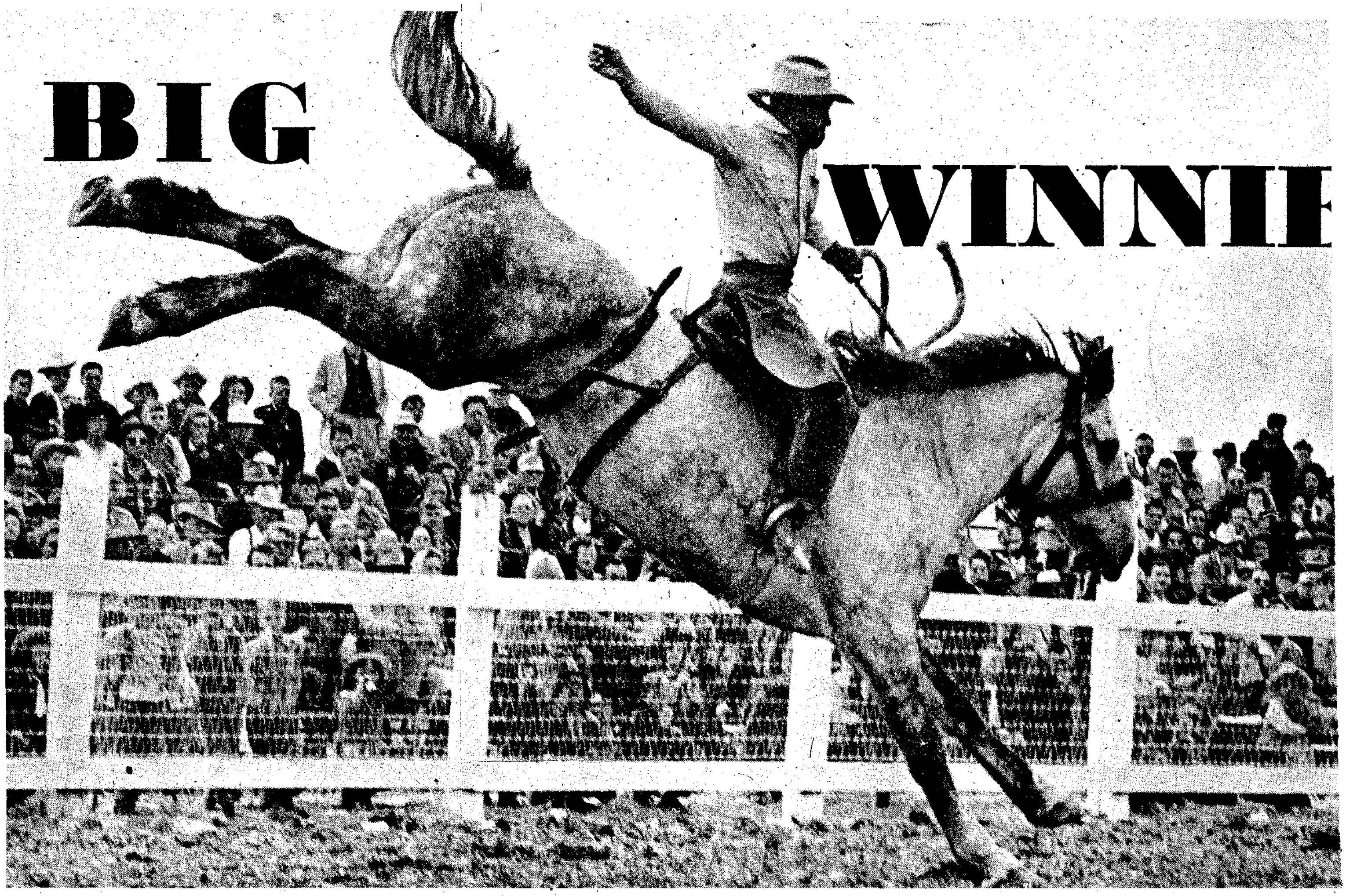


Winnimucca in thrilling action at the Fairfield, California, Rodeo. Chet McCarty up.

Photo by George Baker

The heart-warming story of an "ol' gray plow horse" that escaped the killing pen to become a famous rodeo performer.

BY SHIRLEY M. JONES

IT was the spring of 1946 and the butchers in the horse slaughtering plant at Santa Rosa, California, were busy at their trade of turning horseflesh into dog meat. A big iron-gray gelding stood next in line for a bullet, dozing in the sun. All morning, he and the other doomed horses had been shunted along the narrow alleys, closer and closer to the grim building ahead. Now only the gray was left. A premonition of danger seemed to disturb him, for suddenly he nickered softly, head up, anxious ears cocked. His inquiry was interrupted by the blast of the noon whistle.

Inside the plant, the men threw down their bloody tools, caught up their lunch boxes, and sauntered outside to eat. Half an hour later, dawdling over coffee and cigarettes, they began the usual noonday pastime of baiting one of their number who professed to be a cowboy.

"Why, boy," drawled one man, "I bet you couldn't even ride that ol' gray plow horse back there in the killin' pen!"

The bet was snapped up, and the men arose with alacrity. One ran to fetch a saddle and halter, while another herded the gray back down the alley and into a large corral. Here—in one corner—stood a chute which had been built years before for the purpose of trying out prospective bucking horses for rodeo. The big gelding stood quietly in the chute as Eddie adjusted the saddle, nuzzling in friendly fashion the men as they buckled the rope rein into the halter. Chuckling derisively, Eddie slid into the saddle, drew taut his rein and yelled "Outside!"

The gate slammed open. For an instant, the big horse stood motionless, puzzled.

"He's waitin' for the plow!" his rider laughed. "Giddap, Dobbin!" His spurs raked the gray's neck.

Then—a gray thunderbolt came rocketing out, squealing happily as he got into action. Higher and higher he went, with the sky-high snapping kick that was later to make him famous. The cowboy's face mirrored surprise, then consternation as, at the third jump, he found himself catapulted into space. The brief test was over.

Eddie may have been the first to be bucked off the big gelding—but he was not to be the last by a long shot!

"Put that horse in the saving pen," ordered the plant boss, who referred to his rodeo-saving pen as his "jewel box."

So the big gray was saved by the bell—the dinner bell. Later he was weighed and sold for eight cents a pound for his brawny 1630 pounds. His buyer was Jim Millerick of the Circle M rodeo string in Sonoma, California. Two years later, Millerick refused $1,000 for the horse—an offer made by a rival rodeo contractor.

AT the home ranch the big gray was branded with the number 17, a number that soon was to become familiar to all bronc riders. He was entered on the records under the name "Winnimucca," simply because he had been shipped in from that town in Nevada. The naming of bucking horses is sometimes casual, since many who appear to be great prospects soon quit and are replaced. In the case of Winnimucca the name stuck, even though his later performances would certainly have justified a more original and colorful name.

Within a year of his rescue from the killing pen, Big Winnie had become famous and was bucking off eight out of ten of the riders who climbed aboard him—many of them top hands of rodeo. The powerful gray was known as a buck-off or pay-off horse, in that he either bucked his man off, or—if he failed to achieve this—his performance was still such as to chalk up winning points for the rider. Only once, in several years of arena work, did Winnie fail to either buck the rider off or carry him to the pay window. This brilliant record caused bronc riders everywhere to hold him in high esteem. They liked to draw him at major rodeos where high purse money was at stake, for they knew he was worthy of their steel.

Winnie held this reputation particularly at the great Cow Palace in San Francisco, where he probably won more champion riders more money than any bucking horse of his day. The renowned Salinas Rodeo was also the scene of one of his more sensational performances; as was the Red Bluff Roundup, where his picture adorned the program, following a statement by one of the committeemen that he was one of the greatest bucking horses ever to set foot in that arena. This belief was shared even by rival contractors, who themselves had furnished stock to Red Bluff, including well-known rodeo man Bob Barmby, and the old arena maestro, Harry Rowell.

Winnie's spectacular style made him a great favorite with the fans, with whom his name soon became a byword. The crowd would wait breathlessly for the chute gate to open; then roar its excitement as the big gray streaked into action. It was a real thrill to watch those mighty muscles at work, each jump a backbreaking, tearing jolt. Then, when the cowboy was flung out of the saddle, Big Winnie's snort of happy triumph would come rolling back as he was led to the catch-pens.

MANY great bucking horses have a specialty of their own invention for dumping riders. This may include a shifty way of going, jerking rein out of the rider's hand by rooting with the head, and so on. Big Winnie's invention was his terrific double-snatch kick. Riders found it difficult to describe, even when they'd just been grounded by it. Trained, keen-eyed observers said that when the big horse reached the very top of his kick, he gave it something extra so that in effect it was a kick on top of a kick. The result of the spasmodic action was usually electrifying: the horse would seem to have snapped his spine—and the rider would shoot out into space. As proof that the timing of the double kick was a tricky thing, I can cite that to the best of my knowledge, no rodeo photographer was ever able to snap the horse at the very peak of the kick.

In his proud position as boss hoss of the Circle M, Big Winnie reigned for many years as king of the outfit's bucking-horse herd. He was treated like a king, too: grained and often stall-fed in rodeo season, and even exercised by a pony to limber him up before a show.

It was clearly evident that Winnie bucked only from a spirit of fun, for there wasn't a mean streak in him. In fact, the big horse was ridiculously docile. He could be caught anywhere in an open field, ambling ponderously forward to meet his captor, nosing his pocket for sugar. Winnie had brittle front feet and, when being rodeoed steadily, required shoeing—a job that was accomplished with more ease than with many a pampered saddle horse. He was never known to bite, strike, or kick his handlers.

The big gray's history, prior to his coming to the slaughterhouse, was a mystery. Certainly he was well halter-broke; a child could lead him. Yet he bore no collar marks which might have indicated that he had once pulled a plow, and surely no one had ever used a horse his size as a saddle horse!

Some bucking horses are chute-fighters; Winnimucca was not. However, when he was really feeling his oats and eager to buck, he would sometimes rear up in the chute while his rider was getting aboard. This trait was soon recognized as a signal that Big Winnie was ready to go.

Like most rodeo horses, the mighty gray had a personality all his own. For all his impressive size, he was no fighter. The runtiest horse could run him away from the hayrack; hence, he presented feeding problems. Yet he urgently desired the company of other horses, and if penned alone would fret and pine. As a novel parade exhibit, he was once hauled in a big banner-hung truck by himself. All through the parade he created vast excitement by thundering up and down the length of the truck, screaming like a horse gone berserk. Timid spectators were thrilled yet terrified, not knowing that Winnie's awesome display was due only to lonesomeness.

Yet he loved to rodeo, loved the crowds and fanfare, was exhilarated by the flying pennants and the strident music of the bands. He was often led in grand entries, in order that patrons could get a close-up view of a great bucking horse. Big clown that he was, he became coy on these occasions, prancing and curvetting ludicruosly to the affectionate amusement of onlookers.

The cowboy respects and admires a top bucking horse, but few stars enjoyed the genuine affection bestowed upon Big Winnie. He possessed an endearing quality that impelled many a cowboy to give him a comradely pat when passing the chutes.

AS the years passed, Winnimucca's only fault as a rodeo horse began to catch up with him. Always he had bucked his best under a spurring rider, was never happier than when he felt the contest to be equal. Given a green rider or a fearful one who "polished his boots" (failed to spur), and Winnie was sluggish, slow to get into action. It seemed that unless a rider spurred, the big horse was confused, thought the game hadn't really started, he withheld his mighty strength. As time went on, this chink in his armor became apparent to everybody. Lesser cowboys took advantage of this curious quirk to "steal" a ride.

Whether Big Winnie was losing heart or just growing weary of the game will never be known, but there came a time when a mediocre rider made the whistle. Just barely, for in the next second he found himself on the ground. But he'd made it, and strutted off full of pride. Winnie was led off in disgrace. Fortunately, it was the end of the rodeo season; the horse would have a well-earned rest.

All Circle M hands watched the chute anxiously that next spring at the first show; and brightened at the clatter of boards as the big gray gave his customary lunge in the chute. The gate banged open and Winnie's big heels popped in the air. Spectators heaved a sigh of relief; Winnimucca was back in form. The lead-out man grinned with joy at the old, familiar sound of the gray's loud snort; once again Winnie was king of the bucking horses!

But then came disturbing news: Jim Millerick, a veteran of the Second World War, was being recalled to duty as an Air Corps officer; Big Winnie and all the Circle M stock were to be sold.

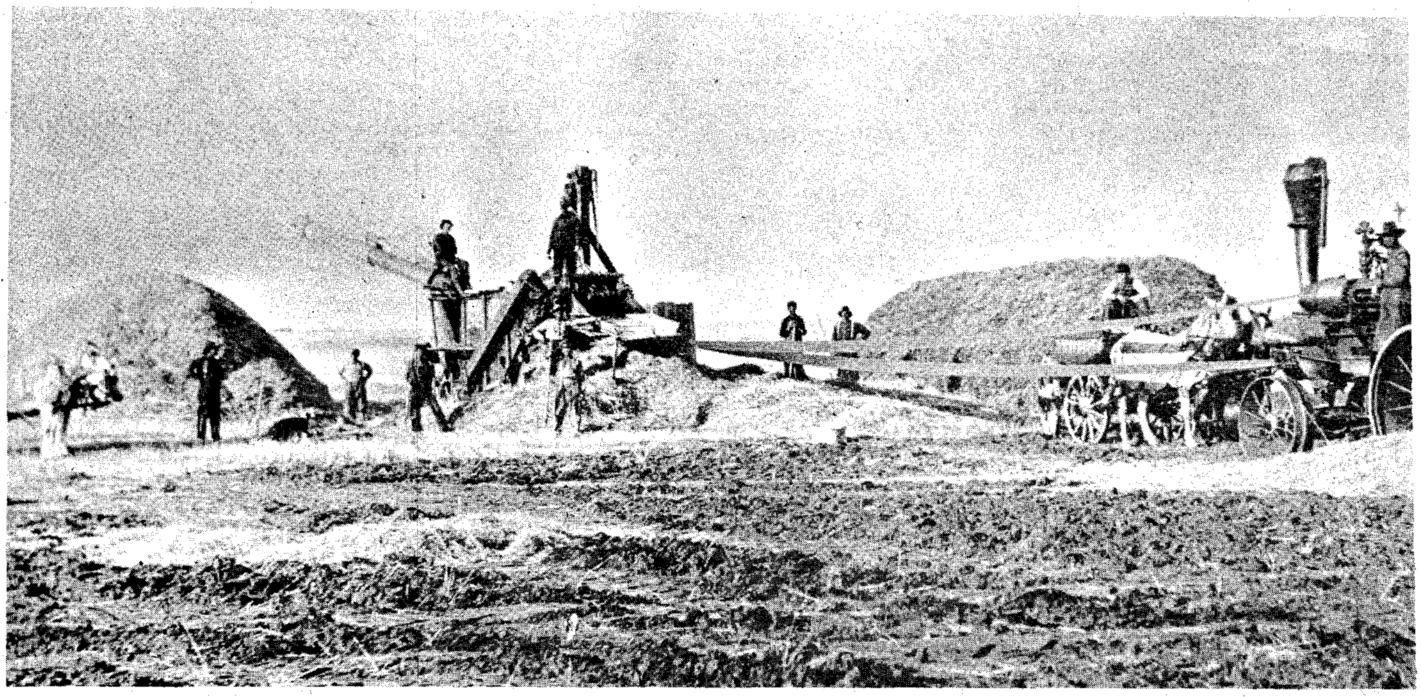
It was hard for riders and rodeo fans to believe that, after twenty-eight years of rodeoing, the famed Millerick green-and-white colors were to be struck. Who would be the new owner of the renowned bulls and horses that had carried those colors to victory in so many major competitions? Who would get Winnimucca?

There were many who wanted him. Mack Barbour, bucking-horse king of the Northwest, put in his bid. So did Bob Barmby, and other well-known operators. All had faith in the big horse, and were willing to gamble that he had many good years of top competition left in him. Finally, Big Winnie and several other top horses of the string went to the Christensen Brothers, of Eugene, Oregon.

IF this yarn were fiction, it could have a happy ending. Being true, it must be told that Winnie never came back—never really regained his old form. A rodeo contractor cannot afford to keep duds in his string, even former stars. As a last resort, Big Winnie was placed in the bareback string—a bitter comedown for a once-great saddle bronc. Eventually, in an ignominious finish, he was turned out riderless by a bareback rider who considered him unworthy of his spurs.

From rags to riches—and back to rags; such is the saga of Winnimucca. Though the big gray bucks no more, his story lives on in the hearts and memories of those who knew and loved him.

The big gray in placid retirement from the rodeo arenas. Photo by Shirley M. Jones.



This straw burning steam engine threshing rig was typical of those widely used in the Dakotas about the time of this story.

The Way Back

By A. C. SUMMERFIELD as told to T. J. KERTTULA

By golly, a man just ought not to be told that his feet would have to be amputated after he'd survived one of the bitterest blizzards in North Dakota history!

IT WAS bitterly cold inside the tank. Outside I could hear the muffled roar of the wind and the slithering of granular snow along the wooden walls. By morning the coulee would be swept full of hard drifted snow and the tank (with me inside) would be buried beneath it until spring!

The sounds reminded me once again how little things shape a man's destiny. What prompted Nick to shift me (instead of one of the others) from pitching bundles to driving grain tank? The man who replaced me loafed comfortably now by the bunkhouse fire, while I huddled inside that blasted, blizzard-bound tank with the odds against me a hundred to one. The crew, I knew, already presumed me dead—a dark hump out on the prairie, slowly being covered by the drifting snow.

This pampered generation, riding in their heated cars, never having felt the jolt of a dead-axle wagon on the frozen prairie, or the screaming fury of a Dakota blizzard—they just can't comprehend. They won't believe me. They'll consider it just another cowboy tale. *Believe me*—I was there!

IT WAS the third of October, 1906. I was working the wheat harvest on the Nick Firr farm out of Mandan, North Dakota, when one of the crew suddenly shouted and pointed. We turned to look. Down the road from town came the grain tank at a fast trot—driverless! We knew what that meant. The driver had fallen off and now lay somewhere along the road crushed by the heavy wheels.

While Nick hitched up his team and started for town, we caught the outfit. They didn't look like a runaway team and neither were they lathered from a hard run. Also, the lines were tied to the brake handle!

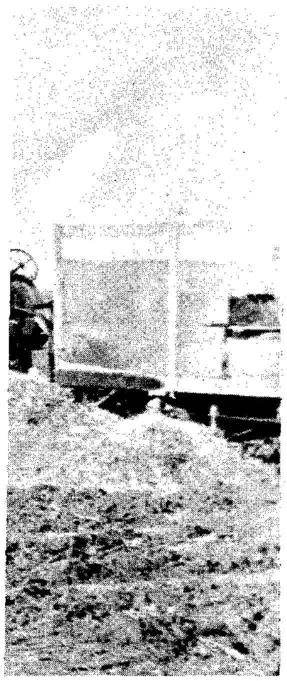
As his team trotted into Mandan, Nick still had seen no sign of the driver. Finally, in a saloon, he found his man. The driver, having met congenial company, had decided to quit. Driving to the outskirts of town, he tied the lines to the brake handle and headed the outfit toward home.

When Nick got back, he shifted me to driving tank. Next morning I started for Mandan, thirteen miles away, with my first load of wheat. I had a four-horse team, standard for tanks—unless you were pulling a trailer. The tank was a huge wooden cylinder, something like the old-time water tanks. It was about eighteen feet long and constructed to fit the bunks of an ordinary wagon. The floor sloped toward a trap door in the center, through which the wheat was dumped. On the front perched a seat for the driver.

I was dressed in muskrat coat, cap and gloves. In that country, blizzards strike without warning. When a bad one hits, you stretch a rope between buildings to guide you! And cold—out on the open prairie an improperly dressed man wouldn't stand a chance in a sudden storm.

A powdery snow was falling when I started home around three o'clock. I wasn't worried for I hadn't heard anything about a bad storm. Weather forecasts were rather sketchy in those days, what with no radio or telephone to spread them. The weather bureau sent post cards to the post offices for their bulletin boards, and trainmen spread warnings of approaching storms. Blizzards usually travel slow. You can outrun one for awhile on a saddle horse.

I expected a cold ride and fortified myself with a pint of whiskey. It was



Northern Pacific Railway Photo

Mandan, North Dakota, in the days before North Dakota became a state.

a monotonous country, especially when driving a slow outfit. Bleak farm houses and lone straw stacks appeared now and then—always far apart. Beyond that, nothing—not a fence or tree, nothing but mile upon mile of yellow stubble sticking out of a thin layer of snow—and two ruts that were the road.

I WAS halfway home when the blizzard caught me. One moment there was gently falling snow around me, and the next I was over an invisible line into the forefront of the storm. The wind came in roaring gusts, died down and came again with each gust stronger and colder than the last. Visibility went to minus zero. I couldn't see the road ahead of the team. Snow pellets stung my eyeballs when I tried to look. The snow had quickly changed from flakes to grains resembling salt. Driven in horizontal sheets it left the exposed skin cold, wet and burning from the impact. My face was freezing—yet it felt aflame.

The horses refused to face the storm. The wheelers tried to duck their heads behind the leaders who plunged, snorted and fought to turn. The tank tilted slightly as the wheels climbed out of the ruts. In spite of everything I could do, the horses were taking me off the road.

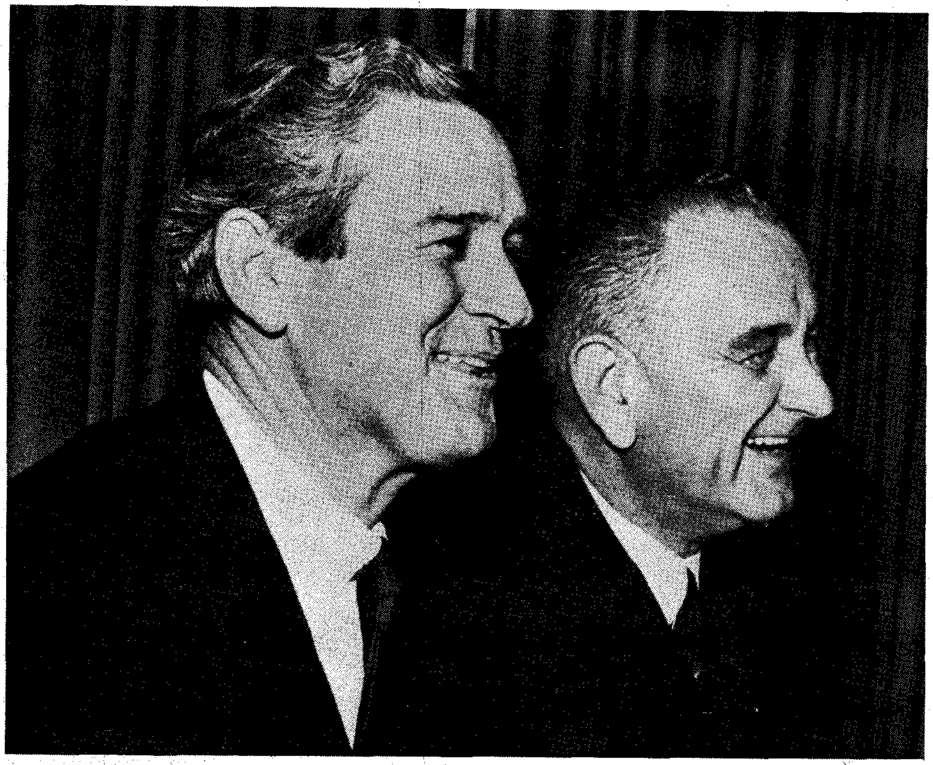
There was no hope of making it home now or of returning to town. I drove the outfit into the first coulee we came to. There we were, somewhat out of the wind, but I could hear the storm roaring overhead. When the horses calmed down, I unharnessed and turned them loose. Immediately they were lost in the swirling snow and I was alone—alone in the middle of a prairie blizzard with no chance for anyone to search for me until it was all over.

Stuffing the harness through the trap door, I crawled into the tank. It was cold but out of the wind and snow. A warming reaction set in and for a while I felt warm and comfortable. But as the intensity of the storm increased and the cold penetrated, even the fur coat wasn't enough. By ten o'clock, I couldn't keep the circulation in my hands and feet, even by beating them. Slowly they were turning numb. Then I thought, "The heck with it. I'll burn that damned tank! On my last night on earth I'll be warm—for awhile anyway!"

Groping along the floor I found the collar pads. Ripping one apart, I searched for the dry hair in the center. I dropped my glove and dug out a match. In an attempt to scratch it on the wall it dropped from my numb fingers unlit.

Brisk rubbing brought a little feeling back into my hands. I tried again. The match flared. I held it under a bunch of hair. There was a wisp of smoke and the acrid smell of burning hair. Then it burned my fingers and went out. I tried again and again. Each time the damp hair seemed closer to igniting. One more would do it! I reached for another match. My pocket was empty!

Gus Summerfield, after his bout with the blizzard, prepares to pack a cookstove.



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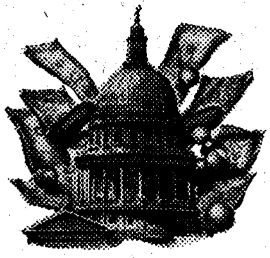

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The Wondrous World of
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Now I could either stay in the tank or get out and buck the storm. In either case it was freeze. I chose the latter. Dropping through the trap door I started to wallow my way out of the gully. It had already drifted half full of snow.

Out on the prairie the full force of the wind struck me. I almost changed my mind. Walking was easy because the ground was swept almost free of snow. Only the draws were full. I blundered into them again and again, swimming in a sea of snow until I found the other bank.

Now the storm was reaching the height of its power, getting colder steadily. To face it almost took my breath. Fine snow drove under my collar where it melted, ran down and froze again. I still had the whiskey. Every quarter hour I took a sip. That, and the exertion, kept me fairly warm—all but my feet. They felt numb.

Dawn came as I stumbled on. Day was little different except I could see the driving snow and skirt the snow-packed draws. Always, a short distance ahead, moved the storm wall. It was like a thick bank of fog beyond which I could not see. There could have been a town there and I would have passed by without knowing. I was alone in a world of wind and snow. It was maddening!

About midday it seemed to break. A patch of blue appeared through a rift in the clouds as the wind died. But suddenly the clouds closed in again and the wind rose to its former fury. Wearily I moved on. Now I had one thought only—keep walking.

Sometime during the night the wind died down again and the snow stopped. The clouds disappeared and a million stars showed cold, distant and bright in an inky sky. Last night they would have been wonderful, but now I hardly noticed them. Without the wind it seemed warmer but I knew that when a blizzard clears the temperature really drops. Now at all cost, I must keep moving. Tomorrow there was a chance they might find me. But could I make it?

I'll never forget that dawn—the dawn I never expected to see. I could see smoke rising from three different places. Each, I knew, represented a farm where help was available, but I seemed to be looking at them in a detached sort of way—as if in a dream. I didn't have enough life left to get up and try to reach them. I just sat there, slowly falling into the sleep that is death by freezing.

Behind me was the circular path I had tramped as I staggered the night away—around and around in a circle that is the trademark of lost men. I was barely a mile from the house and if I hadn't started to circle I would have passed it in the night.

At the first light of day, Nick had the crew out on saddle horses hunting for me. I wasn't hard to find. Sitting there in the snow, I was the only dark spot in that vastness of white. They hauled me home in a sleigh.

but that too was a futile effort. He was never much at remembering directions and found that he was confused. He remained confused for the rest of his days. I expect a thousand others have looked for the Lost Dutch Oven Mine and it's still lost.

WHEN I CAME to I was in the hospital. It wasn't much of a place by modern standards; just a big, old house two nurses had fixed up. I lost consciousness three more times. The last time I awoke, I saw the doctor and nurses talking in the adjoining room. I couldn't hear all they said but clearly I caught one word—"Amputate!"

The nurse approached carrying a syringe and wearing that synthetic cheerful smile they have for patients who are going to get the works. "I'll give you a shot to ease the pain," she said. "We'll have to do a little operating."

"Not on your life!" I shouted. "I heard what you said. You're not cutting off my feet!"

Her smile vanished and she just stood there staring at me. The doctor came in. "There is no other way," he said.

"You're not cutting off, my feet!"

"But gangrene will set in and you'll die."

"Then I'll die with my feet on."

"Look at them," he said, pulling back the covers. They were black and swollen twice normal. I had trouble believing they were actually my feet.

"Doc," I said finally. "Get this and get it straight. If you cut off my feet, the first time I get hold of a gun, I'll shoot you!"

He believed it. Without another word he turned and walked away. The nurse, as she fixed the bed, still tried to talk to me. I just kept shaking my head. At the door she stopped, turned and asked, "Don't you want to live?"

"Not without my feet," I answered. She left.

I dozed off. When I awoke I was startled to see Shorty, a sheepherder, standing beside my bed. I never knew his real name—very few did—we just called him Shorty the Sheepherder. He was a little man about four-foot-ten and well along in years. He spent the winters in town and summers herding sheep.

"Heard you got frosted," he said as I opened my eyes.

"*My hands and feet*," I answered. "The doc says blood poisoning is setting in and I'll die if I don't let him cut them off."

Shorty pulled back the covers and examined my feet. "Not bad, not so bad," he muttered, half to himself. "A little black—I've seen worse." Then he turned to me and said, "I can fix that for you."

Caught by surprise, I hesitated. He added quickly, "So you'll walk without having to cut them off."

"Go ahead," I said finally. "What have I got to lose? All the sawbones can do is cut them off."

Shorty had the nurse send for six chickens to be delivered alive to the room. When they arrived both nurses came to watch. The doc had already gone. Tucking his pipe firmly in the corner of his mouth, Shorty grasped a chicken by the neck. Lifting it out of the crate he neatly killed it with the flick of a powerful thumb—the same way you'd flip a wad of paper with your thumb.

Splitting it down the middle, he wrapped the chicken, entrails and all, around my foot. One by one, he did the same with the other foot and both my hands. When he slapped one on my face, it was worse than the kerosene bath. This time I couldn't pass out.

"To draw the bad blood out," he explained to the nurses. A moment later their fascination turned to horror. He pulled out his pocket knife and began to jab slits in my feet. I have the scars for proof.

As black blood began to flow from the slits, Shorty nodded in satisfaction. He stood there, methodically puffing his pipe and watching, now and then jabbing another slit or rearranging a chicken. The job finally done, he pocketed his knife and left without another word.

Chickens, slits or whatever it was—the thing worked. The swelling slowly began to go down and the pain eased. The doc never came back, but a few days later Shorty walked in as unexpectedly as before. He stood there looking at my feet and repeated over and over, "Not bad, not bad at all!"

I tried to thank him. Abruptly he pulled the covers back, turned on his heels, said goodbye and walked out. He never came again.

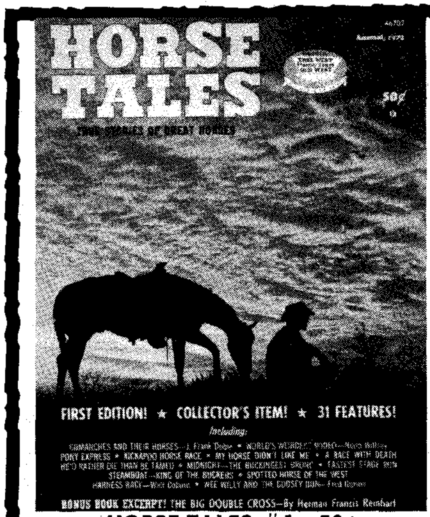
WHEN I WAS finally able to leave the hospital, Nick took me back out to the farm. I couldn't have gotten better care in a modern hospital than I got there. Slowly I began to hobble around and use my hands again. Nick kept me on the payroll all the time and that, coupled with a Woodsman's policy, enabled me to pay my bills. I heard no more of Shorty, so I sent him a hundred dollars with a note of thanks. It was never acknowledged.

I left Nick's farm the following fall. I didn't want to spend another winter there for fear of what the cold would do to my still-tender feet. Even today, in winter I have trouble keeping my hands and feet warm.

On the station platform, as I waited for the train, I again met Shorty. We talked for a moment. When the train started to pull out, I asked, "Did you get the hundred I sent you?"

"Sure," he replied, with one of his infrequent grins. "It came in handy. With it I could stay an extra month in town before going out with the sheep."

Maybe the hundred did come in handy for Shorty—but not nearly as handy as the hands and feet he saved for me.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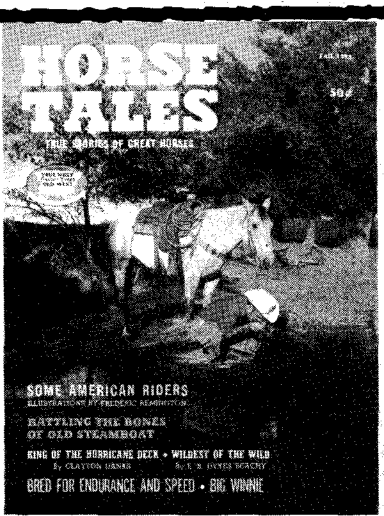
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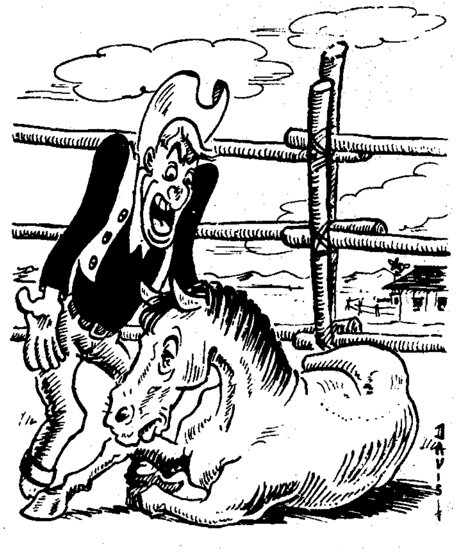
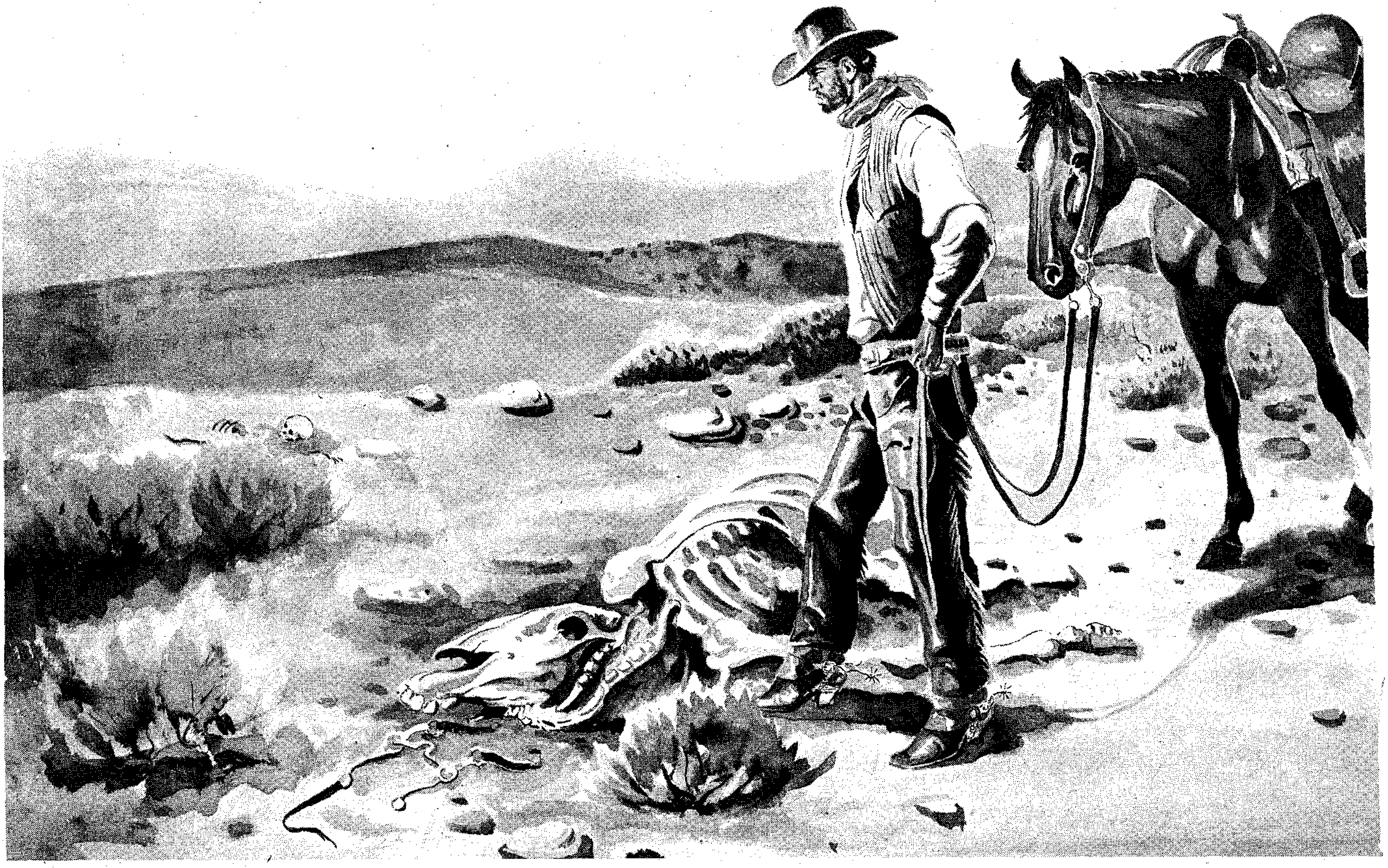


"Get wise to yourself. One mare's just like another. You can't trust any of 'em."

Shortcu



"The first thing I saw was an old dead horse's bones."

"I was in my saddle by daylight,
bade the boys goodbye
and told them if they heard of a dead man
or horse on the old Indian
trail across the Plains,
for some of them the next year
to come and pick me up,
but I was sure
I could make the trip across."

Editor's Note: The following story, an excerpt from *Trail Drivers of Texas*, is reprinted from Volume 1, Number 6, March 1924, *Frontier Times*.

IN 1879 I went from southern Texas with a big herd of cattle to the northern market, Ogallala, Nebraska. This herd belonged to Head & Bishop. We reached Ogallala August 10, 1879, and there we met R. G. Head, who gave the boss, John Sanders, orders to cross the South Platte the next morning and proceed to the North Platte. He said he would see us over there and would tell us where to take the herd.

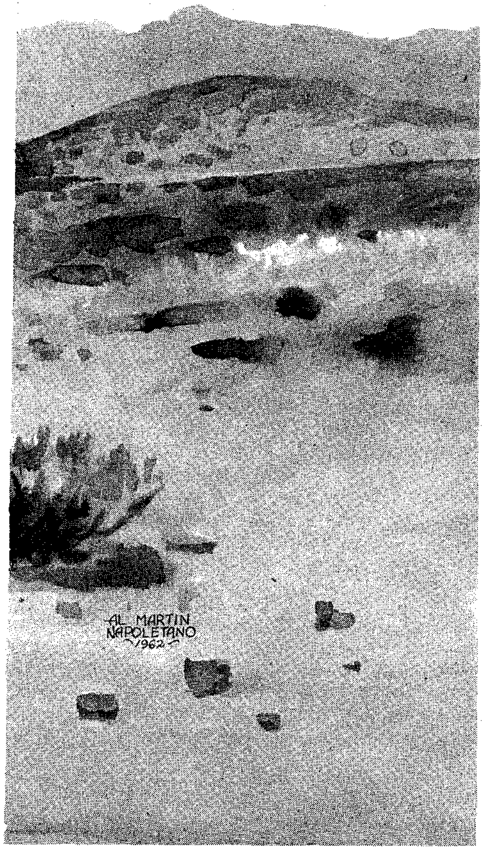
On August 11 we crossed the South Platte and went over on North River about ten miles and camped. Dick Head came over to camp for dinner and told our boss to take the herd up to Tusler's Ranch on Pumpkin Creek and Mr. Tusler would be there to receive the cattle. He said it was about 100 miles up the Platte. After dinner we strung the herd out and drove them up there. We rushed them up because we were anxious to get back to Ogallala to see all of our old cowboy friends get in from the long drive from Texas.

We reached the Tusler Ranch on August 19 and on the 20th we counted the herd over to the ranch boss and started back to Ogallala, making the return trip in four days.

o Ogallala

By SAMUEL DUNN HOUSTON

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



The next morning as we were going through town, I met an old trail boss and he wanted me to go with him to Red Cloud Agency, Dakota, with 4,000 big Texas steers that belonged to D. R. Fant. They were Indian contracted cattle, so I told the boss I was ready to make the trip. Tom Moore was the foreman's name and he was a man that knew how to handle a big herd.

I went to camp with Tom that night and he got all the outfit together and on August 28 we took charge of the big herd. They were one of the old King herds which had come in by way of Dodge City, Kansas, from the coast country down in southern Texas.

They wanted to walk, so we strung them out and headed for the old South Platte. When the lead cattle got to the bank of the river the boss said, "Now, Sam, don't let them turn back on you, and we won't have any trouble."

We landed on the other side all O.K. and went through the valley and on down through the town. Everybody in town was out to see the big King herd go through. I threw my hat back on my head and I felt as though the whole herd belonged to me.

When the lead cattle struck the foothills I looked back and could see the tail end coming in the river, and I told my partner, the right hand pointer, that we were headed for the North Pole. We raised our hats and bid Ogallala goodbye.

When the lead cattle got to North River it was an hour and ten minutes before the tail end got to the top of the hills. My partner and I threw the range cattle out over the flats and we had it easy until the chuckwagon came over and struck camp for noon, then four of us boys went to camp. We had a highball trail from there on.

We didn't cross the North Platte until we got to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The sun was melting the snow in the mountains and the river was muddy with no bottom to the quicksand. I was looking every night for a stampede but we were lucky. The night we camped close to Court House Rock, they made a jump off the bed-ground, but that didn't count. I think they got wind of the old Negro cook. This herd had come from the old King Ranch, away down in Texas, with a Mexican cook. I told the boss that the next morning and he said he was almost sure that was the cause.

The North Platte River in places is more than a mile wide and it seemed to me when we reached the place we were to cross, it was two miles wide. The range cattle on the other side looked like little calves standing along the bank.

WHEN WE reached Fort Laramie we made ready to cross. I pulled my saddle off and then my clothes. Tom came up and said, "Sam, you are doing the right thing." I told him I had crossed the river before and that I had a good old friend who once started to cross that river and he was lost in the quicksand. His name was Theodore Luce of Lockhart, Texas. He was lost just above the old Seven Crook Ranch above Ogallala. Tom told all the boys to pull off their saddles before going across. When everything was ready we strung the herd back on the hill and headed for the crossing. Men and steers were up and under all the way across.

We landed over all safe and sound, got the sand out of our hair, counted the boys to see if they were all there and pulled out to the foothills to strike camp.

About ten o'clock that night the first guards came in to wake my partner and me to stand second guard. I got up, pulled on my boots, untied my horse and then the herd broke. The two first guards had to ride until Tom and the other men got there. Three of us caught the leaders and threw them back to the tail end, then ran them in a mill until they broke again. We kept that up till three o'clock in the morning when we got them quieted.

We held them there until daylight, then strung them toward the wagon and counted them. We were out fifty-five head, but we had the missing ones back by eight o'clock. We were two miles from the grub wagon when the run was over. The first guards said that a big black wolf got up too close to the herd and that was the cause of the trouble.

Our next water was the Niobrara River, which was thirty miles across the Laramie Plains. We passed over that in fine shape. From there our next water was White River. The drive through that country was bad because the trail was so crooked and there were such deep canyons. We reached White River, crossed over and camped.

About the time we turned the mules loose, up rode thirty bucks and squaws, all ready for supper. They stood around till supper was ready and our old cook began to act crazy and they couldn't stay any longer. They got on their horses and left. An Indian won't stay where there is a crazy person. They say he is the devil.

The next morning the horse-wrangler was short ten head of horses. He hunted them until time to move camp and never found them, so Tom told me that I could stay there and look them up, and he would take the herd eight or ten miles up the trail and wait for me. I roped my best horse, got my Winchester and six-shooter and started out looking for the horses. I rode that country out and out, but could not find them so I just decided the Indians drove them off during the night to get a reward or a beef. I thought I would go down to the mouth of White River where the Indians were camped. When I got down in the bottom I saw horse signs, and I was sure from the tracks they were our horses.

I rode and rode until I found them. There was no one around them, so I started back with the bunch. When I had covered three or four miles, I looked back and saw a big dust on the hill out of White River. Then I rode for my life, because I knew it was a bunch of Indians and they were after me. I could see the herd ahead of me and never let up. I beat them to camp about a half-mile.

When they rode up and pointed to the horses, one Indian said, "My horses! This man steal 'em! Him no good!" We had an old squaw man along with us and he got them down to a talk. Tom told them he would give them a beef. Tom went with them out to the herd and cut them out a big beef and they ran it off a short distance and killed it, cut it up, packed it on their ponies and went back toward White River.

I told the boss that was the best deed he ever did in his life. If those Indians had overtaken me I am sure my bones would be bleaching in that country today. The Indians were almost on the warpath at that time and we were lucky in that we did not have any more trouble with them.

A WEEK longer put us at the Agency. Tom went ahead of the herd and reported to the agent. We camped about four miles this side that night and the next morning we strung the old herd off the bed ground and went in to the pens at Red Cloud Agency, Dakota. There I saw more Indians than I ever expected to see. The agent said there were about 10,000 on the ground.

It took us all day to weigh the herd out, ten steers on the scales at one time. We weighed them and let them out one side and the agent would call the Indians by name and each family would fall in behind his beef and off to the flats they would go.

After we got the herd all weighed out, the agent told us to camp there close and he would show us around. He said the Indians were going to kill a fat dog that night and after they had feasted they would lay the carcass on the ground and have a war dance.

All the boys wanted to stay and see them dance. A few of the bucks rode through the crowd several times with their paint on. In a little while a buck came up with a table on his head and set it down in the crowd. Then came another with big butcher knives in his hand and a third came up with a big fat dog on his shoulder, all cleaned like a hog. He placed it on the table, after which every Indian on the ground made some kind of powwow that could be heard for miles. The old chief then made a speech and the feast began. Each Indian had a bite of that dog. They wanted us to go up and have some, but we were not hungry so we stood back and looked on.

"Heap good," said one chief. "Heap fat." About ten o'clock they had finished eating and two squaws took the carcass off the table and put it on the ground and the dance began. Every Indian was painted some bright color. That was a wonderful dance.

The next morning we started back over our old trail to Ogallala. It was October 16 and some cooler and all of the boys were delighted to head south. Seven days' drive with the outfit brought us back to the Niobrara River and we struck camp at the Dillon ranch.

The Dillon Ranch worked a number of half-breed Indians. I was talking with one about going back to Ogallala, as I was very anxious to get on the trail road and go down to Texas to see my best girl. He told me he could tell me a route that would cut off two or three hundred miles going to Ogallala. So I wrote it all down.

He told me to go over the old Indian trail across the Laramie Plains, saying his father had often told him how to go and the trail was wide and plain and it was only 175 or 200 miles. Right there I made up my mind that I would go that way and all alone.

He said there were only two watering places and they were about forty miles apart. The first lake was sixty-five or seventy miles. I had the best horse that ever crossed the Platte River and if I could cut off that much, I would be in Texas by the time the outfit reached Ogallala. I asked Tom to pay me off, saying that I was going back to Texas over the old Indian trail across the Laramie Plains. I knew if an Indian crossed that country I could also.

He said, "You are a fool! You can't make that trip, not knowing where the fresh water is. You will starve to death." I told him that I would risk it anyway and I knew I could make it.

Next morning I was in my saddle by daylight, bade the boys goodbye and told them if they heard of a dead man or horse on the old Indian trail across the plains, for some of them the next year to come and pick me up, but I was sure I could make the trip across.

THE FIRST day's ride I was sure I had covered sixty-five or seventy miles. I was getting very thirsty that evening so I began to look on both sides of the trail for the fresh water lake, but was disappointed. I was not worried. Just as the sun went down I rode into a deep basin just off the trail where there was a very large alkali lake. I had a pair of blankets, my slicker and saddle blankets so I made my bed down and went to bed. I was tired and old Red Bird (my horse) was also jaded. I lay awake for some time thinking and wondering if I was on the wrong trail.

The next morning I got up after a good rest, ate the rest of my lunch and pulled down the trail looking on both sides for the fresh-water lake but failed to find it. I then decided that the half-breed either lied or had put me "up a tree." Anyway I would not turn back. I had plenty of money but that was no good out there. I could see big alkali lakes everywhere but I knew there would be a dead cowboy out there if I should take a drink of that water.

I rode until noon but found nothing. The country was full of deer, antelope, elk and lobo wolves but they were too far off to take a shot at. When I struck camp for noon, I took the saddle off my horse and lay down for a rest. Got up about 1:30 and hit the trail.

That was my second day's ride and my tongue was very badly swollen. I could not spit any more, so I began to use my brain and a little judgment and look out for "Old Sam" and my horse. About the middle of the afternoon I looked off to the left and saw a large lobo wolf about 100 yards away. He seemed to be going my route. He was going my gait, too, and appeared to have me spotted. I took a shot at him every little while but I kept on going and so did he. I rode on until sundown and kept a lookout for my wolf but did not see him.

The trail turned to the right and went down into a deep alkali basin. I rode down into it and decided that I would pull into camp for the night, as I was much worn out. I went down to the edge of the lake, pulled off my saddle and made my bed down on my stake rope so I would not lose my horse. The moon was just coming over the hill.

I threw a load in my gun and placed it by my side. With my head on my saddle, I dropped off to sleep. About 9 o'clock

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the old wolf's howl woke me up. I looked up and saw him sitting about twenty feet from my head just between me and the moon. I turned over right easy, slipped my gun over the cantle of my saddle and let him have one ball. He never kicked. I grabbed my rope, went to him, cut him open and used my hands for a cup and drank his blood. It helped me in a way but did not satisfy as water would. I went down to the lake and washed up, went back to bed and thought I would get a good sleep and rest that night but found later I had no rest coming.

I was nearly asleep when something waked me. I raised up and grabbed my gun, and saw it was a herd of elk. I took a shot or two at them and as soon as I shot, they stampeded and ran off. However, they kept coming back, so about 12 o'clock I got up, put my saddle on my horse and rode until daylight.

I was so tired I thought I just had to bed down and rest awhile. Riding that night I must have passed the second water lake, if there was any lake to begin with. After sleeping a little while, I got up and broke camp and rode until noon.

That being my third day out, I thought I would walk around, and the first thing I saw was an old horse's bones. I wondered what a dead horse's bones were doing away out there so I began to look around some more and what should I see but the bones of a man. I was sure then that some man had undertaken to cross the plains and had perished, so I told old Red Bird that we had better go down the trail and we pulled out.

THAT EVENING about 4 o'clock, as I was walking and leading my horse, I saw a very high sandhill right on the edge of the old trail. I walked up to the top of it and there I could see cottonwood trees just ahead of me. I could see cattle everywhere in the valley and I saw a bunch of horses about a mile from me!

I looked down toward the trees about four miles and saw a man headed for the bunch of horses. He was in a gallop and as he came nearer to the horses I pulled my gun and shot one time. He stopped a bit and started off again. Then I made two shots and he stopped again a few minutes. By that time he had begun to round up the horses, so I shot three times. He quit his horses and came to me in a run. When he got up within thirty or forty feet of me, he spoke to me and called me by name and said, "Sam, you are the biggest fool I ever saw."

I couldn't say a word for my mouth was so full of tongue, but I knew him. He shook hands and told me to get up behind him and we would go to camp. He took his rope and tied it around my waist to keep me from falling off for I was very weak. He struck a gallop and we were at the camp in a very few minutes. He tied his horse and said, "Now, Sam, we will go down to the spring and get a drink of water."

Just under the hill about twenty steps away was the finest sight I ever saw in my life. He took down his old tin cup and said, "Sam, I am going to be the doctor."

I was trying all the time to get in the spring but was so weak he could hold me back with one hand. He would dip up just a teaspoonful of water in the cup and say, "Throw your head back," as he poured it on my tongue. After awhile he increased it until I got my fill and my tongue went down. When I got enough water then I was hungry. I could have eaten a piece of that fat dog if I'd had it.

My friend's name was Jack Woods, an old cowboy that worked on the Bosler ranch. Jack and I had been up the trail from Ogallala to the Dakotas many times before that. Jack said, "Now, Sam, we will go up to the house and get something to eat. I killed a fat heifer calf yesterday and have plenty of bread cooked so you come in and stretch out while I start a fire."

Before he could get supper cooked, I could stand it no longer, so I slipped out, went around behind the house where he had the calf hanging, took out my pocketknife and went to work eating the raw meat trying to satisfy my appetite. After fifteen or twenty minutes, Jack came around hunting me and said, "Sam, I always thought you were crazy, now I know it. Come on to supper." I went in the house and ate a hearty meal.

After finishing supper I never was so sleepy in my life. Jack said, "I'll go out and get your horse," and struck a gallop for the sandhills, where my poor horse was standing starving to death.

NEXT MORNING Jack told me that a man by the name of Lumm once undertook to cross those plains from the Niobrara River to the head of the Little Blue over that same Indian trail. Jack said, "He and his horse's bones are lying out on the plains now. Maybe you saw them as you came along."

I told him I saw the bones of a man and the horse but didn't remember how far back it was. It seemed about twenty-five miles.

On October 29 I saddled my horse and told Jack I was going to Texas. He gave me a little lunch and I headed for the North Platte. I reached Bosler's Ranch at 12 o'clock, had dinner, gave the boss a note from Jack Woods, fed my horse, rested an hour, saddled up, bade the boys goodbye and headed for Ogallala on the South Platte, forty miles below.

I reached Ogallala that night at 9:30, put my horse in the livery stable, went up to the Leach Hotel and there I met Mr. Dillon, the owner of the Niobrara Ranch. I sold my horse to him for $80. purchased a new suit, got a shave and haircut, bought my ticket to Texas and left that night at 11:30 for Kansas City.

On November 6 I landed in Austin, Texas, thirty miles from my home, and took the stage the next morning for Lockhart. That was where my best girl lived and when I got there I was happy. This was the end of a perfect trip from Nebraska on the South Platte to Red Cloud Agency, North Dakota. — *Published through the courtesy of Old Trail Drivers Association of Texas, 3805 Broadway, San Antonio. Texas.*

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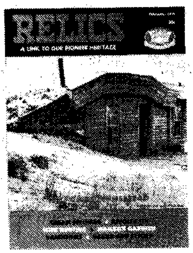
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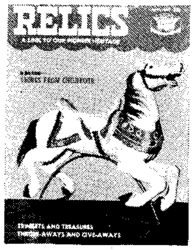
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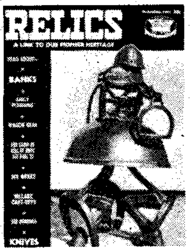
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Message to FORT LARAMIE

by NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Dwain Kelley

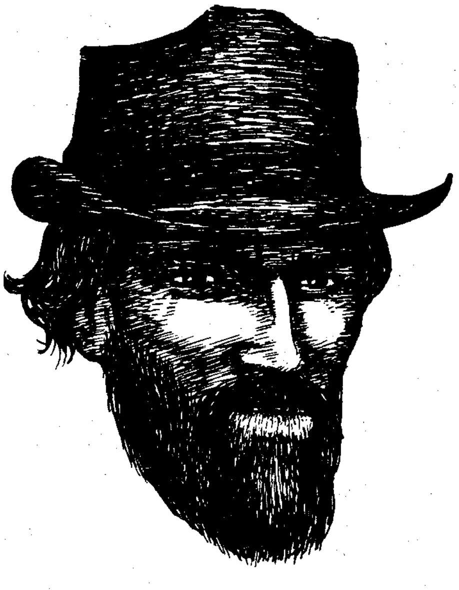
RUDDY light from the blazing logs in the fireplace showed up the deep lines in Colonel Carrington's tired countenance as the commander of Fort Phil Kearney faced Captain Ten Eyck and Jim Bridger across the rough-hewn table in his quarters. Dark-faced, imperturbable, Scout John "Portugee" Phillips sucked his long Indian pipe as he watched the tense conference from his squatting position on the floor in the chimney corner.

"Gentlemen," began the Colonel in his clipped, precise military voice, "you are well aware of the desperate situation confronting us. Captain Fetterman and eighty men of our total garrison of three hundred fifty have been wiped out this day in a foolhardy engagement with the Sioux and Cheyennes under Red Cloud and Crazy Horse. It is useless to torture ourselves with the fact that these valuable lives were thrown away through deliberate disobedience of my orders on the part of a reckless young officer; we must steel our minds to disregard the fate of Captain Fetterman and his gallant men and concern ourselves with our immediate problem. Two thousand hostile Indians surround us, yet surrender is out of the question. Mr. Bridger, as Chief of Scouts and the oldest Indian fighter among us, I ask your advice."

Jim Bridger ruefully rubbed his bristled jaw. "Colonel, that's about like bein' asked to advise a feller standin' on the edge of a cliff with a pizen-mad grizzly lookin' him in the eye! He's a gone beaver ef he stays and a gone beaver ef he leaves, and that's about the way it is with us with two thousand of the red devils out thar and considerable less than three hundred of us in here. Yet—bein' Injuns—thar's no tellin' what they'll do. Ef it wuz all up to Red Cloud and Crazy Horse, we'd sartin shore wind up plenty dead with our h'ar flappin' on Sioux scalp poles. But it's mighty cold out thar on them hills, and the blizzard is whoopin' up somethin' fierce. The young bucks have killed a slew of white men, counted a lot of *coups* and picked up plenty booty. Natcherally, they're anxious to git home and brag to the womenfolks and throw a big feast and dance. You kin bet that the two chiefs right now are tryin' to talk 'em into attackin' us at dawn, jest ez soon ez the evil spirits fly away to roost. Mebbe the chiefs will win out in the powwow, mebbe not..."

Captain Ten Eyck interrupted impatiently. "We can't gamble the lives of two hundred and seventy people on such a possibility. Can't you suggest something *positive?*"

BRIDGER coolly eyed the fuming officer and spat expressively into the fireplace "Shore! I kin suggest sendin' a messenger to Fort Laramie to git help. Point is, kin a messenger git through the Injuns? 'Nother thing; what man is tough enough to ride nigh onto two hundred and forty miles in a blizzard ef he's lucky enough to *git* through? And third; what horse kin make the trip? *You* tell *me*, Captain! Twenty year ago, I'd been fool enough to tackle it myself. Not any more!"



Scout John "Portugee" Phillips rode 237 miles through besieging Indians and a howling blizzard, from Fort Kearney to Fort Laramie, to deliver an urgent message. The horse he rode died of exhaustion upon reaching Laramie.

The two officers were silent. Overhead the blizzard shrieked in mounting fury; the gale puffed down the chimney, whirling smoke and ashes across the room. In the chimney corner, John Phillips took his pipe from his mouth and spoke quietly: "*I* tackle it, Colonel!"

Carrington started in surprise. "*You*, Phillips? Why, that old buckskin of yours couldn't make half the distance to Laramie even in *good* weather!"

Portugee's white teeth flashed in a smile. "That ees right, Colonel. But your sorrel can make it if any horse can..."

The Colonel nodded thoughtfully. "By George, you're right! If any horse can get through to Laramie, mine is that one ...How soon can you start?"

Phillips shrugged. "At once."

"Good! My orderly will saddle Blaze for you. You can leave the Fort by the side gate. May God be with you!"

The blizzard was driving straight from the north as Portugee Phillips eased Colonel Carrington's big sorrel through the small side gate at Fort Kearney. The time was one hour short of midnight on December 21st, 1866. Phillips figured that he would have about eight hours of darkness before dawn in which to sneak past the hostile camps. He put the sorrel to a steady lope southward, making sure to keep the piercing wind squarely at his back. The scout rode boldly, secure in the knowledge that no Indian would be damn fool enough to leave his lodge fire on a bitter night like this.

At bleak daybreak, Phillips halted Blaze under a cutbank near a tiny, half-frozen spring bubbling up out of a sheltered hollow. The temperature was well below zero, but the storm was blowing itself out. Portugee fed Blaze four quarts of oats and himself a piece of jerky and a couple of hardtack biscuits, washed down with spring water. He unsaddled the sorrel and covered his back with a

Ft. Laramie, 1870—end of the long trail for Scout Phillips.

blanket; *then* huddled in his own buffalo greatcoat under the cutbank to rest. Not until twilight would he venture out into the open.

DUSK was dropping on the lonely snow-covered Plains when Phillips renewed his journey. The storm was practically over and there was no Indian sign anywhere in all the vast white desolation he traversed. All night he rode, and when dawn broke sullenly through a gray, murky sky Pumpkin Buttes loomed dimly far away to the left. Portugee veered sharply to his right at sight of the Buttes, since the towering rocky promontories were a likely observation post for Sioux scouts. Hunting a hideout for the day, Phillips topped a rise near Crazy Woman Crossing and spotted a dozen warriors riding toward him from the direction of the Buttes. They whooped exultantly, and kicked their gaunt ponies into a run in an attempt to intercept him before he reached the high-banked creek crossing.

Portugee ducked low in the saddle and slapped Blaze once with his quirt. The big sorrel stretched out and began to roll. He made the crossing a full two hundred yards ahead of the pursuing Indians. Bullets zipped harmlessly over Phillips' head as Blaze slashed triumphantly across the ice-covered creek. The scout pushed him hard for a mile beyond the crossing until the outclassed Indian ponies dropped far behind and the screeching braves gave up the hopeless chase.

Two more nights Phillips rode, cautiously hiding out during the days. 197 miles below Fort Kearney he jogged into the remote telegraph outpost of Horseshoe Station to send a message to Fort Laramie. It was ten o'clock of a crisp, cold Christmas morning. Operator Jack Friend gaped in amazement at the grim, bearded scout on the jaded sorrel. Jack doubted that the operator at Laramie would be on duty, but he'd sure try to raise him. Unless, of course, the wire was down somewhere along the line...

"Try, man, *try!*" croaked Phillips—and rode on down the Platte River. Forty miles to Laramie—forty miles on top of nearly 200. Swaying in the saddle, Portugee lifted weary Blaze to a shambling trot. Both man and horse were now dangerously close to utter exhaustion.

AT half-past eleven on that bitter-cold Christmas night of 1866 the wind-broken sorrel stumbled into Fort Laramie. "Scout—Fort Kearney!" Phillips gasped to the startled guard—and slid

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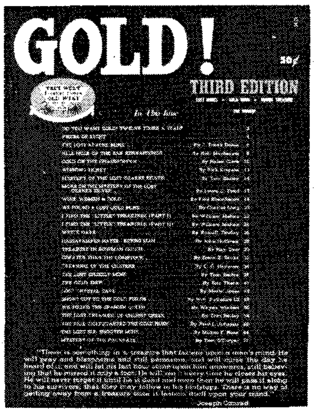
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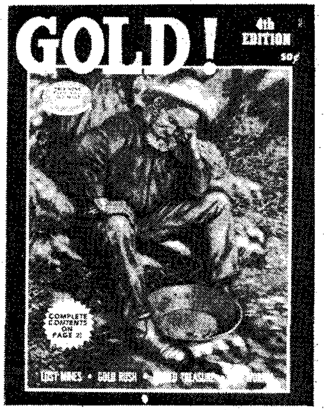
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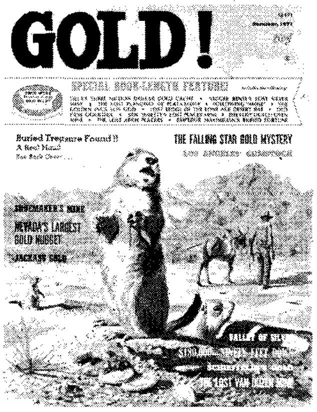
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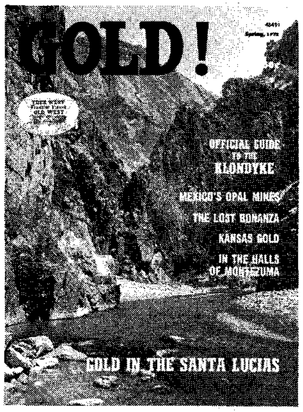
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half unconscious from his saddle. The sentry yelled for the corporal of the guard, and together the two soldiers lugged Portugee into Old Bedlam—the officers' club where the gay Christmas ball was in full swing.

The fiddle players stopped in the middle of a lively Virginia reel, and the smart young officers in their resplendent blue-and-gold dress uniforms left their fair partners alone on the dance floor to gather around the dazed, frost-covered scout.

"My horse!" mumbled Portugee. "Take care of my horse!"

A captain snapped an order, and two lieutenants rushed to attend to Blaze. They returned with word that the gallant sorrel had collapsed and died.

The scout took the blow without flinching. "He broke his heart for me," he said simply. "Let me talk to your commanding officer."

The telegraph message from Horseshoe Station had got through ahead of Phillips, but not until the Colonel commanding Fort Laramie had received his personal report of the situation at Fort Kearney would Portugee rest. A powerful relief column left Laramie for the isolated Fort on the Piney on the morning of December 27. The troops found the garrison at Kearney in no danger. The besieging Indians had withdrawn to winter camp on Tongue River.

For his epic 237 mile ride from Kearney to Laramie, Scout John Phillips received a hero's usual reward—nothing. No official citation ever arrived from Washington; he was awarded no monetary compensation, no medal. Phillips died broke and disillusioned in 1883, at the age of fifty-one. Not until 1899, thirty-three years after the scout's intrepid feat, did Senator F. E. Warren of Wyoming finally manage to secure a Government settlement of $5,000 for Phillips' needy wife and family. The frail widow's eyes filled with tears when she received the news. Proudly she declared: "At last the Government remembers that my husband was a true hero!"

Second Saddle

(Continued from page 36)

story of Steamboat, however, you say, "He tore himself up on the rough hewn fence poles during a very severe thunder and lightning storm . . . . The 'vets' who examined him said he had blood poisoning and couldn't be cured . . . . A vicious murderer was brought from the state penitentiary to fire the shot . . . . Steamboat lies buried back of the grandstand in Frontier Park." Could you please clear this matter up? It's quite confusing.—Mrs. Barbara LaGois, P. O. Box 499, Bridgehampton, Long Island, New York 11932

What we have learned (or haven't learned) about Steamboat in reply to our queries about his death follows: Thanks to Robert H. Burns, the University of Wyoming, the allusion to Horn may have originated from an October 14-15, 1914 issue of *The Wyoming Tribune* which stated "'Old Steamboat,' the worst bucking horse in the world, was killed today. He was shot to end his suffering from blood poisoning which resulted from an injury sustained recently while he was on the road with Irwin Brothers wild west show. The bullet that ended his life was fired from the rifle of the late Tom Horn, Wyoming's most famous murderer." When read carefully it is plain that the bullet was not fired *by* Tom Horn himself, but the news item could have well been misleading to a writer in a hurry.

Mr. Burns also brought to our attention a letter written March 3, 1951 by T. Joe Cahill of Cheyenne to Bud Gillespie of Laramie in which Mr. Cahill stated that Steamboat was crippled in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1914. He got skinned up in a corral during a thunder and lightning storm. He was taken to Cheyenne but the veterinarians were able to save him "so Paul Hansen, Floyd Irwin, Bob Lee and Johnny Rick put him away." Mr. Cahill concluded by saying Steamboat is buried in Cheyenne's Frontier Park back of the grandstand.

Jerry Wilcox states the horse died in 1914 from an injury received in a Salt Lake City rodeo. We also refer you to an explanation by well-known rodeo and cowboy historian Fay Ward on page 14.

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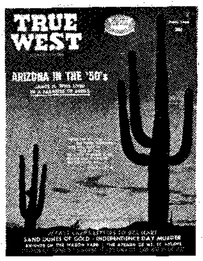
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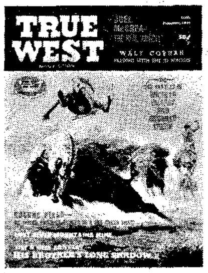
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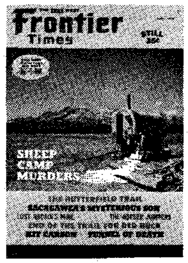
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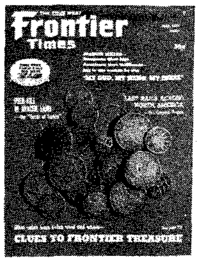
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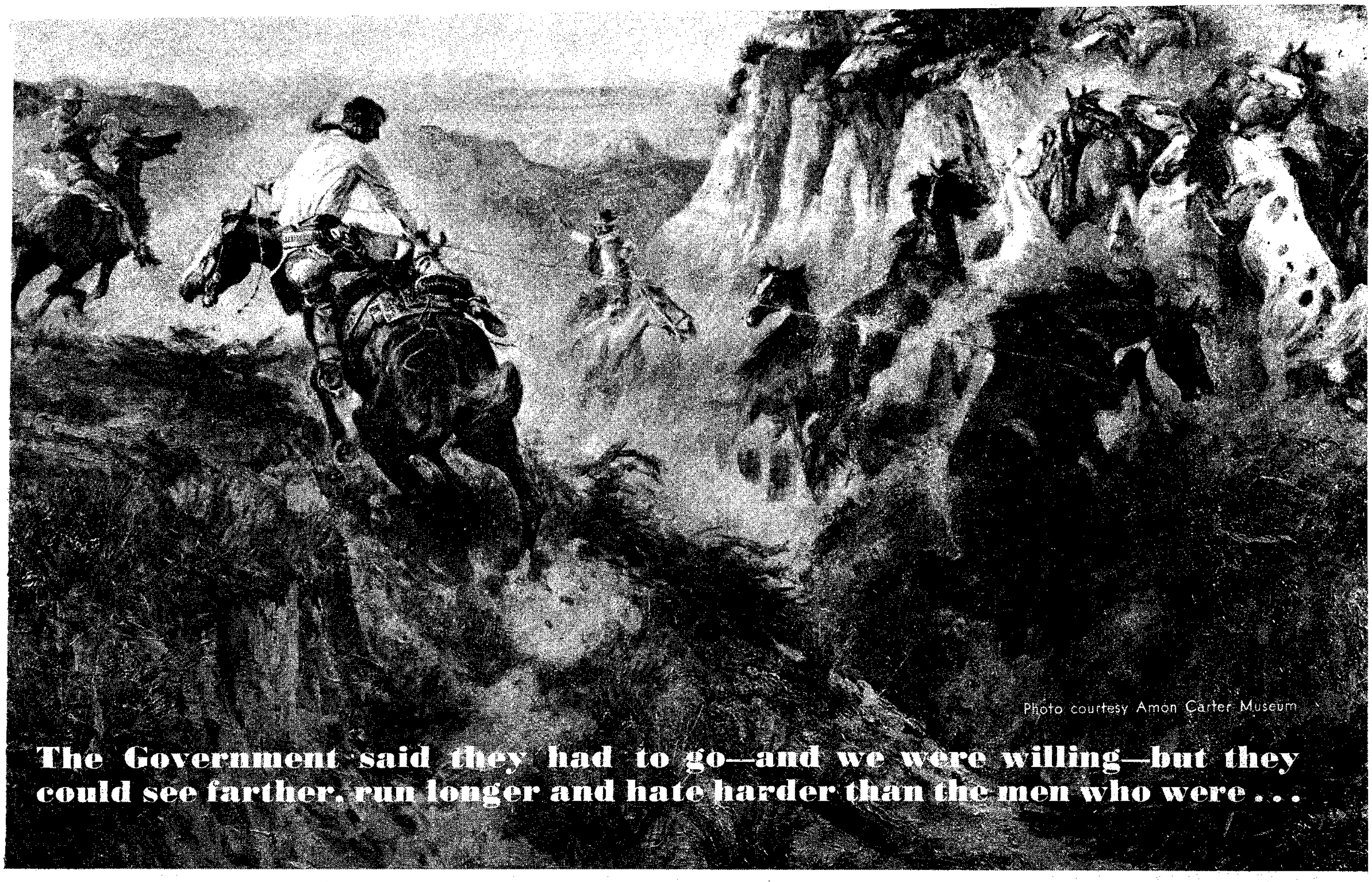


Photo courtesy Amon Carter Museum

The Government said they had to go—and we were willing—but they could see farther, run longer and hate harder than the men who were . . .

Hazing the Wild Mustangs

By J. J. BALLARD

MY MEMORY goes back to the times when a great many mustangs ranged the plains country from Texas northward. But as civilization moved west and lands became settled, the wild horses were pushed into Arizona, Nevada, Oregon and Utah, where they became established on vast wild ranges and saw few human beings. Getting within a mile of them was difficult.

Mustang stallions, always on guard, have such keen sight and scent that taking them unaware is impossible. Once frightened, they can run for miles without quitting. Deer and antelope are tame compared to them.

We used to try to capture mustangs by what we called the "walking method." We would locate a herd and, after setting up camp near water, a rider would go after the horses. When the herd saw the rider approach, it would take off. The rider would follow at a very moderate gait until he found the herd again and spooked it. This would go on all day. At night the rider would unsaddle his horse and sleep, resuming his pursuit in the morning. Another rider would try to relieve him some time during the day and would try to keep the wild horses moving, never letting them rest for long.

This was kept up for days if necessary. Finally the mustangs would be visibly tired, their attempts to escape slower and less frequent. All hands, mounted on fresh horses, would try to drive them among a bunch of gentle horses called a "parado" and brought out for just this purpose. Intermingled with tame horses accustomed to being handled, the wild ones could be driven into a corral.

I doubt if any mustanger ever got paid equivalent to the expense and hardship he endured. The captured horses were mostly disappointing in size and quality. Many a stallion running loose with head high and tail up appeared to be a magnificent annimal, but after it was caught it often turned out to be a mere 750-pound cayuse.

IN THE late 1920s and early '30s I lived in the McDermitt and Agency Valley areas of Oregon. At that time, the more remote areas of the range abounded with wild mustangs that had descended from rancher's stock. (Almost all the ranchers had horses on the range, which were rounded up about once a year; those which evaded these round-ups became the progenitors of the wild mustangs.)

When the Taylor Grazing Law came into being in 1934—that's when the government took over the management of the ranges—it demanded that these wild horses either be removed or slaughtered. When the various districts were formed, I was elected to the Advisory Board of Southeastern Oregon. Naturally, the wild horse problem fell into our laps.

All the old methods for capturing wild horses were tried and abandoned. Government sharpshooters found they couldn't kill enough of them by rifle-fire to make the effort worthwhile; the mustangs would bolt away at the sound of the rifle, making it impossible to kill more than one each time a herd was approached.

Transportation across that rugged terrain was virtually impossible, chilling any idea of following herds in trucks. Even the walking method couldn't be used because of the deep ravines which provided hiding. The Owyhee Desert is high volcanic country covered with malpais and intersected by impossible canyons. All hope of slaughtering horses and carrying their carcasses to packing plants was out.

Finally someone came up with the idea of chasing them in airplanes. They located some daredevil of a pilot and made a survey of the area, finally choosing a narrow dead-end canyon as the place to construct a trap. The pilot was supposed to harry the horses, buzzing them constantly, until they fled into the canyon.

The first drive was a dismal failure. The airplane was just too speedy to stay behind the herd and not maneuverable enough to follow them when they turned. For the time being, the bunch was lost.

The pilot, a man named Hanson, was a pretty resourceful hombre, though. Educated by his first failure, he obtained some empty five-gallon cans, tied fifty-foot ropes to them and went out for another try. This time, when the herd began to double back, he released the cans and flew low so they would drag along through the sagebrush. The racket and dust kept the horses from turning and he was able to crowd them into the trap.

Now the cowboys on the ground had a problem. The country was too rugged for trucks to come in and haul the mustangs away and they were obviously too wild to drive. Nevertheless, after a couple of days the cowboys decided that since the wild horses were now bunched and seemed somewhat subdued, a drive could be made to the railroad. The minute the horses were in the open they scattered like a bunch of rabbits.

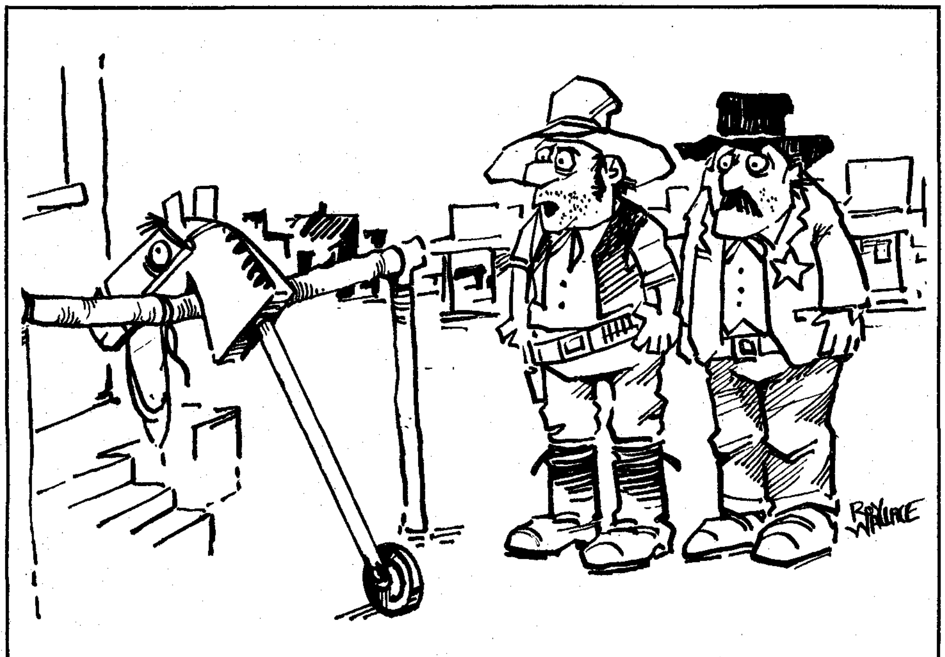
Not being prone to give up easily, the horse-hunters made a third attempt. When the next bunch was driven into the trap, the cowboys roped them one at a time, tied them down and sewed their nostrils together. The wild horses could breathe if they traveled slowly, but when they tried to run, they began to stagger and fall. That bunch reached the railroad okay.

Soon other outfits took up the use of planes. Whenever possible, traps were constructed where they were accessible to trucks. In the next few years several thousand head were caught and removed from the range. They were sold to slaughterhouses and the meat was used for chicken and dog food.

The airplane marked the end of the day of the wild mustang. After it was too late, some compassionate people managed to push through legislation making it unlawful to run horses with airplanes unless it could be proven the mustangs were a menace to the range.

The pilot Hanson has since passed away. I am told that his last request was that his body be cremated and that the ashes be strewn over the desert where he had spent so much time in his plane chasing the wild horses.

Above, a group of cowboys ready for the round-up. Below, a bunch of mustangs just brought into the corral. Notice the stallion in the foreground.



"Billy the Kid is in town!"

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—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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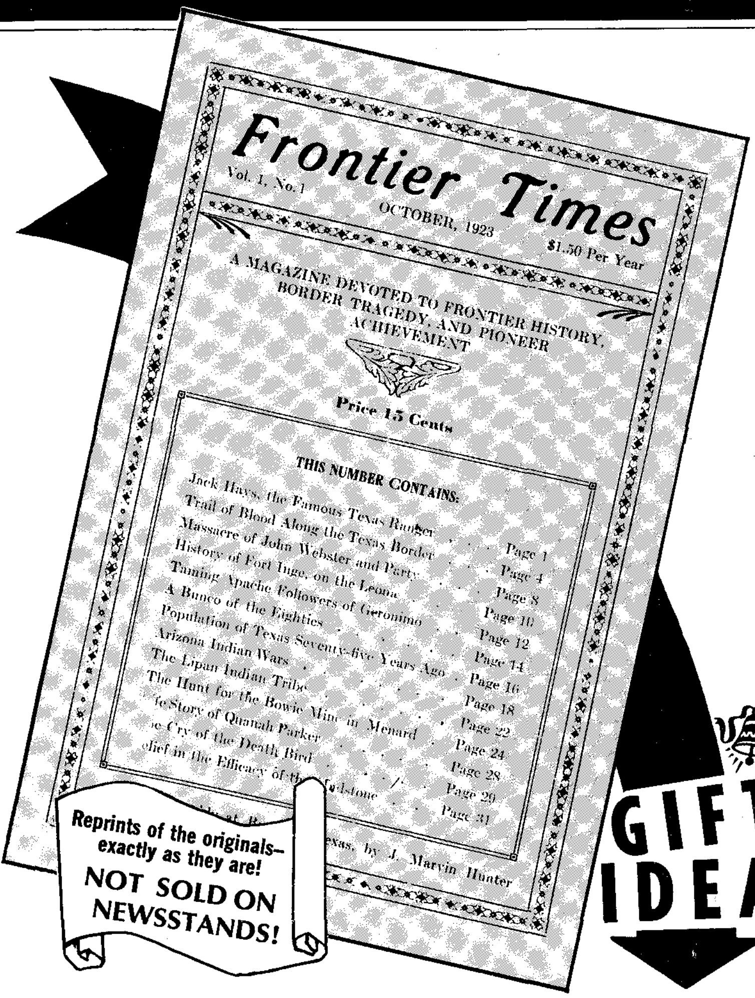

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